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# YOUNG DAYS

A

## Monthly Illustrated Magazine

FOR CHILDREN.

VOL. XI.

#### LONDON:

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# YOUNG DAYS.



A LABOUR OF LOVE (See page 10).

#### EDITOR'S LETTER.

DEAR READERS.

Our magazine for 1886 appears under a somewhat different guise, viz.: fewer pictures and more tales; but we trust the 11th Volume will be none the less valued for its slight alteration. This year we welcome old and new contributors who have kindly shown their interest in the welfare of Young Days, and we hope that each number of it which enters your homes will find you all enjoying a happy New Year.

#### SAD LITTLE GOSSIPS.

BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

CHAPTER I.



AM Molly Linden; Kitty is a year younger than that is to say, she is ten and half; after her comes Boy, who is eighthis real name Edmund. but no one ever calls him so, for

he christened himself Boy and the name sticks to him. Then there are three little ones. Flossie and Mabel and the baby. We live in a country town in a good big house with a nice garden, only both are untidy, and mother says shabby, but we like them. Father is a solicitor and not at all rich. We are not accustomed to have grand clothes like the girls we see in London; nor dinners half so good as we have at lunch time in Garnet Place, which is where Uncle Grantley lives, and where we go to stay sometimes. One day in winter, soon after Christmas, mother had a letter from Aunt Emily (she is Uncle Grantley's wife), and when she had read it she said:

"Here's an invitation come for you three elder children to Garnet Place. Of course you don't want to go?"

We are what is called "excitable" children, we were all very tired of being called "excitable "and "impulsive" and "fanciful" and a great many other things which seemed to mean that we were somehow or other to blame; and we like anything in the way of a change and novelty; so, though in our own minds we considered there were drawbacks to staying in Garnet Place, we wanted to go of course, and mother knew it. We at once declared with one voice for the visit.

"There are objections," mother said, looking thoughtful; I fancied she was considering the question of best frocks, travelling expenses and so on, but she only said, "I am afraid you give Aunt Emily and Aunt Elizabeth a great deal of trouble, you are such little rustics and don't know how to behave prettily in society."

"Oh! mother, nothing gives Aunt Emily trouble, she sits in an armchair and goes to sleep, and whether we are good or not Aunt Elizabeth likes to find fault."

"Molly, you must not speak so; Aunt Elizabeth is very kind."

"Oh yes, sometimes, but she does scold, really mother; we don't mind that, we soon get used to

"I really think you must be a sad plague to them; last time you broke a beautiful china cup. I always feel as if it were letting a bull loose in a curiosity shop to send you children there in that nice house—we have nothing to spoil here."

"It was Boy, it wasn't us," Kitty said pouting; she and I always stuck together in everything. "Boy is the favourite, he never gets scolded." You must not think Kitty and I were jealous of Boy, though she said this; we thought it our duty to keep him under and to snub him sometimes, but between ourselves we admired him immensely. He was a very pretty boy, the fair one of a brown family, looking more delicate than he was, though he was not strong. He had great blue eyes—we heard people call them 'pathetic' and 'pleading' and a great many other fine things, a quantity of light fluffy curling hair and a lovely complexion. He was not really sentimental or so very amiable as he looked, he had plenty of fun and mischief in him and was not at all a model, die-away child, like the children in stories that we used to call 'preachy.' As for Kitty and me, we are not in the least lovely or interesting, though I call Kitty rather pretty, she has nice brown eyes and a laughing, jolly face like a kitten; both her hair and mine refuses to curl and is stiff and obstinate. I am growing tall and thin, and feel my legs a good deal too long and my hands in the way when I am in company. I heard mother say with a sigh that Molly had got to the awkward

age. I always say and do the wrong things, and it is most uncomfortable to have to blush as I do before grown-up people, who stare and laugh at

one as if one had no feelings.

Well, it was settled that we were to go to Garnet Place; and it is the account of that visit that I am going to send to Youne Days, because we think it really an interesting visit, unlike the others we have paid there.

Aunt Emily is father's eldest sister, a good deal older than he, for she is, I believe, nearly sixty and he cannot be much more than forty. I know he was a little boy when she married

Uncle Grantley.

James Stuart Grantley, Esquire, is his proper title. He is a banker and a rich man and they live in a very nice house in Garnet Place, which is close to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. It is a great pity, we think, they never had any children, which would have enlivened them and the house, though to be sure they would not be children now and so not have been companions for us. Still it seems a pity, for everything is so nice and comfortable, and they would not have been bothered as we were with "I can't afford it, my dear," when you want something out of the way. Uncle and Aunt Grantley seem able to afford everything, the fat pug and the Persian cat live most luxurious lives. I asked Aunt Emily one day, some years ago, if she didn't think it a great pity; she looked at me in the helpless way she does when you ask her questions, and opened her mouth, but did not sav anything. Aunt Elizabeth came to the rescue as usual very sharply and scolded me. She said she should think children like us would be too much trouble for anybody. I had not meant to be rude, I really never do, and I felt vexed. But all the same I believe father and mother had rather not be able to afford things and have us, for I think-I am not quite sure-that Aunt Emily offered to take one of us once, and they would not consent. Aunt Elizabeth is some years younger than Aunt Emily and has lived with her a great many years. I can't think how Aunt Emily ever got on without her. She is tall and thin, and quick in all she does; she keeps house and does everything, even the talking for Aunt Emily; writes her letters, scolds the servants, orders the dinners, settles every dress, even that Aunt Emily wears, and prevents her having any trouble at all. The only thing Aunt Emily does except driving out in the carriage and paying calls, is sitting in her great armchair in a beautiful dress, and a lace cap, doing a little fancy work, very slowly, with her pretty white hands which we love to see, they are covered with such

splendid sparkling rings. I don't know how they came to be sisters, they are not a bit alike; we are fond of both, in a different way; Aunt Emily never snaps and snubs like Aunt Elizabeth, but she does not take any trouble about us; and Aunt Elizabeth for all her sharp ways is kind and good. As for Uncle Grantley, we only see him at dessert and we don't consider him as having much to do with our visit; he is goodnatured and silent, listening to us as if we amused him, and gives us very handsome tips when we go away.

Besides these three, the household at Garnet Place consists of a red-faced cook, who is goodnatured enough at times, and when in a good humour lets us make pie-crust; a grey-haired man-servant very much like Uncle Grantley, who is always very grave and polite, but has a secret weakness for us, especially for Boy, who watches him clean the plate, and chatters incessantly all the while about a hundred things, a rather grim housemaid, Aunt Emily's maid, and a girl who helps cook and is very much snubbed and kept under. The coachman lives out of the house, and does not count. Besides all these there are three very important members of the family; Colin the pug, who is old, cross, and asthmatic; Floss, the long-haired cat, a majestic and beautiful creature of aristocratic and haughty manners; and Polly the parrot, who is a sort of bad fairy, we believe, and rather frightens us by her sudden remarks on things in general.

It was always the same, the cab stopped at the door with father and us three inside; as soon as possible the grave man-servant Peter appeared, with a solemn smile on his face for us, and a respectful bow for father. Our small amount of luggage was soon brought in, and we were ushered upstairs into the drawing-room in silence. This always looked exactly the same. A large, handsome room, richly furnished in the style of a good many years ago I suppose, with more soft sofas and armchairs in it than I ever saw anywhere. Aunt Emily in one of them, dressed in rich dark brown satin, and a lace cap with a little pale blue in it, Aunt Elizabeth knitting with tremendous swiftness opposite her in black silk, Floss on her ottoman asleep, Colin on the hearthrug wheezing, Polly screeching "How d'ye do, how d'ye do? None the better for seeing you!" with vicious impoliteness. Aunt Emily tried to get up, but she was really sunk too low in her cushions, and too fat, so father stooped down to kiss her while Aunt Elizabeth gave each of us a quick, hard sort of little kiss, and then passed us on to our other aunt's soft, comfortable embrace.

Then we stood about for a few minutes to be looked at and remarked upon, feeling shy and seeming awkward, I am sure-at least Kitty and I-Boy was always composed and easy; he gazed about him with an agreeable smile, and did not seem to mind personal remarks about being grown, and looking like so and so, etc. After a while it seemed to strike Aunt Elizabeth that it was time to let us go and take off our things, and she took us herself into our bedrooms. Kitty and I slept together in one next to Finch's, Aunt Emily's maid, and Boy had a bed in a little one opening into Aunt Elizabeth's. We always had the same, and were fond of it; there were several pretty ornaments about, and a picture we admired and loved extremely over the mantlepiece; it was of the Madonna and Child-such a "sweet, sweet little Jesus," as Kitty lisped the first time we came to stay in Garnet Place. I liked to lie in bed looking at this picture, the child seemed to smile at me and stretched out his little hands while I was between sleep and waking. The hangings of the bed were red chintz of a sort of Indian pattern, which had the great advantage of taking almost any form we liked to imagine, so we could make up stories about it, and fancy we saw faces, animals, insects, elves—almost anything. We were always "pretending" and "supposing," and passed our life in a variety of imaginary scenes besides the real ones which the rest of the world knew of. I said before there were drawbacks to these visits to London, in spite of all their advantages. We wanted more liberty than we could get, and we were apt to be a little dull sometimes, which we never were at home. There we had a whole domain, not only all the rooms of the house, including the attics, to range in, the outhouses and loft, but also a large garden and orchard, which to us was quite a world, mapped out into desert islands, populous towns, deserts, parks, villa residences, castles. The acre swelled into a vast kingdom in our minds, there were no limits to it in any way. Now here in Garnet Place there were just two or three rooms where we were allowed, and in them we might not do as we liked, and there was no running in and out; only proper formal walks, and now and then drives. We were luxurious, but we were not free. This was our secret grievance during our stay. The first night in London that time, when Kitty and I were in bed and the light out, we felt, as we generally do just at that time, low spirited and homesick. The rattle of carriages in the street below, and the distant sound of music -I think it was a waltz tune played on a melancholy horn-made a dreary sort of noise to our ears: it was not like home, where we generally fell asleep to the strains of some cheerful nursery ditty, sung in the room near ours, where nurse was sitting by baby's bed darning our stockings. We took some time to get used to the feeling that we were sixty miles from home, with its familiar ways, and in the great, enormous, strange London, which at first made us have a lost, rather frightened, sensation. We talked in low, serious whispers, and were not at all sure that we were glad to be in Garnet Place after all. Aunt Elizabeth had certainly a severe snubbing way which made us think ourselves altogether uncouth, troublesome, and objectionable; so very unlike our mother's indulgent easiness and nurse's admiration of us as "wonderful quick children." She put us through our paces, as father called it, the first evening, and, being shy and awkward, of course we did very badly, blundering through the pieces we knew perfectly well at home, giving the silliest answers to her many questions, sitting and moving in the most ungainly attitudes, and really deserving the critical remarks she made on us to Aunt Emily, who did not say anything herself, either against or for us, but smiled placidly and said "poor dears," as if we were very much to be pitied, which we found almost more vexing than Aunt Elizabeth's fault-finding.

All this had worked Kitty up—she had rather a fiery temper—to declare that she "couldn't bear Aunt Elizabeth!" I was not so strong in my dislike as Kitty, and I knew mother did not wish us to say such things, so I only remarked that she seemed rather cross that even—

"I wish we had not come! I declare I do!"
Kitty went on in a voice that had tears in it;
"after all, it isn't very nice in London,"

"Aunt Emily says Finch shall take us to the Zoological, you'll like that," I said consolingly, very anxious that Kitty should not break out crying, which was rather a serious affair with her, "and we shall go into Kensington Gardens to-morrow and feed the ducks. Don't you remember what fun we had last time we were here, making up stories about the people we saw in the gardens?"

Kitty was bent on looking at the dark side.

"Colin is crosser than ever, he growled when I only just stroked him, and Floss bit my finger. I do think Aunt Emily keeps the baddest animals in the world! I am sure Polly is a witch."

Kitty was very fond of animals, it had hurt her feelings greatly to be met with such spiteful ingratitude when she tried to make friends; I knew them better and had not attempted any She went on with one grievance after another, really because she felt homesick and wanted mother to come in and tuck her up with a kiss and "God bless you, dear," and ended in tears, as I was afraid she would. I could not stop her, though I did my best, and kept my own dismal feelings back with some heroism, I thought. Suddenly a light appeared, carried by the tall black figure of Aunt Elizabeth, and flashed

on poor Kitty's tears.
"Why, what's the matter! Toothache, earache, headache? what's making you cry, Kitty?" she cried all in a breath. To these questions Kitty only replied with repeated shakes of the head. Then I suppose Aunt Elizabeth guessed that it was heartache only, and she really was very kind. Her face was quite handsome when she looked gentle and sorry, and we always liked her then. She kissed and comforted Kitty, and only scolded a very little in a good-humoured way. After all we got to sleep somehow or other, and when we woke we felt better, if not quite as cheerful as usual.

(To be continued.)

#### THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE TT.

Let's oft'ner talk of noble deeds, And rarer of the bad ones, And sing about our happy days, And not about the sad ones. We were not made to fret and sigh, And when grief sleeps to wake it, Bright happiness is standing by This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men, Or be believers in it: A light there is in every soul That takes the pains to win it. Oh! there's a slumbering good in all, And we perchance may wake it; Our hands contain the magic wand-This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts Shed light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems We ne'er had known without them. Oh! this should be a happy world To all who may partake it; The fault's our own if it is not-This life is what we make it.

-Boston Transcript.

#### NEW YEAR'S EVE IN AFRICA.



HE last day of the vear was a remarkable one. for it seemed as if I had reached the limits of my earthly existence. as well as that of the year. The agreeable and piquant situation

happened in this wise. I had resolved to shoot something, however tough, to replenish our larder for the due celebration of the day. With this object in view, I had kept ahead of the caravan, accompanied by Brahim. We struggled for some three hours through long, unburnt grass, and open, scraggy forest, which clothed a rich, rolling country. At last we were rewarded by the sight of a couple of buffaloes feeding some distance ahead. Gliding up warily, till I got within fifty yards, I gave one of them a bullet close to the region of the heart. This was not sufficient to bring the animal down, and off it lumbered. Following it up, we were soon once more at close quarters, with the result that a bullet from my express passed through its shoulder. With the obstinacy and tenacity of life characteristic of its kind, however, it did not quietly succumb. I next tried it with a fair header. This obviously took effect; for, after it had struggled forward some distance, it lay down, clearly, as I thought, to die. My belief was quite correct, only I should not have disturbed its last moments. Concluding, very foolishly, that the buffalo was completely vanquished and that the game was mine, I, with the jaunty air of a conqueror, tucked my rifle under my arm, and proceeded to secure my prize.

Brahim, with more sense, warned me that it was not finished vet; and, indeed, if I had not been a fool-which the most sensible people will be sometimes—I might have concluded that with so much of the evil one in its nature, the brute had still sufficient life to play me a mischief, for it still held its head erect and defiant, though we were unseen. Heedless of Brahim's admonition, I obstinately went forward, intending to finish it at close quarters. I had got within six yards, and yet I remained unnoticed, the head of the buffalo being turned slightly from me, and I not making much noise, I was not destined to go much further. A step or two more, and there was a rustling among some dead leaves. Simultaneously the buffalo's head turned in my direction.

A ferocious, blood-curdling grunt instantly apprised me of the brute's resolution to be revenged. The next moment it was on its feet. Unprepared to fire, and completely taken by surprise, I had no time for thought. Instinctively I turned my back upon my infuriated enemy. As far as my recollection serves me, I had no feeling of fear while I was running away. I am almost confident that I was not putting my best foot foremost, and that I felt as if the whole affair was rather a well-played game. It was agame, however, that did not last long. There was a loud crashing behind me. Then something touched me on the thigh, and I was promptly propelled skyward.

My next recollection was finding myself lying dazed and bruised, with some hazy notion that I had better take care! With this indefinite sense of something unusual, I slowly and painfully raised my head, and lo! there was the brutal avenger standing three yards off watching his victim, but apparently disdaining to hoist an

inert foe.

I found I was lying with my head towards the buffalo. Strangely enough, even then, though I was in what may be called the jaws of death, I had not the slightest sensation of dread; only the electric thought flashed through my brain, "If he comes for me again I am a dead man." It almost seemed as if my thought roused the buffalo to action. Seeing signs of life in my hitherto inanimate body, he blew a terrible blast through his nostrils, and prepared to finish me off. Stunned and bruised as I was, I could make no fight for life. I simply dropped my head down among the grass, in the vague hope that it might escape being pounded into jelly. Just at that moment a rifle-shot rang through the forest which caused me to raise my head once more. With glad surprise I found the buffalo's tail presented to my delighted contemplation. stinctively seizing the unexpected moment of grace, I, with a terrible effort, pulled myself together, and staggered away a few steps. As I did so, there was quite a volley of shots, and I saw my adversary drop dead.

I began to feel that I myself might now succumb in peace, and I nearly fainted away. Shortly after, I was able further to console my alarmed followers by returning to consciousness, and to show that the accident was not worth speaking about, I attempted to walk a few steps, but again nearly fainted. I now learned that I had gone up in the most beautiful style, my hat going off in one direction and my rifle in another as if I was showering favours on an admiring crowd below. I did not feel myself fall. With regard

to my unconsciousness of fear on finding myself so near the maddened and deadly animal, I can only imagine that I must have been in a manner mesmerized, and in the condition described by Livingstone when he found himself under a lion. The horns proved to be both massive and beautiful, the curves being exquisitely graceful, and I duly enjoyed the sight of them as I bade farewell to the old year, and drank to the new in deep libations of buffalo soup. Through the sleepless watches of the night I pictured to myself the yearly family gathering far away, and reflected that on the succeeding year I should have a proper story to tell them. I laughed heartily as I imagined to myself the queer differences in our respective positions - they enjoying the good cheer of the paternal home, doubtless not forgetful of me; while I was wishing them the compliments of the season in the soup of an animal which a few hours before had nearly killed me.—Through Masai Land.

#### A WET SUNDAY.



WET Sunday again, Mama," said Tom, "I wish it wouldn't rain so often. Will you tell us a story please?"

"Yes, I will come in a few minutes dear; go up to the storeroom and get down some nice rosy apples."

Soon I sit down with the little group clustering around me, Tottie on my knee holding an apple as large as her chubby hands can grasp. "What shall I tell you about? Ethel may

choose because she is the eldest."

Ethel has been looking at the Picture Bible, and now is stopping at a place were there are three pictures; the first of an old man looking out from his housetop to see if anyone is ceming along the road, in the next he is hurrying to meet a ragged and footsore traveller, and in the third he seems to be remonstrating with a rather stern looking young man, and in each of the pictures he has such a kind and gentle face that Ethel's eyes seemed fixed on it.

"Mama, will you tell us about the Prodigal

Son?"

So I tell them the old story, which if you will you can read for yourselves in Luke's Gospel, 15th chapter.

"I think he was a nice father," said Lizzie,
"but I can't think what his boy should want to
go away from him for; will you tell us another
tale, Mama?"

"Shall I tell you about someone I knew when I was quite young?"

"Oh yes, please do."

In a village a long way from here there lived an old minister and his wife. They had only one son, whom they loved very dearly, but they indulged him so much that he grew up to be very selfish and wilful, so that they were much troubled about him. At last they thought perhaps it would be better to send him away from home for a time, and sadly enough they parted from him. They felt hopeful at first, as they had pretty good accounts of him from the gentleman who had promised to look after him, but one morning there came a letter which almost broke their hearts: he had taken money which did not belong to him, and had disappeared, no one knowing where he had gone. Then a church meeting was held to decide what should be done; the people were sorry for their dear old minister and his wife, and yet they felt it would not be right to let such conduct go by without taking any notice of it. His father knew why they hesitated, and himself rose and proposed that his son's name should be struck off the roll of members, saving,

"We have had patience long enough; I will

not acknowledge him any more."

As he spoke, no one saw a pale, hardened face by the meeting house door, or noticed that a young man with a desperate expression of countenance stood there with clenched fists listening intently.

A woman's voice spoke, and as he heard her words his hands fell nervelessly to his side, his face grew soft and tears rose to his eyes, for she

said :-

"No, husband, we dare not cast him off, for he is our son; if his name is crossed off the books ours must be too, however bad he may be we must keep a home for him, that when he repents, as he surely will, we may help him to lead a better life."

The mother's love saved him; hard though it was, he reformed from that day and steadily tried to do well, until he won the respect of all, and when the old minister died he was counted worthy to be elected leader of the congregation.

"Mama, don't you think it would have served these two sons right if they had never been allowed to return after they had been so naughty?"

said little Mary.

"Do you think that would have made them sorry, Mary? I once knew a little girl who was very tiresome indeed sometimes, so that she had to be shut up in the cellar or storeroom for punishment, where she used to go in a dreadful passion, so that if she had not been afraid, I believe she would have kicked down the doors.

Sometimes however instead of punishing her, her mother would take her on her knee and talk so quietly and kindly that she would feel very sorry. Those little talks sometimes did more good than any amount of scolding and punishing. Then too when Jesus told that beautiful story he had a lesson that he wanted to teach the people."

"What was that, Mama?"

"He wanted to teach them how God loves all his children, even those who do wrong and do not love him; how he longs to make them good, and welcomes the least sign of their sorrow and repentance; and how he is patient too, even with those who forget to be kind and pitiful to their sinful brothers and sisters."

"I was going to ask you if you thought the elder brother was very good to speak as he did,"

said Ethel.

"No. dear: I hope we should not have done that. I read a story the other day of another prodigal son, which I thought perhaps you might like to hear. The tale is of an English farmhouse in which there were two boys, named Bob and Gilbert who had one sister called Emily or more often Millie, she was such a bright happy little girl that she was said to be the little sunbeam of the house. Gilbert was a good lad, always ready to help his father, but Bob was idle and would never do his share of work if he could help it; also he was fond of going with companions who were not good for him; if his father had known this he would have tried to stop it, but unfortunately neither his mother, brother, nor sister, liked to tell of him, so he went on doing much as he liked; idling about a good bit of the time and leaving most of his work to Gilbert. At last his father got to have some idea of this. When Bob was spoken to he said he did not like working on the farm, so Mr. Milman told him that if he did not like that he must do something else, and not many days after announced that Bob was to be apprenticed to a bookseller in the next town.

The thought of being apprenticed however, did not suit Bob a bit better than farm work, he knew he should have to work steadily all day, and to come in at an early hour in the evening. His mother noticed the night before it was planned for him to leave home, that he bade her a particularly affectionate good night, and thanked her for helping to keep his faults from

his father's knowledge.

"I don't know that I have been wise in that, Bob," she said; "but I did it for the best, dear lad, and now you will try to be steady and good, won't you?" "Good-night again, mother dear."

The good folks of the farmhouse went to bed as usual, never guessing that whilst they had their quiet sleep a ladder was standing beneath Bob's window by which, after packing his little bundle of clothes, he climbed down into the garden and was soon on the highway road, with Mark Pattison, the lad of all others whom his father had forbidden him ever to speak to.

It did not cause much surprise the next morning when Bob did not get down in time for breakfast, he was too much in the habit of being behind for that, but when by and by Millie who had gone up to call him came down and said that after trying in vain to make him hear she had gone into his room and found it empty, that his chest of drawers had been cleared and his bed not been slept on, then they did feel far from easy, and Gilbert started to the village to make inquiries.

When he got to the little shop where he thought he was most likely to hear news, he stood waiting whilst Mrs. Burton served her other customers. and as she did not notice him

she went on talking.

"I could be almost sure he saw where I put it down; both he and Mark were in last night, and no one else after I laid it there, but Bob was in first."

"Nay, neighbour, Mark might do it, but I

don't think Bob Milman would."

"Well, birds of a feather flock together, and he and Mark have been a good deal with each other lately."

Gilbert heard as if he were in a dream—what could it all mean? As soon as he could get a quiet word with Mrs. Burton he asked her if she had seen anything of his brother?

"Then is it true that he and Mark have gone

off together?"

" Nay, we know nothing."

She told him after a little questioning that she had lost a five-pound note and suspected Bob had taken it. Gilbert's face flushed angrily, but what could he say when his brother had gone off in so suspicious a manner.

Great was the grief at home when he returned with his sad news. Mrs. Milman was very indignant that any one could suspect her boy; Mr. Milman said that if Bob had deceived him so cruelly he might even have taken the money.

As he rose from his seat to cross the room, he fell, and they had to help him get to his chair, for he had no power to move himself; the doctor was at once sent for and pronounced it to be a fit of paralysis. It was a sad sight to see the hale and hearty farmer now as helpless as a

child; sadder still to think it was the consequence of his own son's misconduct. Millie did her utmost to cheer and comfort him, he often used to call her his hands and feet, and Gilbert worked early and late on the farm, though he had a trying time of it, for that year's was a scant harvest, and being but young he was troubled to get the men to carry out his wishes sometimes.

In the meantime where was Bob? Far away in a seaport town in dingy lodgings, a very different place from his pleasant home. Mark used to go out all day leaving him alone, and before a week was over he had had enough of idleness; Mark always seemed to get plenty of money, and in answer to Bob's inquiry said, at last, that he stole it. The lad was much concerned, for with all his faults he had not got wicked enough for that; he made up his mind to go home and beg forgiveness; but that very day as he walked down the street with Mark a policeman arrested them both and they were taken into custody.

When they were brought before the magistrate next morning Mark was proved guilty and sentenced to five years penal servitude; Bob was dismissed with a caution to be more careful in his choice of companions for the future.

Now followed days of utter wretchedness. In a strange city, without employment and no means of getting any, he thought sadly enough of the foolish part he had played, and would gladly have returned, but that he had no money to pay his railway fare, and had become to weak with hunger to walk the long distance.

He went out one night in a pouring rain, of which he was too miserable to take much notice, and passing by a church the light and warmth attracted him, so he stole just inside; he heard the old familiar words, "I will arise and go to my father and say to him, 'Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee." Tears rushed to his eyes, and exhausted nature gave way. Bob fell in a swoon and knew nothing more till the church was almost empty, and kind faces were bending over him trying to restore him to consciousness. Mrs. Langham, the good woman who looked after the church, took him to her home, and nursed him through a low fever almost as tenderly as if she had been his mother; the tide of life slowly ebbed back, yet still he lay seeming to make little effort to get strong and well. Mr. Harris, the clergyman of the church he wandered into, had been very kind, had sent nourishing food, and tried to talk to the poor lad who had wandered so sadly; one day he felt he must try to rouse him, and talked so kindly and seriously that Bob con-

fessed to him all his sin and folly.

"My boy, you must go home again and prove yourself worthy of this good father's and mother's love, and if they are so willing to receive you your Father in Heaven is not less merciful if you truly repent."

Before he went home he read this beautiful parable, and Bob, taking fresh heart from his words, tried to grow strong and well again.

Some weeks passed away, when in the old farm-house, Mr. and Mrs. Milman, Gilbert and Millie sat by the old-fashioned fire-place one winter evening, when Mrs. Milman gave a sudden start.

"Go, Gilbert and see who that is at the door," Gilbert went to the door and opened it.

"It is a tramp I think mother, he leans

against the porch as if he were weak and ill."
"Bring him in; we will give him something to eat and let him warm himself; who knows

where our poor boy may be wandering to?"
Gilbert brought in a gaunt sickly looking boy

Gilbert brought in a gaunt sickly looking boy of about fifteen, who looked as if he had outgrown his clothes; as the poor lad gazed around, the sight of the familiar faces overcame him, and Bob, for it was he, burst into tears, with a cry of anguish.

"Oh mother! mother! don't you know me?"

"My boy, my own dear Bob!"

"You must come to me, my son, for I cannot

come to you," said Mr. Milman.

Those two words "my son," spoken in so loving a tone, moved Bob, more than anything else could have done; and he felt fresh remorse as he discovered his father's helplessness and guessed the cause.

It was a happy party, however, that gathered round the hearth that night, and no one wondered when the Bible opened almost of its own accord at the page where the father had often turned for comfort in the dark days which had gone by; his voice faltered as he read the old familiar words, "For this, my son, was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

A glad thanksgiving arose from that homestand that night to the Father who had brought home the wanderer, and with it a prayer for help rose from Bob's heart, that he might make some amends for the grief and sorrow he had caused.

He took his share in the farm work bravely, never murmuring, or feeling that he could do too much to help Gilbert. And after a time was apprenticed to the bookseller where he was to have gone before he ran away. There by his steady conduct and good workmanship, he rose to be a partner in the firm and an honourable and honoured man. But he never forgot his early mistake, and no one who saw the patience he had, with his own boys and girls in later life, could feel that the lesson was lost.

His father and mother lived to a good old age, cheered and blessed as they well deserved to be, by their three dutiful children; but if one more than the other loved and honoured them most, had he not good reason to do so? He had been forgiven most.

#### SARAH MARTIN.



VERY girl and boy has read something of the doings of John Howard and Mrs. Fry; how great and good were the works they did in connection with prisons: how one travelled through first England, then through Europe. that he might see with his own

eyes, and hear with his own ears if the horrors men whispered of below their breath could possibly be true; while the gentle quakers came Bible in hand, and toiled and taught the ignorant and desolate creatures herded in old Newgate, treated more like dangerous wild creatures than suffering human beings in need of aid and sympathy.

The good woman whom I am fain to tell of now was only a humble young seamstress named Sarah Martin, who lived with her grandmother at Caistor. She had but very little education, and worked hard for her daily bread; yet she found time to teach in a Sunday school, and to take an interest in what went on about. Her work took her often past the big gates of the gloomy jail at Yarmouth, and her heart saddened to hear of the many poor prisoners, mostly women and girls, bolted and barred within, the report of which was so heartrending; idle, and reckless, and hopeless, with none to comfort or help them repent of their evil ways.

One day Sarah confided all her thoughts to

her old grandame, and told her that she longed to enter the miserable place, and try what gentle words and kindly teaching could effect among these poor unfortunates. She was not afraid, for all she had been warned that it was dangerous to make or meddle with such creatures; but came with sweet sympathy beaming on her face, and the New Testament in her hand, and telling the staring crew she was but a workwoman anxious to help them in her spare hours: patiently waited till they learned to love and trust, nay even to obey her, as even the evil and abandoned folk will do those who all unselfishly seek to do them good.

Encouraged by their rough gratitude, she presently gave up a day's work every week, and spent it and all Sunday within the dreary prison walls; she gradually taught them to read and write, meanwhile she managed to collect thirty shillings with which she bought straw for them to plait, and odd bits of cloth to make into caps; which things she sold, and so got more material by which the poor wretches were enabled to earn small sums with which to start again on leaving jail. And better still, she taught many decent habits of order and industry to which hitherto

they had been total strangers.

Gradually the Sunday ceased to be a mere visitors saturnalia, and a simple service was held in the largest room of Yarmouth Jail. There was no chaplain yet engaged in the holy task of leading these poor bewildered sheep into the straight path, only our brave Sarah. At first she read printed sermons to them; later on, because of these not being applicable to such an audience, she spoke from her own knowledge and insight, while the roughest and the rudest listened quietly and respectfully to the message of Peace and Pardon granted to repentance.

So the months and years went by. Her work outside often failed her now, for employers have small patience, and times grew very hard, yet she never failed or faltered in her good work-

saying:

"I counted the cost, and my mind was made up, and if while imparting truth to others I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord in adminis-

tering to others."

Sometimes the earnest worker had presents of one sort or another sent her by those who sympathised; but all went for those who needed it more. She became poorer and poorer as she toiled harder at this self-appointed mission, yet never did her heart fail her, and it was only perforce that in the end she accepted the situation of schoolmaster and chaplain and matron all in one, for which combined duties the corporation of Yarmouth granted her the munificent salary of £12 a year, upon which she lived quite contentedly her short life out.

"But in her duty prompt at every call, She watched, and wept, and prayed and felt for all." C. L. M.

#### DICKY DATCHET'S DISCOVERY

BY S. L. GIBBS.

Author of "Honoria Spencer's Mistake." &c.



the sun was shining brightly, and the only thing that did not seem joyous, was Dicky Datchet, who sat on a form in the Village School. looking as wretched as possible.

He had not done his lessons properly, so Master Datchet was "kept in." Not only "kept in," but "kept out" of the splendid tea which was to be given to the boys that afternoon in honour of the Squire's return from his wedding-

Dick could easily have done his work at the proper time, or might have finished it after school, before the master left if he had chosen, only he didn't choose, so there he sat grumbling like the silly boy he was.

"It's a shame, and a swindle! that's what it is! I won't stand it, see if I do. Old Dobson thinks I am going to do this sum, does he? Not I. What is the good of sums, I should like to know? I won't do this one anyhow, and so I tell you!"

These remarks received no answer, for the simple reason that there was no one there to

hear them.

Dick propped his elbows on the desk, and gazed through the high window at the blue sky; and wished he was outside instead of in.

Presently, he found the window becoming gradually wider and wider, and in the opening he saw a mighty forest, whose great, giant trees stood so close together, that their bottom branches were bare, and leaves were growing only at the tops of them.

Through this forest a narrow pathway ran, so over-run with brambles, and so crowded with stones, that it could hardly be distinguished

from the other ground.

"This is a funny start," said Dick, "I never saw those trees before. I wonder what it means."

"Do you? I will tell you," said a voice close

This voice belonged to a tall, straight, fine looking old man; his dress seemed made of white foolscap paper with blue lines on it, a fancy trimming of quill pens went round it; in his hand he bore a shield of slate, and a ruler was stuck in his belt for a sword.

"Well young man, you see that hill over

there?"

"No I don't!" said Dick.

"Look through my glass, and then you will."

Dick did as he was told, and saw over the tops of the trees, a long way off, a high shining

mountain, all bright and beautiful.

"That is the hill I mean," said the old man.
"Look at those stones in the path yonder. If
anyone lifts them up, and listens to what they
tell him, replaces them, and passes on to the
next in the same way, by-and-bye he will get
to the hill, stay there a while and then come
back again. Then if he picks up the stones
again on his return, he will find that he has
gained a great treasure."

"What! pick up every one of those stones?" cried Dick. "No thank you! there's rather too

many of them."

"Do you think so?" said the other with a faint frown. "I did not say pick up every one but every smooth, round pebble you pass you must lift. Then, if you persevere, I can promise you a very great reward on your return, as well as a pleasant trip to the hill."

"All right, Sir, I'll go and try it, anyhow."

Dick put his hat firmly on his head, and

started for the forest.

He found the first few yards very difficult, the stones and brambles hurt his feet, but when he reached the path it was easier walking.

He looked anxiously for the smooth round stones. After some search he found a pink one

lying half hidden by some moss.

He lifted it joyfully, and placed it to his ear. He heard a remark whispered to him, such a strange one, that he almost dropped the stone; however, he listened carefully while the stone repeated the sentence. He then replaced it and went on his way.

He picked up, and listened to many thousands

before that day was finished.

When night came on, he was deep in the forest, and laid down under a tree to sleep. Here he was met by the old man, who asked him if he meant to persevere or not?

Dick seemed doubtful; but when he remembered the beautiful hill he had seen, and the promise of the treasure that was to be his on his

return, he determined to go on.

His companion seemed pleased, and said, "I will reward you for your diligence."

Striking his wooden sword on his slate shield they were immediately surrounded by a great number of shining fairies, who bore in their hands the materials for the nicest supper Dick had ever seen, much less tasted.

They placed the dishes on a golden table, covered with a cloth of silver, and begged Dick

to be seated and eat.

This, Dick was not slow in doing you may be sure: he soon sat down, and made the good things disappear as only a schoolboy can.

When he had finished, the banquet vanished, and a charming bed stood in its place. In this Dick laid his weary bones, and slept soundly till morning, when he continued his journey.

The second night passed like the first, and in the afternoon of the third day, he saw the beautiful hill very near him, and knew he had reached

the end of his journey.

Full of joy, he went on quickly, and found it covered with the most lovely grass and flowers

he had ever seen.

The trees were loaded with delicious fruit; and by the side of each apple or pear was one made of gold or precious stones, while all kinds of games were there and many pleasant companions.

Dick enjoyed everything so thoroughly, that he stopped there for some weeks, and then began to think of returning. As he passed back along the path, he picked up the smooth stones again. The pink ones told him, as before, all about Reading; the white ones, Arithmetic; the green, Grammar; the blue, Geography; and so on.

So by the time Dick got back to the old man he found he had gained the great treasure of Learning, and had had a most pleasant method

of obtaining it.

We are not quite sure if all this really happened as we have told you in this story, but at all events, Diok thought it did: and as it is perfectly certain that he is a clever, learned, and good man now, we think there must be something in Dicky Datchet's Discovery.



#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR COUSINS.

The rules for the competition will be the same as those of last year, as I have not found any reason for changing the fresh regulations I introduced last January. The exercises will be mostly on places mentioned in the Bible.

There will be ten competitions during the

year, ending in October.

Prizes of equal value will be awarded to those competitors who have gained 480 marks.

Cards of Merit will be awarded to those gain-

ing 450.

Each candidate must be under the age of sixteen at the commencement of the competition.

Each paper to be signed with the competitor's age and address—and certified by parent, teacher, or friend, that no personal assistance has been discovered.

All answers to be sent by the 15th of each month to "Cousin May, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand," and any delay must be explained by

parent or friend.

I am awaiting your answers with much pleasure, and hope my number of cousins will increase as much as it did last year. As some of them gained very high marks, it ought to be an encouragement for them to try again, if not over age. Wishing you all a very happy New Year, I remain, yours sincerely,

COUSIN MAY.

## YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

JERUSALEM, I.

Where is the first mention of Jerusalem in the Old Testament?

What were the inhabitants called?

By whom were they expelled?

Where is the first conquest mentioned before the building of the Temple?

What other name was given to the city?

Describe as much as you can of its position

and construction.

Carpenter's "Life in Palestine," Stanley's

"Sinal and Palestine," and Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" may be consulted for this last question.

BE thyself blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—QUARLES.

#### SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words arrest me every day:

I ought, must, can— I will, I dare, I may.

I OUGHT—'tis conscience law, divinely writ

Within my heart—the goal I strive to hit.

I MUST—this warns me that my way is barred
Either by Nature's law, or custom hard.

I CAN—in this is summed up all my might,
Whether to do, or know, or judge aright.

I WILL—my diadem, by the soul imprest
With freedom's seal—the ruler in my breast,
I DARE—at once a motto for the seal,
And dare I? barrier 'gainst unlicensed zeal.

I MAY—is final, and at once makes clear

The way which else might vague and dim
appear.

I ought, must, can.—I will, I dare, I may;
These six words claim attention every day.
Only through Thee, know I what every day,
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
——Chambers's Journal,

#### A WALLED LAKE.

In Iowa, one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque, lies what is known as the "Walled Lake," a body of water covering two thousand eight hundred acres, and whose surface is between two and three feet higher than the ground about it. In some places the water is twenty-six feet deep; it is clear and cold, and has no apparent inlet or outlet. It is confined by a wall of stone, in some places ten feet high and fifteen thick at the base. The stones used in building it vary in size, from about one hundred pounds to three tons. In the country around the lake there are no other stones within a circuit of five or ten miles, but a belt of woodland composed of oak makes the entire circumference of it. It is thought the trees were planted at the time the wall was built, and for that reason the wall cannot be of great antiquity. No one, however, can give any account of it, or the means employed to bring the stones from a distance, or of the builders.

#### ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Newspaper.

ENIGMAS, 1, 2, AND 3.
Ark, shark, lark, bark, mark, park, spark.
Moss, Moses.
Cousin May.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

To persist in doing wrong, extenuates not wrong, but makes it much more heavy.

# YOUNG DAYS.



LITTLE JEMMY (See page 21).

#### SAD LITTLE GOSSIPS.

BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

CHAPTER II.



E were to have gone in the Gardens in the morning and a drive in the afternoon, but alas for plans, the weather said no to them all. It was raining, not heavily, but a steady, chilly, sleety sort of rain,

and there was no going out for us. After breakfast Aunt Elizabeth went off to her housekeeping, which lasted for hours. Aunt Emily sat in an armchair as usual, only at this time it was by the dining, not drawing-room fire, and read the paper. We were told to get what we liked out of the play-cupboard and left to our own devices. We knew everything well in that cupboard, they stayed there from year to year untouched except by us; an old-fashioned doll or two with a box of clothes of a forgotten fashion, a farm with a quantity of animals, a size smaller than the house, and the curly green fir trees belonging to them, a box of soldiers which Boy always seized on, a painting book of the byegone kind-not what they have now, with Kate Greenaway children and rhymes-but with drawings of brigands and castles and soldiers fighting, not very nice to colour; some slates, a box of dominoes, and one or two dissected

Boy sat down contentedly on the ground with bricks and soldiers and proceeded in his own solitary fashion to make forts and barracks, and to draw up his regiment in lines, talking to himself in a whisper all the while. Kitty and I did not care just then to play with any of the things, it amused us much more to get up on the wide window sill, to look over the blinds and talk about the people who went by. We invented stories for them, and had a game about it; we decided whether or not we could pass them, as we called it. If we could not find a single thing we liked or admired about them we said they were plucked; we had heard this expression very often used by mother's brother, who was a College tutor, but had not much idea what it meant. The passers-by were fewer than usual, owing to the bad weather; generally Garnet Place was pretty full, for it led from one large thoroughfare to another. There were enough, however, to amuse us. Now a stout old gentleman with a large silk umbrella and his coat collar turned up, carrying a black bag; we decided that he was a lawyer, like father, there was not much to say about him-he did not look interesting. There was a pale girl with a bandbox, she was taking

home a lady's new bonnet we decided, she looked very cold, and had a thin ulster on; we were sorry for her, but thought her hair ugly, it came so low down over her nose. There went a music mistress with a roll in her hand, a stout lady with a good-natured face. We passed her at once, and thought we should not mind learning of her; then a tall, delicate-looking, rather pretty young lady in black, who had a sad face.

"She is a governess," said I, "and has no father or mother. She goes to teach some disagreeable, rude children who won't attend at all; they try how naughty they can be, and she is very, very tired when she gets home—I should think she lives all alone in lodgings."

"She looks interesting, she must have a nice name," said Kitty, watching her with a sort of affection. "What should you call her, Molly?"

"Constance Evelyn," I said, having a great liking for romantic-sounding names.

"Look! look," cried Kitty excited, "there is a monkey organ!"

It made a dismal wheezing sound and the poor monkey looked miserable, too cold and cross to do any tricks, however his master, who smiled and bowed to us, showing his white teeth, might shake the string. We felt very sorry for the monkey and hoped the smiling man was as good-natured as he looked. Boy came to look at the monkey, and then went at once to Aunt Emily with a request for pennies—might he take them out of the jug on the mantelpiece?

"What, dear? pennies? what for?" she asked n her bewildered way, "oh, yes if you like."

in her bewildered way, "oh, yes if you like."
"It's to give the organ man with the poor little monkey," explained Boy in his clear, sweet voice, helping himself out of the pence jug, "he has a red jacket on, but he shivers all the time."

"Oh, but dear, I can't have the window opened!" she said in a helpless sort of dismay, knowing quite well that Boy always did just what he chose in spite of his speaking so sweetly. He took no notice of her protest in the least, but, opening the window and letting in a cold, damp blast of air which made poor Aunt Emily shiver like the monkey, threw his pennies out into the street, and watched the organ man pick them up, wave his cap, grin and bow and then shoulder his organ and go off. Aunt Emily was not a bit angry with Boy for not minding her, she never was, but pug took up the cause of his mistress and barked severely at him for almost five minutes, making Polly cry, "Hold your tongue do, or I'll make you!" and it was some little time before our poor aunt could have quiet

and peace to return to her newspaper. went back to his soldiers, only organs and Punches were interesting enough to him to make him look out of window, but every body was so to Kitty and me. "Shall we pass this boy?" she asked in a doubtful way, watching one who was coming along, turning out of Isabella Street at the end. He was rather an odd-looking boy, he had grown out of all his clothes and showed quite a space of red wrist and ankle at the ends of his shabby jacket and trousers. He had exceedingly red hair, curling tightly in funny little rings under his cap, and his sallow face was very much freckled. "He is very ugly." said I. "and queer: I don't think we will." But as he passed he looked up at us, and he had such a nice pair of bright, brown, merry good-natured eyes, and such a pleasant smile that we changed our opinion at the moment.

"He is not so ugly after all," I said; "he looks

poor but quite nice.'

He seemed somehow amused to see us, I don't know why, and there was plenty of fun in his face, so that we smiled back at him as if we were friends. How shocked Aunt Elizabeth would have been if she had known. He was not a gentleman, though not coarse or common-looking.

"Let's call him Sam," said Kitty; "and watch

if we see him again."

We went on like this, quite happy and amused, and at last were so absorbed in our fancies that we had no idea that there was anyone fresh in the room, till we heard Aunt Elizabeth just behind us, saying,

"You sad little gossips! You really must not sit up there chattering any longer. Come down now and I will find you some pretty beads I have

by me, for you to make necklaces of."

So we came down, but the next morning we returned to our post at the window at the same time, anxious to see if any of our acquaintances would go by. The lady we had christened "Constance Evelyn" did, and we were interested in seeing that she had another bonnet on, a pretty one, and we thought she looked brighter; and "Sam" did; he glanced up at the window and smiled again more than before when he saw us; he seemed to have caught cold in the rain of yesterday, for he coughed, and we said he did not look well. We felt sure he was a nice boy. but very poor, his clothes were so worn, though neat, and he seemed to have no great coat and certainly he looked as if he wanted one. Kitty nodded at him, I did not go so far as that, but I smiled and felt as if we knew him. We could not make out what he was ; we refused to consider

him a "shop boy," for we were proud and thought that low, but what he did we could not guess. He carried a roll of papers apparently, and nothing else. The next day was Sunday, and we went to church with Uncle Grantley and our two aunts, in velvet and furs looking magnificent. It was a pretty church close by in St. Michael's Terrace, and we enjoyed going, the music was very good and the sermon very short, and we liked putting money, given us by our uncle, into the bag, which a grave-looking gentleman handed us. We had another interest to-day; just opposite us were "Sam," and a woman in widow's dress, so like him that there was no possibility of mistaking them for mother and son. She looked ill, and I found out after watching them a moment that she was blind. "Sam" looked after her as they came in, and showed her the way very carefully. She was dressed poorly but with great care, and he had a better suit on. As soon as I made this interesting discovery I nudged Kitty to look, and almost wished I hadn't, she stared so and was inattentive, making Aunt Elizabeth frown; our friend found us out too after a while, he could not help seeing Kitty's interest, and a little smile first crossed his face as if he could not help it.

This gave us a great deal more to gossip about whe had found out that "Sam" took care—and great care too—of a blind, widowed mother. They went to the corner of Isabella Street again and we fancied lived near, there was a poor street or two out that way. Children, I suppose, take more notice of little things than grown-ups do. I am sure our aunts would have been astonished had they known how much we found to say about people we watched from the windows.

But we were "sad little gossips" you see!

We did not see our friend "Sam" pass the next morning nor the next, though we always were at the window at the time we thought him due, and we began to wonder what had become of him, when we had an adventure which suddenly brought us into speaking acquaintance with him, rather more than a week after we had first come to Garnet Place. We were very fond of feeding the ducks in the pond in Kensington Gardens, and as the weather took up fine and very warm for winter after the rain, Aunt Emily's maid Finch, a very fine, finnicking lady indeed, of whom we made great fun amongst ourselves, consented to show her smart clothes, and to sit on a bench reading the London Journal while we played. She did not wish to seem a nurse, and did not "appreciate" children, as she said in her affected voice, so she took very little notice of us except at the street crossings, where

she clutched Boy tight in a nervous way, and drove Kitty and me just before her with her umbrella. Well, this bright Saturday afternoon the Gardens were very pleasant and gay, everybody seemed to have come out to sun themselves -invalids, pretty children, young ladies and gentlemen, schoolgirls and schoolboys, poor people, and rich. Kitty and I were much amused with noticing everybody and "making up" about them, inventing names and histories, "passing" or "plucking" the various groups of people who took no notice of the two little girls in country-made clothes who were so busy about them. Boy, as usual, went his way, he had filled his pockets with crumbs and with walnutshell boats which he had made from the relics of dessert, and was a good way off on the brink of the pond. Suddenly there was a splash and a scream, and everybody, including us, turned round to look in his direction. We could not see Boy, but we did not even then connect this with the commotion, I don't know why, till we saw someone jump in and presently come up holding our little brother by his fair soaked curls. Then Kitty and I joined in the scream and flew down, pushing our way frantically through the group that was gathering round poor Boy, who was quite white, dripping wet, and with shut eves.

"Ôh, he's dead! Boy's dead! 'Nitty shrieked out, flinging herself on him, while I, staring in a terrified stupid way, suddenly perceived to my further bewilderment that the forlorn, shivering, wet creature who held Boy and had pulled him out of the water was our red-haired, freckled friend—the lad we had christened "Sam."

Finch was, of course, quite incapable, she could do nothing but scream and gasp and make herself ridiculous: but a park-keeper came up and a gentleman or two, and the wet boys were hurried to a lodge, where they were wrapped in blankets and given something hot to drink, while Finch and we were sent off in a cab to Garnet Place to get dry clothes and tell the aunts. Unfortunately they were out, but Finch managed to find some things with a good deal of difficulty. and though her wits were still scattered, she had come a little to her senses and had thought enough to tell the cabman to wait to take her back. Kitty and I stoutly insisted on going with her, and, she was too feeble to deny us, so back we drove to the lodge. Here we found Boy perfectly recovered, sitting by the fire wrapped in a big blanket, and seeming to enjoy himself very much, chattering to his companion, who looked worse than he did-a pale bluish colour, and with chattering teeth, though he smiled as he listened to and answered Boy.

"His name is not Sam, Molly, it's Archie," Boy said as soon as he saw us, "Archie Macdonald, and he's a very nice fellow. He saved my life, and I am going to tell everybody so. His mother's blind and ill, and he's been ill too, I'm very sorry for him. If he's got some clothes to put on, I should like him to come home and have tea with us."

"Lor!" said Finch, "what's to be done about that now? Of course I've got no clothes for him,

how could I?"

The boy answered in a pleasant voice, not at all vulgar, only queer-sounding to us—I have since found because it was Scotch—that he should stop there till his clothes were dry, and then put them on and walk home, he should be all right, and he was only too glad the little gentleman was. While Finch dressed Boy we talked to Archie, as we had to call him now that we knew he was not Sam.

"We have seen you pass several times," Kitty

began, half bold, half shy.

He smiled.

"Yes, I've seen you, missy," he returned, "you seem very fond of looking out of the window."

"Well, you see we come from the country," I explained, trying to talk grown-up, "and it's all

new to us----

"Aunt Elizabeth says we are 'sad little gossips,' said Kitty, looking mischievous, "It is such fun seeing people go by and guessing who they are and what they are doing. Where do you go to?"

"Kitty!" said I, blushing, for I thought she

was rude.

Archie, however, only seemed amused.

"Oh, İ, missy? I gö to a Printing House in Delarue Street—it is my nearest way by you. I am there early, and then go back for breakfast. I'm what they call a printer's devil."

"Oh!" said Kitty, opening her eyes and looking shocked, "you mustn't say that, it's a very

bad word."

"I beg your pardon," he said, but with a funny winkle in his pleasant-looking brown eyes, "it doesn't mean anything bad, it is only a name commonly given to boys who do what I do. I hope to get to something better in the house soon, but I'm obliged to do what I can since my father died. He was a printer. My mother went blind soon after his death—" he looked sad enough now, all the fun gone out of his face.

"And where do you live?"

"We lodge in the Mews out of Isabella Street. My father had been kind to a coachman there, and he let us have our rooms cheap." "How old are you?" went on inquisitive Kitty, she always liked to know the age and family of everyone.

"Seventeen-nearly eighteen."

"As much as that! You don't look so."

"No, I am short I know, I haven't been strong. London doesn't suit me nor my mother."

"Then why don't you go away?"

"One must live where one can," he answered in a sad, quiet voice.

"It was very good of you to pull Boy out of the water," I said warmly, "very good and brave—every one else stared and shouted."

"It was only just natural, just the simplest thing in the world," he said, blushing, "it needs no talking about. And he's such a dear little fellow," he added affectionately, "he does talk so prettily."

"Every one is fond of Boy," Kitty said, "much fonder than of Molly and me, though he is really

not so good as he looks."

It sounded rather as if Kitty were jealous and wanting to run Boy down, but she did not mean it so at all. I was afraid Archie would think so, and put in,—

"He is very pretty and he's very nice too, only he likes his own way. If he had been drowned we never, never could have borne to go

home without him!"

The thought was dreadful indeed, we had hardly felt what it meant before. Our pretty Boy! How death-like he had looked for a minute! I fancied mother's face if she had seen him so, and it made me turn pale. Archie looked kindly at me as if he understood.

"He's all right, he's safe now, thank God," he

said in a whisper.

And I said "thank God!" too, quietly in my heart. I felt as if I loved the brave lad who had jumped in to save my dear, dear little brother. Finch had made him ready now and was in a hurry to get away. She was quite taken up, I believe, in thinking of Aunt Elizabeth's soldding when she should see her, and did not seem to remember what the Scotch boy had done at all. But Boy did; he ran up to the figure in the blanket and embraced it with his affectionate little arms.

"Stoop down and kiss me," he said, "I can't reach you. I shan't never forget you! We

shall be great friends."

Archie seemed so pleased to kiss him, as if he

had not expected it.

"I shall come and see you," Boy called back as he was going out at the door after we had said good-bye, "and I mean to tell Uncle Grantley to give you a whole gold sovereign, I am sure he will!"

"Master Boy, please," Archie called out earnestly, and in spite of Finch Boy came back to listen, "you mustn't think of doing that! I shouldn't like it at all—I'm no pauper—"

"But why?" asked Boy, looking surprised.
"Uncle Grantley tips us all—only with halfcrowns generally, because we're little. I know
you are not a pauper, they wear brown coats
with brass buttons and live in such a dull great
house. Why shouldn't he give you a sovereign?
we like getting presents."

"I shouldn't-not that sort of present. Please

don't ask him!"

"Well, I won't then, I won't ask him," but I believe he hoped that Uncle Grantley would think of it himself. Boy's highest delight was being given a bright half-crown and going to spend it in Regent Street. As for a golden sovereign, he never dreamed of such riches as that till he was years older.

(To be continued.)



O, WHY shall we say for catched, caught, As grammarians some say we ought? Let us see

How things be When this kind of teaching is taught;

The egg isn't hatched, it is haught;
My breeches aren't patched, they are paught;
John and James are not matched, they are
maught;

My door isn't latched, it is laught; The pie wasn't snatched, it was snaught; The cat never scratched, but she scraught; The roof wasn't thatched, it was thaught.

If English must this way be wraught, It soon will be natched—that is naught.

EVERY real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility. For we cannot move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.—W. E. GLADSTONE.



#### GROWING.



CERTAIN tiny little spirit in the spiritual realms, looking around, saw many other spirits there greater than itself, with more life, power, and beauty. Some of these were shining with only a

pale light, some with a brighter light, just as one star differs from another star in the great heavens of glory; but all of them seemed to be growing and improving and becoming gradually more and more beautiful. The tiny little spirit felt that it would like to grow in the same way. So it went and knelt before the greatest and most glorious of all the spirits, the Heavenly Father, and said. "Heavenly Father, I should like to grow." That prayer was heard, and a voice, solemn but sweet, answered the little one, and gaid, "Your wish shall be granted. But in order to grow you must go away for a while into one of those worlds that are moving in the heavens around you: you must be clothed in a form of flesh and blood, and for a time become mortal and human. must pass through all the stages of life, from infancy to age, and through many of the changes of sickness and health, weakness and power, pain and pleasure, doubts, difficulties, hopes and fears. All the beautifully-growing spirits around you have undergone the like changes, and you must undergo them, too." So the tiny little spirit was sent away into one of the planets of Heaven, called Earth, just as amongst us little children are sent away from home to school. It was born into the world just as other little babes are born. It had a loving father and mother, hrothers and sisters, a good nurse, and kind friends. It began to grow, and as thought after thought came into its little mind, and feeling after feeling into its little

heart, it knew that it was growing, and felt a kind of solemn joy. Everything around it helped it to grow. Every little flower of the meadows seemed to speak to it with a low, tender, whispering voice: "Grow! little one, grow! Consider the lilies how they grow! Become like them, modest, quiet, patient, beautiful." All the trees of the woods and orchards, murmuring with the voice of evening, encouraged the little spirit to grow, to put forth the vigorous sap of earnest life, the green leaf and blossom of beauty, and prepare for the nourishing fruit of goodness by and by. Every sunbeam that came in its chamber at daybreak seemed to say, "Grow little one, brighter and brighter, more and more unto the perfect day!" Every brook and river wandering to the sea, invited the child to grow, to become deep and wide and strong, and full in thought and feeling. Every gleam of bright colour: every strain of sweet music: every burst of cheerful, happy, merry life, the rejoicing sounds of all rejoicing things, seemed to help the little one to grow in health, in strength, in intelligence, in capacity for useful work, in sensibilty to joy.

But now and then there crept in among the grand and beautiful things a number of very unlovely ones-things that were dark and gloomy in their looks, knotted and tangled and twisted into ugly forms and covered with sharp points. bristles and thorns, that inflicted wounds and pain every time they were touched. These ugly things were frequently coming in the child's way, making her progress hard and slow. "Go away!" said the little one, "You nasty, ugly, hindering things, go away!" "No! no!" said the ugly ones, "we have something to do with you, little spirit, before we go away. If you can make us your friends instead of your foes, it will be all the better for you by and by." When the child saw that the ugly ones would not go away, it wept bitterly; but it remembered the words of warning which were uttered when it had asked to grow; and it thought that possibly all these unwelcome things were only the forms of those very doubts, difficulties, and troubles of which the heavenly voice had spoken as part of the means by which all spirits grow. So the little one dried up her tears and kept her heart quiet, submissive, and still. She soon discovered that to grow in the right way is by no means an easy thing; that all sorts of hindrances arise, ignorance, weakness, appetite, and passion-that ugly weeds abound as well as beautiful flowers, sin and sorrow as well as innocence and joy. How to choose the good and the good only, and leave all the bad behind, that is a difficulty, a very great difficulty, indeed. Most of us faint

and fail, and commit blunders, and we are often obliged to ask of Heaven a little help in order that we may not cease to grow. If we ask sincerely, the help comes. Sometimes it comes like a still small voice, whispering in the conscience; sometimes like a fine energy that strengthens every nerve, and sometimes like a sweet peace that quiets the passions and makes them calm and still. Life flows on; sorrows come; joys come; smiles and tears; difficulty and ease; sunshine and shadow; storm and calm. Through all changes the little spirit grows. It has passed out of infancy into childhood; it will pass out of childhood into youth; out of youth into middle

life, and out of that into age. Now this little growing child, though it often feels painfully the many difficulties of life, is not at all sullen, or solemn, or gloomy, or reserved. Oh, no! It is often blithe and merry; it can sing; it can romp; it can play; it can use a skipping-rope, trundle a hoop, nurse a doll, and join its young companions in all sorts of merry games. It can play at "blind man's buff," "oranges and lemons," "puss in the corner," "hide and seek," and "how does my lady's garden grow?" It has a warm love of Nature ever glowing in its bosom. The green fields, the blue skies, and the singing-birds are almost as dear to it as its playmates and friends. When the sunbeams come with a smile and a kiss, it smiles and kisses the sunbeams again. When the flowers ask it to mingle its beauty with theirs and join them in silent worship, it goes and prays with them like a flower among the flowers. When the squirrel in the woods says "Come up here, you little one, and jump with me from bough to bough," the gay spirits of the child leap and join the squirrel in its play. When some river, flowing from the hills, invites it to join in a pilgrimage to the distant sea, the fancies of the little one obey readily, and travel on through miles and miles of wonder and of beauty. When the lark in the sky says, "Come up hither, little spirit, and sing with me a happy song under the rainbow and the melting cloud," the willing little spirit mounts and sings. When the little wavelets on the sea-beach, dancing amidst glittering spray, ask it to come and dance with them on the shining sands, the gay and happy fancy of the child wanders to the shore and dances with the waves among the gleaming shells. just as it mingles in the natural world it mingles also in the human world. When anything sad and sorrowful, any cry of distress or moan of pain, any sighs over disappointments, difficulties and failures, or any sounds of innocent delight and joy, reach the ear of the child, away its little

spirit goes on the wings of sympathy. All this variety of life has helped the young spirit to grow. And when its schooling time on earth shall be finished: when it shall return to the spiritual world from which it came, it may possibly meet there a troop of those ugly ones whom it so much dreaded and disliked when it met them on earth. But they will be ugly no longer; for it may then be seen that these hindering things of the earth may have rendered at last some useful help to the spirit, that these twisted, knotted, and entangled things may be gradually drawn out into lines of order and beauty-these prickly, wounding thorns lose their sting-these weeds slowly change into flowers-these sorrows turn into means of joy. The uplifted spirit may then perceive. what on earth it never well knew and found hard to believe, that even the difficulty and the darkness, the struggles, and the sorrows of life, may have helped it to grow.

> Night's gathering gloom, morn's golden hour, The sun's sweet smile, the cloud's soft shower; Each flower that blooms, each bird that sings, All loving, yearning, changing things; With whispering voices seem to say, To wondering spirits, "Let us pray!"

And sorrow, suffering, gloom, and care, Say to the Soul, "Be patient! Bear!" But generous Thought, bright, pure and free, Sings to the heart, "Rejoice with me!"

Time is a sea on which we sail, Now in the calm, and now the gale; In heaving, tossing, ebb or flow, Our little spirits throb and grow.

E. A.

#### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.



SISS GORDON CUMMING, describing her evening expeditions in India, mentions the dancing, gleaming light of the fire-beetles, and adds: "More wonderful than these fairy fire-bearers, because

so much less widely known, are some of the luminous grasses and other plants found in parts of the Himalayas. Some years ago a report reached Simla that the grassy hills round Syree, on the old road, were every night illuminated with a strange, pallid fire, which gleamed with a tremulous spirit-light. On inquiry, this was found to emanate from a grass common in various places among the hills. It was only observed during the rains; nor was it the property of every root, only perhaps of one in a hundred. Nevertheless, it was sufficiently powerful to make the whole grass seem to glow here and there with a blaze of phosphoric light.

Another plant is also found in these mountains which is reverenced by the fire-worshipping people as 'a bush burning, yet not consumed.' Its light has been proved to proceed from a volatile oil, which at times evaporates to such an extent that, on bringing a lighted match close to it, the plant will be enveloped in a transient flame, and vet will be in nowise injured.

There are various other instances known of these luminous plants. A beautiful phosphorescent fungus grows abundantly on the dwarf palms of Brazil, as also in Australia, which emits a pale green light, so vivid that a few specimens brought into a dark room will give sufficient light to read by. Australia also produces a luminous moss, which gleams like a nest of glow-worms from the dark recesses of the rocks. Some of the timber floated down from Thibet by the Cashmere rivers has the same property, which, however, it loses when dry."

#### A TRUE STORY.

IVE little rabbits once lived in a hutch,
Frisky young bunnies were they,
Three were jet black, with some patches
of white,

And two were a pretty dark grey.

But these little brothers, alas, I must tell, Were not happy as brothers should be: They never ceased munching from morning till night.

With no rest between dinner and tea.

Put at last in great pain one poor rabbit died, And sad were his comrades four, Yet they never enquired the cause of his death, But ate of green cabbage still more.

Then another one died, and in bitterest grief They deplored the mistakes of the past; And the three sad survivors, in heart-broken tones, Vowed all and forever to fast.

So they fasted all day and fasted all night, Until one of them fainted away, And these were the words he painfully gasped, As dying through starving he lay.

"My two little brothers, take warning by me, Eat neither too little nor much, Be moderate in all, then again you may bring, Prosperity unto this hutch."

A year has gone by since that terrible time; Now happy, contented, and gay, In a very large house that was made to hold five, Dwell the relics of this mournful lay.

#### LITTLE JEMMY.



N the sea coast of Lancashire, not far from the mouth of the River Mersey, stands a cluster of villages, whose inhabitants are curiously primitive in their ways considering how near the place is

to a huge bustling seaport town such as Liverpool. This may be accounted for partly by the nature of the soil, which is chiefly moss, or sand silted up in wide tracts by the receding sea; and, partly, by the conservative tendency of their religion, which is, almost exclusively. Roman Catholic. The one renders traffic difficult, the other leads the people to intermarry with each other, and dislike the introduction of persons of different faith to their midst.

It is a quiet, sunshiney, pleasant corner of the out-of-the-way world. Wide, solitary stretches of level beach, where sea fowl congregate, and sunsets are gorgeous; wide, solitary stretches of sand hills, where rabbits abound, and lovely wild flowers carpet the ground and over which the curlews hover uttering their mournful cry; wide, solitary stretches of moorland, divided into marshy fields by ditches and dykes; golden in the spring with sheets of marsh mallow, resplendant in the autumn with the scarlet dock, the orange bramble, the purple flowering reed; and musical all the summer through with the songs of a thousand larks.

Where the inhabitants, as a rule, are not fishermen, they are small farmers, doing their own work, living in thatched white-washed cottages, one story in height, but rambling over much ground, nestled in among damson orchards, and low growing apple trees. Spade husbandry is yet not wholly unknown among them, and, within the memory of people not so very old, the Liverpool fish market used to be supplied from this neighbourhood by a set of hardy folks known as "Trotters" from their curious gait, as, fish creel on back, and in single file, they performed the fourteen or fifteen miles on foot, through deep sandy lanes which neither horse nor cart could traverse.

The soil in this neighbourhood will not grow wheat, but rye flourishes, and potatoes yield grand crops, and peas are a staple produce. Asparagus is a source of wealth to those who own portions of the sand hills, wild fowl abounds, rabbits, cockles and shrimps supply the markets near at hand. It is a prosperous, productive place, where squalid poverty is unknown, though few are very wealthy.

To this neighbourhood, one spring, did Mrs.

Grey bring' her children, hoping that here they might recruit their health, after measles, before their father returned from a long sea voyage, for he was the captain of a merchant vessel, sailing

to San Francisco.

The farm where they obtained lodgings was one of the white-washed low cottages before mentioned, situated near the end of a long grassy lane; where, now in March, the willow hedges were clothed with soft downy Catkins; and nettles were springing up in fresh tender green everywhere, with a widespread vellow dandelion ever and anon to deck them. The damson trees looked bare and black enough; it was difficult to believe that such wealth of silvery blossom would presently break forth to cover those lace-like intertwining stems with a sheet of snow; but the gooseberry bushes beneath were already tufted all over with drops of emerald green; and masses of gay daffodils nodded their heads to the breeze all along the orchard hedge.

A short flagged path led from the wooden garden gate up to the half hatch door of the cottage, which was black with many coats of tar. for a new one was laid on every Easter, to keep away the devil and all his wiles. Honeysuckle hung in festoons over this door, already showing leaves, and long narrow borders of flowers ran along each side of the path. What delight to the little Greys were these borders so full of oldfashioned flowers! Tufts of primroses, single and double, yellow, pink and crimson; red and white double daisies, clumps of purple crocuses, great bushes of blood-red wallflowers, scenting the air with their delicious fragrance! In one corner, beneath an elder bush, was the well, open to the sky, unfenced, but surrounded by slippery wet stones, green with moss and ferns, with a kind of ladle, like an oblong box fastened to the end of a broom handle, and used for dipping up the water, reared on end by its side. The path ran round the cottage here, between it and the stack of black peat, now much dwindled in size by winter use, and led to a wooden gate, with a rough stile beside it, beyond which was a rick yard, and byre, whence the breath of the cows smelt sweetly.

There was a bench beneath the latticed window of the houseplace, where Mrs. Halsall, the farmer's wife, ranged her bright milk pans in the sun, when they were freshly scoured in the morning; and where Mrs. Grey liked to sit later in the day, with her sewing, watching the children at play, and rejoicing to see the roses return to their cheeks, and the life and light to their eyes. There she was joined one evening

by her hostess, in her blue linsey wolsey skirt, and print bedgown; it had been churning day, and she was tired, so came forth for a while before tea, to rest and chat.

"Eh! them's pretty childer of yours, Mrs. Grev." said she, looking at little Alison's float-

ing curls.

"Yes," replied the fond mother. "You seem very fond of children, Mrs. Halsall, have you never had any of your own?"

"Aye!" said the other, "once I had, long ago. But I lost him; I never had but the one,

and I lost him.'

"Was it long ago that he died?" asked Mrs. Grey, laying her hand sympathetically over the

roughened one of the elder woman.

"Aye, long ago, long years ago, but yet it seems like yesterday too. My little lad! Eh! but he were a pretty one! Eyes he had as black as sloes, and cheeks as red, as red, I can't tell you how red; and always a laughing he was, so merry, and such a spirit. He was feared of

nought, wasn't Jemmy!"

"My old mother, she'd say 'Nancy, thee'll hae a handful in yon lad if thee doesn't mind and keep him down now he's little.' But laws! I couldn't smack him whatever she might say, if he only looked up at me out of his bonny eyes; for they laughed at me till they made me laugh too, and where was the use then? And how he used to climb up behind me in yon chair, and get his fat arms round my neck, hugging me and kissing! Eh! but his cheeks was good to kiss!"

She sat silent for a time looking far away through the trees, and Mrs Grey was silent too.

At last she said gently:
"Was he ill long? What took him from

vou?"

"Eh! bless you, he were never ill at all, no not he. He never had a day's sickness in's life. He were took in a minute without time to think or look round."

"Was it an accident then?" asked the other

mother, sympathetically.

"Aye. I'll tell ye. It were Whitsuntide, and my Master'd gone to town the Saturday before, with the market cart, and 'oo'd bought him a whip, with a whistle to the end of it. Eh! he were pleased! He were like to drive one crazy, moithering about with that whip, a whistling and a whistling, and wanting to go and drive the cows with it. 'Wait till ye get to your granny's Jemmy', says I, for we was to go to my mother's for our teas, and she lived up past Altcar. 'Jemmy shall go in the shandry' if he's a good lad, and his da will let him drive Player,' says I, but

still nothing would serve him but he must go then and there, he was that ma'ed and wilful. Well, he worritted and worritted to get out, and I just took and hasped the door so as he couldn't, for there was none but him and me in the house place, the others were all out and about in the stable and fields;—and, then, my young lord set to to cr.v.

I couldn't abear to hear him cry, so I took him up stairs, and said as how I'd dress him to go: for thinks I, if 'tis too soon, 'twill make the time seem to pass for him, and put the trouble out of his head. So I stripped him, and washed him. and combed up his wet hair into a great curl atop of his head, and got him into his clean petticoat, and he sitting astride my knee, a clapping his heels to me and jigging, and calling out 'Gee gee, Mammy, gee gee!' And then I minded me that I'd got the tuckers to tack into the new red frock I'd made for him, to go in ; and his new pinny to finish; so I set him down in the corner, and told him to gee gee there to the towel horses till his new frock was ready.

I'd just finished, when the door down stairs opened, and Annie screeched out like mad: 'Missis! Missis! the pigs has got loose and is in the garden!' I bethought me of the peas just coming on, and the new cabbage plants we'd set, and down I throws my work and off I runs, never thinking as the child would make after me as fast as his little legs would carry him. But when we'd got the beasts all in the stye again; and I come back into the house, there was no Jemmy to be seen! I called and hollered, and looked up and down in every place I could think of; and then I called Annie, and bid her fetch her master, and the men and all to come searching, for ne'er a sign of the child could

The men all came running, and calling and we looked everywhere we could think of, till old Robert, he comed up with his face like death, and 'Eh! Missis,' says he, 'our little Jemmy's in the well!' And there he were, sure enough, head first, and stone dead, and his whip tight held in his little fist. My little lad, my pretty little lad! There was his red frock and his new pinny that he was never to wear, and I'd thought he'd ha' looked so bonny in them! And there was the reins I'd give him to play gee gee with, only half an hour ago; and he was never to play again. And there was the porridge he'd left from his breakfast, with the spoon lying in it; he'd been that taken up with his new whip he couldn't eat, and I could never make his pobs again! Eh! my little lad, the house is so quiet now, without his shouting, and his gee gees, and things.-He

did look pretty dead, too, though all the red colour had gone out of his cheeks and lips, and his black eyes would never laugh at me again. We put him on his own little white night shirt; and the parson's young lady,—she was always fond of Jemmy—and she come down with a lot of lilies of the valley,—enough to cover him over very nearly,—his little head looked all sunk down in them, as if he'd laid hisself along in a bed of them to go to sleep; and I'd not the heart to take his whip away from him even then, and so we buried him, holding it in his hand still. Eh! dear I'd like to see him again!"

The poor woman's voice grew very husky as she concluded her piteous tale, and Mrs Grey felt the powerlessness of offering her any comfort. Her best words sounded in her ears but bald and empty, yet no others would come in

their place.

"I am so sorry for you, so very sorry;" said she gently. "I do not know how you ever bore such a blow. I hope you do not dislike having

my children here now?"

"Oh no! not a bit," replied Mrs. Halsall; "there was a time when little 'uns' voices and laughing went through me like the stab of a knife running in, but I got over that years since; and now that I'm growing old and must see the child again soon, 'tis a pleasure to watch children, and think of him. They mind me of his ways often and often."

"And," said Mrs Grey, "he has been spared from much pain and sorrow; and you know that

he is gone to Heaven."

"Ah! aye, he is," said the bereaved mother, "but somehow I never really seemed to believe it till the time come when I must be there soon mysen. 'Tis a comfort to grow old after all's said and done."



#### WHO WAS TO BLAME?



ZHE cat did it all.

Yes, and she did not care a bit either; for there she sat serenely licking her chops, and blinking, placidly at Le, just as if nothing had happened.

But there had something happened, as Le's flushed cheeks, red eyes, and sobs abundantly testified.

Poor Le! It was rather too bad, when she had worked so hard over those sums, and saved that piece of wedding cake ever since yesterday afternoon, overcoming many a temptation to eat it, in order to carry it to school to-day, to have her hopes and labours completely destroyed, all in a moment, and by a cat! Perhaps, had it been a person, she might have borne it better; but a cat!

She had left her slate of sums, with the cake lying upon it, in a chair beneath the window-seat, while she went out "just a minute," to get a piece of paper, in which to wrap up the cake. Pussy was sunning herself upon the window-seat in close proximity to a tumbler of water someone had left there, purring as innocently as any cat ever purred, and with her soft velvet paws curled all up underneath her, in genuine cat fashion.

But just as Le went out, Pussy's green eye chanced to fall upon the cake, and the idea entered her head that as it was something to eat, the best thing she could do was to devour it immediately; and jumping down, oversetting the tumbler and spilling the water all over Le's sums, she began to eat as fast as she could, having an idea in her feline brain that perhaps the cake might not be intended for her, and determined to make hay while the sun shone.

She was just finishing the last morsel when Le returned, and seeing in a moment her sums covered with water and erased, the cake gone, and Pussy calmy washing her face after her repast, threw herself on the lounge, and burst into tears.

"What are you making such a row about?" exclaimed her brother Lon, in school-boy phraseology, rushing into the room with a comb in one hand, a boot in the other, and his hair standing up straight all over his head.

"O, Lon," sobbed Le, "that horrid cat has eaten up all my nice cake, and rubbed out all my sums, and— O, dear, I wish some one would wring her good-for-nothing neck!"

"Well, you might let a fellow comb his hair if she has," growled the unsympathizing Lon; "but girls are always whining round and crying about something, and making a fellow late for school. I am awful glad I am not a girl,"

"Of course boys never cry," answered Le, forgetting for a moment her griefs in the desire to stand up for her sex. "Of course not. I am sure, I wonder what it was you did when Tommy Poole sat down on your collection of bird's egga, and crushed them all. You didn't cry, oh, no!"

"Well," answered Lon, somewhat discomfited at the recollection of something very like tears he had shed upon that memorable occasion, "manly tears are altogether another thing, you know;" and he combed with all his strength upon his hair, which would not lie down smoothly.

"You don't say so!" said Le, sarcastically.
"The only difference I can see is, that 'manly
tears' make noise enough to take one's head off
—that is, if yours would answer as a specimen."

"Children, children, what is the matter now? You will both be late for school," said their mother's repreachful voice behind them at this iuncture.

"Well, she is taking on and making it uncomfortable for a fellow," answered Lon, still combing away at the obdurate hair. "And—"

"O, mother," cried Le, her tears breaking forth afresh, "that hateful old cat has eaten up all my wedding cake, and spoiled all my sums I worked so hard over last night. I wish she was dead—I do. And Lon—he don't care a bit."

"Well, why don't you kill her then, and not make such a fuss over it?" asked Lon, with an air of superior wisdom, and wisely ignoring his sister's allusion to himself.

"Hush, Lon!" said their mother, reprovingly. "Which do you think is most to blame—you for getting out of patience because your sister cried, as doubtless you would have done yourself had you been in her place; Le for getting angry at the cat, when her own carelessness left the things on the chair instead of the table; or the cat, for following her nature, which is to eat whatever lies in her way that she likes?"

Lon coloured, and said not a word, but grew suddenly very much interested in putting on his boot; but Le said, in an injured tone,—

"But, mother, I guess, if you had worked as hard on those sums, and it had been such an undertaking not to eat that cake yesterday, you would have felt badly too."

"I do not blame you for feeling badly," answered her mother. "What I blame you for is finding fault with Kittie, when, no doubt, she thought you put the cake there purposely for her to eat."

Le looked thoughtful, and her mother con-

tinued, with a glance at Lon,-

"You will find all through life that people often find fault with others for doing things they themselves were really the cause of, and that half the trouble which comes to us springs from some carelessness, neglected duty, or act of our own. The only way to be happy is to make the best of everything, and not make a bad matter worse by worrying over what cannot be helped, and remember it only so far that it may be a lesson for the future."

"So it's no use crying over spilled milk," exclaimed Le, jumping up and wiping her eyes; then she went over to where Pussy was still blinking calmly, and patted her on the head. If forgive you," she said, cheerfully, "for you didn't know what you were doing, and

I am sure I hope it tasted good."

"There, now, that is what I call doing the thing up like a man!" exclaimed Lon, who had at last got his boot on, and his hair plastered down, with the exception of one stray lock on the crown of his head, "and I say, you shall have half my hazel-nuts I've got up in the attic, and I'll help you do your sums over at recess; for I was a little cross just now; but, you see, when a fellow is combing his hair, he isn't accountable."

"Oh, that's very good of you, Lon," said Le, with sparkling eyes, while their mother said,

smiling,-

"I am glad to see you think yourselves all to blame alike. Now kiss me, and run to school,

or you will be late."

"Yes, come along, and don't keep a fellow waiting, same as girls always do," Lon was going to say, but finally concluded he would not; and then, with their books under their arms, they skipped merrily away, each thinking and profiting by the little lesson taught them that morning, while Pussy curled up on the window-seat, blinked and dosed in the sunshine, and dreamed perhaps of weddings and wedding cake.—ELLA C. THAYER.

### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION. JERUSALEM, II.

Who built the Temple?

By which three people was it ravaged before the siege?

What king conquered the city?
By whom was the Temple rebuilt?

Mention the most important events in Christ's life connected with Jerusalem.

What happened there immediately after his death?

#### PUZZLE BAG.

ENIGMA.-No. I.

I HAVE no tongue, and yet I tell
A tale which all concerns;
Most wise is he who marks it well,
And its vast import learns.

I have no eyes, and yet my face, Though pale and often plain, Is so expressive you may trace The workings of my brain.

Legs I have none, but my two hands Industriously I ply, Knowing my reputation stands

On their ability.

In days of yore I had a shell,
From which I sometimes crept;
I'm thinner now, in smaller cell,
A closer prisoner kept.

I am soon hurt; and if by freak Or negligence let down, 'Tis ten to one I choose to speak Or work—or go alone.

My testy temperament is such (All are not quite alike),
If but a gentle finger touch,
I have been known to strike.

#### ENIGMA.-No. 2.

My whole in a garden is often found, It moves very slowly over the ground, In order to see its way is quite clear, It carries two telescopes handily near. It has only one foot, but that is so large, The duty laid on it, that foot can discharge; Pray cut off its head, and then you will find You have on your hand what is left behind.

#### Transposition.

THERE is a bird, within whose curious name Two quadrupeds, one biped, may be traced; Yet all so strangely mixed and interlaced, That in a tangled web we find the same.

First comes the head of one of habits foul,
And yet when dressed, a dainty food is he;
A vermin next, that doth in darkness prowl,

His tail advancing where his head should be. Next comes the biped's head, his head whose reign Is that of reason o'er the other twain.

Then come the hinder parts of number one, Lastly, the remnant of my stately third; And now I'll end, as I have first begun, By saying that my total is a bird.

# YOUNG DAYS.



A PLEA FOR ARCHIE (See page 26).

#### SAD LITTLE GOSSIPS.

BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

#### CHAPTER III.



HEN we got home we found the aunts in quite an excited and agitated state, waiting for us in the dining-room, and Uncle Grantley himself, who had come in earlier than usual. We rushed in, the three of us, followed by Finch, fussy and anxious enough to make out her own story, all in

a burst of talking; as we all shouted together and did not mind our stops in the least, you may suppose they did not make out much of it. At last Boy pushed Kitty and me on one

side with an imperious little hand.

"Now, you two be quiet," he said, in an angry voice; "you chatter so, there is no bearing it. It's my adventure, and I shall tell Uncle Grantley all about it, not you! No one can make it out from Kitty and Moll, can they Aunt Elizabeth? And please tell Finch not to say anything either; she was reading, and she didn't see. I was swimming my best boat with a string, and I got up on the highest part of the bank, and it was slippery; my foot began to slide, and then I was in-right under the water. I don't remember anything at all till I saw the kind boy who got me out, and I was all dripping wet and so cold, and I've lost my new knife out of my pocket. Then we went into a little house, and they took off my things and wrapped me up in a warm blanket and gave me something hot, which made me choke. And the kind boy who saved my life, Uncle Grantley, is called Archie-Molly and Kitty know him out of the window, and call him Sam; he's got a blind mother, and he's a printer-printer's-I'd rather not say what; but he says it doesn't mean a bad word. And I must go and see him, for he's ever so jolly, and he saved my life, you know."

There was a good deal more explanation wanted before they understood just what had happened, and we all quite enjoyed hearing Aunt Elizabeth say, in a low, severe tone to Finch: "You were very negligent and careless; we must have an understanding about this, Finch," which sent her away with her handkerchief to her eyes, pretending to sob. We never thought Finch had any real feeling, as cook had, for all her tempers.

We had tea, and Boy was sent early to bed, for, though he declared he was quite, quite well, Aunt Elizabeth thought he seemed rather hot and excited, and I could see she was a little

fidgety about him; for he was a delicate child.

Next morning Boy was no better. Aunt
Elizabeth kept him in bed, and Dr. Dalrymple
was sent for. She seemed rather uneasy about
him; she said he was so hot and restless, tossing
about and complaining of head and leg ache.
Kitty and I remembered Dr. Dalrymple; we had
seen him the time we were in Garnet Place before, and liked him immensely. He was a stout,
comfortable-looking, elderly gentleman, with
nice curly grey hair, and what we called a
"jokey" face. He was fond of children, and
always had a game with us, in spite of his being
so busy, that, as he said, "he did not know how
to turn round."

"Don't you, Dr. Dalrymple?" saucy Kitty retorted, when he said this before us; "Pll show you!" And she caught hold of him and made him whirl about in a way which Aunt Elizabeth was quite shocked at; she shook her head and frowned and told him he ought not to encourage her, but he only laughed and polked Kitty to the door with him, where he gave her a parting scrub with his rough chin; he always scrubbed us for

good-bye.

He came in the course of an hour or two; Aunt Elizabeth met him and took him straight upstairs; so, though Kitty and I had been anxiously looking out for him in the dining-room, we were disappointed. He seemed a good while gone, and we were afraid we should be sent away by our strict aunt when he came in; so we agreed to hide behind the curtains and pounce out—we did not want to listen or do anything mean—we only wanted a little fun. They came in talking, and we were so much startled and frightened by what he said and his grave voice, without any joke in it, that we forgot our intention, and kept as still as mice.

"Yes, Miss Linden," he said, "I am afraid the poor little fellow is in for a sharp attack. It was on him, you see, and that shock to the system yesterday has complicated things. It was most unfortunate—I can tell better to-morrow; but

I am afraid he will take it badly."

"Need I send for his father and mother? But, indeed, I don't think Mrs. Linden could come, for she is not well herself; but you don't think there is occasion really for serious anxiety, do you?"

"Oh, no, no, I don't say that. We shall see how he goes on; good nursing, quiet, and care will do wonders, I daresay. He does not seem, from what you say, to be a strong child."

"No; that's the worst of it. Edmund never was strong like Molly and Kitty. By the way, what shall we do with them?"

"Oh, don't let them go and see him, that's all.
I wouldn't send them away. Where are my

little friends?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; they were here," said Aunt Elizabeth, in her worried voice; "they are nice children, all of them, but a little unruly. I am sure I don't quite know how we shall manage with Edmund ill." She always called him "Edmund," and said Boy was silly, which made him angry.

We felt mean when Aunt Elizabeth began to talk about us, and came out at once, looking red —at least Kitty did, and I think I was too, for I

felt so.

"We were behind the curtains," I said, awkwardly, "we did not mean to listen. We

only hid for fun."

Aunt Elizabethfrowned, but Dr. Dalrymple was just as nice as usual—I barely answered him, I was in such a hurry to get out "What's the matter with Boy?"

"Oh, measles," said Aunt Elizabeth, shortly;

"now just run away, there's good girls!"
"Only measles! Why, that's nothing, Flossie and baby had measles, and they werent ill at all, only cross," Kitty cried, looking bright again. But I remembered Dr. Daltymple's words and serious tone, and I was not so comfortable. I lingered still, and looked at him wistfully, I suppose, for he asked me kindly what I wanted.

"You said it would be a sharp attack," I said, in a jerky sort of way. "Is Boy very bad?"

"A little bit poorly just now—we'll set him right," he answered, cheerily; "now let auntie and me have our talk out, and settle how many black draughts I am to order for the set of you! I haven't much time to spare this morning."

This anxiety about Boy-for even we were anxious, though we were told very little, and we heard afterwards that the aunts were very much frightened indeed about him-drove almost every thought out of our heads. We did not quite forget the adventure of the day before, it is true, and talked a good deal together of Archie Macdonald, but we had no heart to sit at the window and "gossip"-we hung about in an aimless sort of way and read story books. We reminded Aunt Elizabeth when we got hold of her of Archie and how brave he had been, but she hardly seemed to hear us; her forehead was wrinkled in an uncomfortable fashion, and she looked full of some thought-I suppose it was of Boy-for his fever was very high indeed, and we heard some one say he was "light-headed," which frightened us terribly. So we had to wait about Archie, only when we were talking in bed Kitty said very dolefully that he would think we were nasty ungrateful people, and had forgotten all about his saving Boy. I was unhappy too at this idea, and felt it was not to be borne that he should consider us so; I made up my mind to mention him again, and did at lunch-time, attacking Uncle Grantley before he got ready to start,

"Uncle Grantley." I said, in what Aunt Elizabeth called my "blunt" way—I felt I was speaking bluntly, but I never could help blurting out things—"aren't you going to do something about the boy who pulled Boy out of the pond?"

"Eh, what?" he asked, looking at me as if he did not hear; he was always surrounded by letters and papers, and never paid much attention to us in the morning. "What's the matter?"

I repeated what I had said.

"Oh, do something for him! Yes—what—I suppose—I must think about it—but I can't now—your Aunt Elizabeth will make inquiries—I'm busy."

And up he got, and began to collect his letters, such stupid blue letters he always got!

However, Aunt Elizabeth was much too busy also, and too full of Boy to attend any more than Uncle Grantley; and as for Aunt Emily, it was no more good to talk to her when anything wanted doing than to the parrot. So it went on; nothing was done about Archie, and besides being very anxious and miserable about Boy, who was exceedingly ill, not only with measles, but inflammation of the lungs for a fortnight, we were wretched, too, with the idea of ingratitude to Archie.

After a fortnight, father came down one day; he had not been able to leave mother before, for she had been very ill—worse than we had any idea of. Boy was a little bit better the day father came, and was more like himself; he had been too ill to remember things, or to talk before, but when father was sitting with him, his adventure in the Gardens seemed suddenly to come back to him, and he told him how he had fallen in, and would have been drowned but for the good, kind "Archie."

"And who is Archie, dear?" father asked him. Boy got quite excited in answering the question and had to be quieted down, but he would not rest till father promised to go and see Archie, and tell him how it was Boy had not been to take him the "golden sovereign" he had meant to get out of Uncle Grantley for him.

When father came downstairs he asked Kitty and me more about the affair, and seemed quite to understand our feelings about it. Kitty was inclined to cry over the idea of our cruel ingratitude, and it was heavy on my heart.

"Some notice ought certainly to have been taken of him," father said, giving it much more attention than our uncle and aunts had done. "It was not right to pass over such a service. But your aunts were so taken up with Edmund. Do you know where he lives?"

We were able to tell him we did, as we had asked so many questions, and we said it was at a coachman's house in the Mews out of Isabella

Street, quite close to Garnet Place.

"Then I'll go at once and see the lad," father said, getting up in his energetic way. We were so pleased with him for coming into our wishes and ideas at once, without saying, "Oh, wait a bit, there's plenty of time," as the others did.

"We'll come; let us come!" we both cried, and he let us have our way; he was always kind, but most unusually indulgent that day, I suppose because Boy had been so ill and mother too, and he was so glad they were better. We were ready in two minutes, and eager to find our friend with the red hair, and freckled, goodnatured Scotch face. It was not five minutes' walk to Isabella Street, and we soon found the Mews, but there were several coachmen's houses. We began at the first and went to three before we were right; at this one a pleasant, neat woman with a baby opened the door, and as soon as father asked for a young man of the name of Macdonald we saw we had the right one; but a dreadful disappointment was coming.

"Oh yes, sir," she said; "I know young Macdonald well, poor fellow, but he ain't here now,

worse luck.

"Why, what's the matter?" father asked.

"They've had dreadful troubles, sir; he hadn't been at all well for some time, and obliged to stop away from the office a day or two, and he got a chill somehow jumping into the water after a child-"

"Yes, yes," said father, quickly; "it was my little boy, that was what I came about. He has been very ill, too, and I was not able to call

before."

"Dear, dear, what a pity!" said the woman; "it is only the day before yesterday he went away to the hospital. It's the saddest thing altogether-"

"But the mother? isn't she here?"

"Lor no, sir. The poor thing is dead and

buried!"

We felt so shocked and unhappy, we both turned quite white and cold. I felt sick, and could not say anything, but father asked questions, and Mrs. Marsh soon told him bit by bit the whole sorrowful little story.

It seemed that poor Archie came home that

evening dreadfully chilled and ill; his mother. who had been an invalid for years, and blind, as he told us, was not able to take any notice of the state he was in, and he kept it from her as long as he could, but was too ill in a day or two to keep up, and was forced to take to his bed. The doctor who had come to see him said it would be as much as his life was worth to get up, and he had lost his place at the printing-office in consequence. They were short of money always, as they had scarcely anything beyond what he earned, and the poor fellow was in despair. Mrs. Marsh said, wiping the tears from her eyes, that she heard him sobbing at night, and her heart had bled for him. The next morning worse still had happened, the poor worn-out blind woman was found dead in bed! The funeral, which the coachman and his wife had to manage entirely, had taken place four days ago, and, by the advice of the doctor, Archie had been removed to a hospital as soon as it was safe to do so.

Kitty and I had never heard such a sad story of real life before. I shall never forget what I felt; it seemed somehow our fault. This poor fellow had been left to himself, ill and poor, and in bitter trouble, after saving our Boy's life at the risk of his own, and he must have thought we none of us cared a bit, or was grateful to him

for what he had done.

Father, too, was very much shocked and grieved; I am sure he felt as we did, that it had been cruel to have let it alone so long; but no one was perhaps exactly to blame in it.

He asked which hospital it was, and after he had seen us home, he said he meant to take a cab and go off at once to look for poor, desolate Archie, who had saved Boy and suffered so much for it. We could not say anything for fear of crying, but we both kissed him to show our thanks to him for wasting no time over it, and I felt a little bit comforted now that he had taken it in hand. Uncle Grantley would give plenty of money without grudging it, we knew; but he would not give time and trouble—perhaps really he could not.

We watched him striding down the street from the steps at Garnet Place towards the cabstand, and I said to Kitty in a would-be hopeful

"Father will find Archie and make him understand that we really were not ungrateful."

"Yes," said Kitty, sadly; "but he can't make the mother alive again!"

This was too true, and I could not answer, for I felt a choky lump in my throat that would not (To be continued.)



### ROARING BUCKIE.

HO is he?"

Ah! I see you do not come
from North Britain, or you would
know who Roaring Buckie is—or,
rather, what it is. Have you

never placed against your ear a large shell, and listened to what other children have told you was the roaring of the sea within it? That is a pretty fable, that of the sea still sounding amongst the coils of the shells that once lived beneath its waves. Did you ever try to imagine what it is the wind is saying as it sweeps gently round those whorls? Is it not like Memory singing of the old home? None of us will ever forget the homes where our childhood's days have been spent. Some of us who have become old find greatest joy in letting the memory linger round some favourite corner in the old garden or about some favourite tree. And this shell lived beneath the waves that resounded day and night over its head. But once it was cast ashore, and for the last time, as it lay upon the sands, the sea sang to it its departing song. And now, as you listen, with your ear close, you catch the faint and dying echoes of that song. Perhaps it was night, and the song of the sea was its nocturne, the stars all the while shining straight downwards upon the shell. Before the morning tide rose to hide it away in the great, great sea, where so many thousands of things huge and things small are carefully hidden away from your eyes, and from the eyes of the generations of children yet to be born, one of you picked it up. Perhaps it was impatient for the tide to cover it ere you saw it; but you were too quick, and just then one wave, higher than those which came before, swept round the bink, and you had to run to avoid being surrounded by water.

And what memories has the sea that it should be continually sighing over? Ah! we can never know, Old Ocean is so very old, and his secrets are so well concealed. Sometimes, however, when his waves have been rolling higher up the beach than usual, they roll back further than at other

times, and then you and I find out some of the secrets. Last summer, when the tide fell low, we saw a lot of trees standing where once a forest had been, but where now the sea covered them. Sometimes a church, and even a whole city, is hidden away like the forest. The poet Buchanan tells us what the sea's song is about. He says:—

"But go there lonely at eventide, And hearken, hearken to the lisping tide, And faint sweet music will float to thee, Like church bells chiming across the sea.

It is the world that once hath been Which sadly chimeth, itself unseen; Like the sea-winds breathing, the tones creep by—

They faint, they tremble, and sweetly die!"

The Poet Laureate, on the other hand, tells us

"There where the loud street roars hath been The stillness of the central sea;"

and that

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

So you see there has been a continual strife between the sea and the land as to which should conquer, and wherever dry land now is, undoubtedly there have flowed the waves of the sea. But the strife has always been at the margin where the two meet, and people who have studied the question most earnestly tell us that Old Ocean has been the victor on the whole; for while he has successively invaded and conquered every part of our globe, though he has had to yield back portions here and there, there are depths in his own domain that have been covered by the sea ever since there has been sea and dry land.

Do you ever think about these things? And when you wander on the sea-shore do you ponder over its sights? For instance, when collecting those tiny little shells which you find ready perforated for threading into necklaces, do you wonder why they are so perforated? If so, let me tell you. The little creature which lives in the shell is the favourite food of those bigger ones which have been introduced to you as Roaring Buckies - namely, whelks and purples; and to get out the sweet morsel-oh! so sweet—with their tongues (or what you may call their tongues) they file out the little round hole, and then, oh! But the poor little thing that thus becomes the defenceless prey of the purples! What does he feel?

# LEFT IN CHARGE. BY FLORENCE UPTON.





CHAPTER I.

SHOWER of dark brown curls, a pair of eager, tearful eyes, raised imploringly to mine; little gloved hands, tightly clasping a hairy something to her velvet jacket: a

voice half choked with sobs.

"Oh, I don't know how I can go away and leave her! Oh, it's cruel of grandpapa to have gone away and be wanting me now, and not allow Auntie to come with me! Miss Seaton, you will promise to look after her, won't you? My darling, darling Auntie!"

"Yes, yes," I said, hastily, for I could never bear to see a child cry; "I promise faithfully to see after your cat for you; though I don't like cats," I added, doggedly; "and I may as well tell you so. Scratching, clawing things, and only loving you for what they can get out of you."

"Auntie never scratches or claws!" said little Addie, indignantly. "She is such a loving pussie! She would lay down her life for me; I do believe she would," with a vehement hug of the thing in her arms.

"Whatever made you or any one call her by such a heathenish name as that?" I next inquired, curtly. "What? Auntie? Oh, grandpapa always says it's silly," and Addie laughed and coloured in spite of herself; "but I have wanted an auntie of my own for ever so long, and when Uncle Tom brought her to me first as a darling kitten, he told me I'd better adopt her as an aunt then and there. And I did it." And she glanced fondly down on the thin white cat that was nestling contentedly in her little mistress's embrace.

"Come, Miss Addie," said the maid, who had been standing patiently during this colloquy. "We mustn't stay a minute longer. I'm sure," turning to me, "it's very kind of you to take any trouble about it; and you a stranger, too. But Mr. Tom is going away, and Miss Addie won't have the cat left alone in the house. We shall only be absent a fortnight, miss, and then we'll call faithful for her again."

Addie gave a final and convulsive hug to her pet, and then suddenly flung her arms round my neck. "Be good to her!" she whispered. "And I'll always love you."

They were gone; and I was left alone in the narrow passage where our interview had just taken place, belonging to the comfortable lodgings in Rueville Street, which had been taken by my sister and myself. I turned round and looked at Auntie. "I wish it had been anything but a cat!" I grumbled. "There she is, glaring under the table. Auntie!" I cried, soothingly, "come down into the kitchen with me, you creature with a ridiculous name, and get some milk from Mrs. Rudd."

She flew down the steep steps in a paroxysm of fear and cowered in the furthest corner of the lodging-house kitchen. Mrs. Rudd, a tall, massive woman, with a coarse, red face, promised to betriend my timid charge. "Lawks, miss! she afeard, poor quaking cretur! You'd best leave her to me, I reckon. She'll come round in time. I guess as little miss will be thinking on her every blessed minute of her stay."

"Do you know anything of the family next door?" I asked,

"Well, not to say much, Miss Seaton. She,—little missie—have come to live lately with her grandfather and uncle, the Mr. Leveson's. I've not been here long myself, and I reckon as she was at her wit's end afore she thought of my lady lodgers. Miss Addie dotes on the cretur!"

"Well, I should have said that the child's uncle might have taken the cat away with him. Mrs. Rudd, you must be kind to the poor thing. I can't have my eye on it continually, you know. She is not a bad-looking cat either," I said-changing my personal pronouns indiscriminately,

"or, at least, she wouldn't be if she were only

fatter. Her fur is beautifully long."
And I left the kitchen, gathering my skirts daintily round me, and giving a farewell glance at "Auntie," who, with panting sides and laboured breath, was taking furtive sups out of the blue china saucer which Mrs. Rudd had placed on the floor for her particular benefit. I proceeded leisurely and somewhat contemptuously upstairs to my sister in the drawing-room. Dora and I had only arrived in Marchester on the previous day, and were new to all our surroundings. Two girls actually allowed to cater for themselves, and stay alone in lodgings for a week before they were joined by an older companion, we considered a very fine thing indeed, and were prepared to enjoy our stay immensely. Dora was just nineteen, I a year older. We were blessed with high spirits and a never-failing flow of chatter; and now throwing myself into a chair, I told her the story of my enforced guardianship.

"I couldn't think what was keeping you all this time," was Dora's remark. "Just like you, Nell, to undertake such an interesting charge! So the child lives next door? Then I must have seen both her and 'Uncle Tom' at the window yesterday when we came. Didn't you notice

them, Nell?"

"No. What was 'Uncle Tom' like?" I asked,

carelessly.

"Oh, a musty-fusty sort of old fogey, I fancy. I spied some one with grey hair in the dim per-

spective."

"Well, let us go out and explore. We have seen nothing of Marchester yet; and there's the cathedral and everything to be visited. Come along, Dora, and get your things on, you always

take longer than I do."

We climbed upstairs right to the top of the high old lodging-house. The Marchester Assizes were about to take place; and they certainly affected our sleeping accommodation, as a couple of barristers were in the habit of taking Mrs. Rudd's best bedrooms on this auspicious occasion. They were to come in on the evening of that day; and we indulged a pleasurable curiosity on their account, though it did seem rather hard that birds of passage, such as they were, only coming for a week at a time, should take the best there was in the house.

At the top of the staircase, on the landing, there stood an ancient carved chest, quite black with age and dust, and on it crouched a dejected,

terrified heap.

Poor Auntie! I had forgotten her already, I'm ashamed to say; and now she would hardly let me touch her, and trembled all over.

"Whatever are we to do with this thing, Dora? She is frightened out of her senses. I declare I believe she will go out of her mind and pine away. Not that she can have much mind to lose, from all appearances. Auntie has a decidedly narrow forehead; but what would that child say, if anything happened to her treasure ?"

"Oh, never mind! Leave 'Auntie,' as you call her, to herself. She'll be all right presently. 'Anti-fat' she ought to be called, I'm sure! She's thin enough to go about as an advertise-

ment."

We then went out sight-seeing, and saw the grand old cathedral, and wandered by the cool splashing river. The limes in the close had put on their loveliest spring dress; the down air was laden with scents. As we sauntered home at last, the minster bells rang a joyful peal, for the judge's carriage was passing slowly through the town, and the quiet streets were quite busy with barristers' clerks hurrying about in all directions, and carrying black bags. I could not help remembering the poor prisoners who were so anxiously awaiting their fate in the great jail close by, and wondering how they felt as they heard the festive sounds.

We found the cat just where we had left her. and there she took up her permanent abode; when the calls of hunger, that is to say, did not force her down into the kitchen, and when (which was far the most likely thing of the two), she was not to be found comfortably settled in the centre of our bed-a proceeding to which I

had a special objection.

Our fellow-lodgers, the two barristers, who duly arrived that evening, were quiet enough and decidedly uninteresting-looking; both of them were about forty, and one possessed a huge shock of red hair. Beyond watching them hurry off to the Law Courts after their late breakfast each morning, we saw nothing whatever of them after their wigs and flowing gowns had vanished round the corner. They had a mess of their own at the George Hotel, and did not trouble Mrs. Rudd for any other meal in the house. Mrs. Rudd was very proud of "her barristers," as she called them; and was never tired of telling us how many years they had favoured Rueville Street with their august presence; and praised everything belonging to them, even the strong tobacco with which they filled our dwelling!

Now I regret to say, my young readers (and I'm sure you will blame me exceedingly), but I had grown heartily tired by this time of trying to ingratiate the shy creature left in my charge by the little stranger girl; and absolutely fell to

disliking Auntie and her irritating frightened She wouldn't make real comfortable friends! She was the most provoking cat, I still maintain, that any one ever beheld. Dora used to laugh at me for driving her off my bed, the only place in the wide world where the poor thing seemed tolerably happy: but I persisted that cats. like other animals, ought to and should be taught what was right and proper; and did not care a rush for my sister's assertion that I was a born old maid, and that she wouldn't be so fussy as I

was for something.

One day-and now I am coming to the sad part of my story-one day in the middle of that week when we came in tired from a long and steep climb up St. Monica's hill, and back by the pretty canal, bordered with the greenest and most flowery of meadows; we toiled upstairs to our room, and there discovered the incorrigible Auntie as usual, peacefully, yet guiltily ensconced in the forbidden place, her tail curled blissfully, and her melancholy eyes closed in happy dreams of the far-away mistress so dear to her timid heart. My wrath broke free once for all. Out came the rod that had been in pickle. I was cross as well as tired. I forgot little Addie and my promise to be kind and long-suffering, and I raised my parasol fiercely, and brought it sharply down on the cat's limp white hair.

"Now then! you disobedient, rebellious thing!" I cried; "I will punish you this time! See if I don't! Dare to come and defy orders, and tumble

this nice clean counterpane again!"

Three smart raps I gave her; and never shall I forget the almost human look of reproach in her yellow terrified eyes. They said, as plain as plain could be: "I was left in your care, and this is how you fulfil your trust!" With a bound like lightning she was off the bed, and out by the door; and with a howl of dismay and pain, flew down the long flight of steps and was lost to sight.

I sank on a chair somewhat regretful but still indignant, and glanced triumphantly at Dora.

"You'll not behold her again, my dear," remarked that young lady, calmly, as she brushed her fair hair and took a peep into the street below. "You've done for 'Antifat' now, and for yourself too. The creature was never beaten in her life before probably. And pray, how will you account for her disappearance?

"Nonsense! She will be up here again to-

night, see if she isn't."

But Dora's prophecy turned out perfectly

Auntie then and there vanished. And though Mrs. Rudd searched the house through from top to bottom; though I called "Auntie, Auntie!" till my voice was thick and hoarse and frightened ; and she even questioned 'her gents' on the matter, acting contemptuously on my faint suggestion that they might have made away with our poor unwelcome guest, no one from that day forth ever saw the white cat there again,

### CHAPTER II.

It was no laughing matter, I can assure you: indeed, as that week went on I felt much more like weeping over my unfaithfulness and the scene that would certainly take place when Auntie's little mistress should return and find the treasure she left in my unworthy keeping

gone, as it seemed, for ever.

We had her cried through the streets of Marchester, and put notices in the shop-windows offering a reward of fabulous amount, all in vain. I searched the lodgings with my own eyes and hands as much as I dared, rummaged jealously in the old oak chest when nobody was looking at me, and popped my head into the downstairs sitting-room shared by the two barristers (I knew they were safe away in court), but no sign was there anywhere to be found of the lost Auntie. Where could she be?

Dora made fun of my anxiety and remorse, till I grew quite angry. "Don't undertake such a responsible office again, Nell," she would say, mockingly. "When strange children ask you to look after their pets again-I shouldn't think they ever would !- I should refuse if I were you. You know you always have lost things, Nell! There was your handsome sable muff, and your gold watch and chain, and those pretty silver

bracelets, and-"

"Well, you needn't bring all that up now," testily from me. "This is the worst loss of all, it strikes me. I wish I'd taken Auntie to sleep with me outright rather than have driven away the creature like this," and I went disconsolately to the window, and looked vacantly out down the quiet road. It was just one o'clock. All the barristers and lawyers and clerks had rushed out of court for a breath of fresh air and a substantial and well-earned lunch somewhere before business began once more. But stay! To my surprise one was yet visible, coming up the street under the old carved stone gateway. How quaint his grey wig looked round such a young, boyish face! He came straight on, and marched up the steps to our particular No. 2.

"A visitor for our gents, Dora," I remarked, as I drew hastily from the window; "he will

find the birds are flown."

But we gazed oddly at one another as a double pair of footsteps were heard mounting the stairs, one of them the strong, free tread

of a man.

Mrs. Rudd threw open the door and put a card into my hand. The wig and gown were already in the room; their owner, a tall, open-faced young fellow stepped forward with the grandest of bows.

"Perhaps he has found Auntie," was our

simultaneous thought. Alas, no!

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion," said a manly, pleasant voice; "but I think you have been doing something kind for my little niece," and he turned by some fatal instinct to me. "I had a letter from Addie this morning, saving that she had left her cat in your care (most good of you, I am sure, to take the trouble), and as she is returning to-morrow with her grandfather, the child begs me to go and inquire after her precious Auntie. I dare say you are acquainted with that name! And-in short, I am here to relieve you of your troublesome charge, Miss Seaton. I can take the cat home now. You will excuse my calling in this unconventional attire; but I have been staying with a friend in the town, and our house has been shut up for these few days. I am going back after court is over, and have just hurried to you in between."

He paused. A very perceptible smile was curling Dora's lips. She glanced mischievously at me, but did not offer to help me out of my difficulty. I coloured furiously, up to the roots of my yellow hair, and nearly burst into tears. We were sitting with our backs to the light: that was one comfort. This was 'Uncle Tom'

then? 'Old fogie' indeed!

"Yes," I stammered: for Dora was cruel and would not speak; "the cat was left in my care, Mr. Leveson. And so they come back to-morrow?"

"So my little niece says. It is earlier than they had intended; but Addie is an orphan and a spoiled pet; and I more than suspect that she can't be happy any longer without 'Auntie,' and insists on returning. She loves that animal to distraction, and I certainly never met, even in dogs, with a more affectionate disposition in return. If I were to go outside the door now, and call the cat by her name, she would be on my shoulder before I had finished speaking.

Mr. Leveson eyed me curiously when he had ended. I wonder what he imagined could be the matter with me! I turned my burning face away, and distinctly heard Dora stifle a laugh.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," I managed to get out; "more sorry than I can say! But she is lost! We can't find her anywhere, Mr. Leveson!"

"Auntie lost?" he echoed, slowly; and then, to my immense relief, the young barrister joined

heartily in my sister's mirth.

"Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Miss Seaton, but I can't help it! Please don't be so distressed. It's a bad business I'm afraid, but we must see what can be done. Have you looked for this troublesome animal everywhere?"

"Oh, yes! We have done every mortal thing we could think of," I said, brightening; "I'm so ashamed and vexed I don't know how to tell you. It was my fault, Mr. Leveson-I was so un-

kind."

He smiled kindly, "I don't fancy I can quite believe that. But if you will allow me to come in again this evening, we will discuss the important matter. I cannot stay now. I must be off into court." And with another bow, much less distant, he departed.

"It seems to me that our chaperon ought to be here," Dora said, turning to me and pulling

my hair.

"Come, Nell! don't look so woe-begone. What can't be cured must be endured. Let us go into court too this afternoon. It will divert your mind from Auntie; and we have never been in

yet, you know."

So without more ado, we put on our hats and ventured into court ourselves. grand jury box was empty of all, save a few ladies, and thither we were led by a very magnificent policeman, who advised us in a whisper to push to the front, and we should see what was going on. Have you ever been into a court of I'm afraid I can't describe it, if you haven't; so mind you get some one to take you there the first opportunity. The jurymen were just beneath us, and we gazed down on the sea of heads and the solemn judge in his scarlet robes seated on his throne, with the liveliest interest. The trial which was going on was an unexciting one, and we soon looked off from the prisoner standing at the bar, and gave all our attention to the be-wigged gentlemen around, and tried to listen to and understand the long prosy speech that one of them was making.

Mr. Leveson was precisely opposite, leaning his arms upon the long table in front of the judge, very much at his ease and apparently vawning more than anything else. He glanced up, and actually smiled at our eager interested faces, wondering no doubt what we could find to be interested in, with such a dull case going

And now a strange thing happened. Quite suddenly, and without the slightest warning, when the high sheriff was nodding, the judge looking bored, the counsel for the defence waxing more and more prosy, the prisoner lapsing into the most stolid unconcern, on that hot May afternoon; something happened which my own eyes refused to believe as they saw it. A very perceptible titter ran through the court. Dora uttered a little shriek, and clutched my arm.

"Look, look Nell!" she cried, excitedly.

Good gracious! A pale, white creature—was it a ghost?—had swarmed up Mr. Leveson's arms, and was clawing at his gown with every manifestation of the most ardent joy! It settled itself on his shoulder and rubbed lovingly against his wig, in a transport of delight. "Auntie! the lost Auntie!" I called her name out loud in my surprise, and Dora and I did not attempt to hide our amusement and relief. For "Auntie" it really and truly was.

The judge's stern face relaxed in a broad smile, the barrister stopped speaking abruptly; Uncle Tom's expression, as he was so unceremoniously taken possession of by poor "Auntie," was a study

in itself.

"By Jove!" and his honest ringing laugh was heard for the first time in Marchester Law

Courts.

"My lord," he said, respectfully, as he put up his hand to the cat who was now digging he claws contentedly in and out of his wig, and appeared a beautiful cat for the moment; "I most heartily apologise for this unseemly intrusion. I assure you it is perfectly unforesen! I must crave leave of absence for a few moments, my lord, and take this fond old retainer home. Where she can have sprung from I know as little as any one else, but I can't help being glad, my lord, as she has been lost for some days."

He left the court, "Auntie" in his arms; and we waved our handkerchiefs with joy as the pair

vanished.

That was how she came back again. Nobody ever knew the how, the why, or the wherefore of the matter, and as "Auntie" could not speak, we never understood how she got into such a curious hiding-place, or what had become of her during the interim. She was back again, and that was enough. And, oh, wasn't I thankful? I told little Addie the whole story next morning in deep penitence. She cried to think of what her cherished "Auntie's" sufferings might have been; but said, through her tears, that "it didn't matter now, and if Uncle Tom had forgiven me, why she must do the same; though she was certain darling "Auntie" was thinner than ever, and another time she would either stay at home altogether, or the cat should go where the mistress went!'

# THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

You may think him a dunce, But he begged that for once

He might sit up all night, or as long as he pleased.

The nurse was in tears,
With her murmured "My dears!"
But only the louder and faster he teased.

Overhearing the din, His father came in:

"Wish to sit up all night, John?" he thoughtfully cried:

"You shall have your request

Till you've learned we know best.

Nurse can go; I will stay at this naughty boy's side."

When two hours had passed, John grew sleepy at last,

And so tired that he feared he would fall from

his chair; But, attempting to go,

Heard his father's stern "No!

Keep your seat at the table. Your place, sir, is there."

Oh! how slow ticks the clock,
With its "dickory dock."

(For his father insists he should keep wide awake.)

Till quite humbly he said.

"May I please go to bed?

I've found you were right, and I made a mistake."

His father said, "Yes;" And now you can guess,

If ever that boy did the same thing again; No sermon could preach,

No punishment teach, A lesson more clearly than he learned it then.

Now, boys, when you're told That it's bedtime, don't scold,

And say that you feel just like keeping awake.
Sitting up all the night
Isn't such a delight;

Just try it for once, and you'll own your mistake.

ONCE A MONTH.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ENIGMAS.—No. 1: A watch; No. 2: Snail, nail.

Transposition.—Ptarmigan; pig, rat, man.

### THE LAUGHING JACKASS.



MONG the birds of Australia, I know none more extraordinary than the "laughing jackass." He is a true kingfisher alike in his personal appearance, his structure, and his habits. One's idea, however, of

a kingfisher is generally associated with a waterloving bird; but this Australian kingfisher is not a water but a land bird, and preys not upon fish, but rather upon grubs, worms, snakes, frogs, mice, He is in fact a scavenger, and of the greatest service to our friends in Australia. How thankful would every person in danger of the bite of a venomous snake be to see a laughing jackass suddenly descend from his perch and seize upon and devour the poisonous reptile on which, in another instant, he might have placed his foot and received a fatal wound. The bird is withal a merry, joyous fellow, not a sulky-looking creature, like the vulture of ill omen, but he shows the delight with which he goes about the work Nature has appointed for him to perform by laughing most heartily; not a faint, languid expression of pleasure, but a downright hearty laugh. A lot of them, we learn from Dr. Bennett, may be seen high up in a eucalyptus or gum-tree; and when the traveller attempts to drive them off, instead of flying away, they will commence a hearty laugh, one joining in the chorus after another, till the forest resounds with their merry music. Æsop records the fact of an old lady, who, in order to make her maids get up early in the morning, took special care of a fine specimen of a " bright chanticleer," whose special duty it was to "proclaim the morn" to the sleepy servantmaids. Should any of my readers wish to make their servants get up in proper time, let them at once purchase a "laughing jackass," and if this fellow, by his cachinnations, does not wake the whole household, he will have lost the good character he possessed when at home in Australia. I once heard that a visitor to a country farm delared he could get no sleep at night, inasmuch as the geese kept up a continual dialogue throughout the hours of darkness; when the morning arrived the cocks and hens began their chatter; at last they went out with the geese to feed, and the unfortunate country visitor thought he would have some repose. Vain hope indeed, for the farm men came and killed a pig under the window, thus rousing him up entirely for the rest of the day. If the owner of the farm had happened to have been the possessor of a laughing jackass, I warrant he would have made as much noise as did the pig when in the hands of the farm men.

For the last few days I have had a laughing jackass in my possession, with only one fault to find with him, and that was he would never laugh. the cause of which may have been that I never gave him anything to laugh about. Wishing to try his destructive powers, I showed him a mouse; in a moment all his feathers bristled up, and he appeared to be (like an enraged tom-cat) twice his natural size. I held the mouse to his cage, and in an instant he seized the animal with his tremendous beak, and gulped him down with apparently the greatest satisfaction. He then began a slight titter, which I trusted he would increase gradually to a laugh; but I suppose he thought it an occasion hardly worth laughing about, so he shut up his feathers again and composed himself to sleep. In this attitude I fancied I detected a sly expression about his eyes, as much as to say, "I know you want me to laugh; I can if I like, but I won't." My bird was about the size of a large magpie, very like an English kingfisher in general shape; though his colour was brown, still he was a very pretty bird-so beautiful, indeed, was he that a lady borrowed him for a day or so, to exhibit him at a bazaar. In due time he was brought home. I gave him his breakfast and put him out in the sun, which he much enjoyed. I turned my back for a moment. and looking round again was perfectly horrified at what I saw. Alas! the jackass had found a bar of the cage which had been broken at the bazaar, had tested it with his beak, and finding it had yielded, pulled it on one side, and flew away into the Regent's Park. One parting farewell only he gave me; the rascal actually stopped in his flight, and for the first and last time I heard his hearty laugh. The poor bird at last found out something to laugh about, namely, that he had made his escape most cleverly, and that though he had been denominated a jackass, his actions and the clever manner in which he escaped from the cage effectually proved that he was no jackass at all.

He flew away on Sunday morning, and on Monday night I was greeted with the agreeable news that the "laughing jackass had come back." A gentleman living near had, on going into his bedroom, the same day that the bird was lost, found him perched at the foot of his bed fast asleep, looking as merry and as comfortable as possible. Thinking that this was a strange bird which had escaped from the Zoological Gardens, he went there the next day. Some one knew the bird must be mine and sent it home. His left wing was immediately cut, and immediately the operation was performed he attempted to fly away, and finding that his wing would not act he

lost his temper and pecked furiously at his cut wing, uttering sounds the very reverse to laughing. He was then put in a cage and remained there all night, attempting to clean his feathers; next morning, seeing a pan of cold water he plunged into it and then going out in the sun his feathers soon became dry. He remained perfectly sulky the whole of that day, but, towards the evening, some cats paid him a visit-black, white, tabby, and tortoiseshell. They all assembled round his cage, evidently thinking they had something good to eat, but the "laughing jackass" putting up his crest, and making himself look twice his size, fought them all in a most plucky manner, they beating an ignominious retreat, every now and then looking round, angry at not getting a meal. -Life of F. Buckland.

### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Under what circumstances did David ascend Olivet?

In which book of the Old Testament is it called the "Mount of Olives"?

What evil deed did Solomon do there?

Mention the various incidents of Christ's life in connection with this mountain.

Describe the last time He ascended it with His disciples.

What followed the Apostles' return from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem?

### A LEGEND.

Jesus and two or three of His disciples went down, one summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter-the ardent and eager Peterwas, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road on Olivet lay a horse-shoe, which the Teacher desired Peter to pick up, but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping for. The Teacher stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried in the bosom-folds of His dress. When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks and over rugged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps, and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all done, Jesus turned to him, and said, with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing, will have to bend his back to many lesser things."—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

### CHESS.



HE invention of the game of chess is generally attributed to Wandodaree, the Ranee of Rayana, King of Ceylon, who is said to have reigned 2,000 years before the Christian era. It was to beguile

her lord during the tedious siege of his capital by Rama (and although the sole object of that siege was the rescue of Rama's beautiful wife from the hands of Ravana), that this pearl of wives devised this immortal game as a meet pastime for her warrior lord. Certain it is that for 4,000 years chess has been common throughout Hindostan, whence it spread into Persia and Arabia. The Califs of the East carried it thence into Spain, whence it rapidly spread over Western Europe, and so found its way into Europe.

Its ancient Sanskrit name was Chaturanga, or four parts, and the game was played by four persons, two against two. The board was divided into sixty-four squares. Among the Persians the name was changed to Shatrauj, Shabeing, as we all know, the Persian for king. The Arabic Sheik seems to have been the word imported to Europe by the Moors, whence comes the term check, or its German equivalent schoch. The word rook is said to be derived from the Sanskrit roka, or the Persian rukh, making a check; (Sh'ah m'at, or checkmate means "The king isdead"), while pawn is simply the word peon, still in common use for certain attendants.

This begum, however, was not the sole claimant for the honour of this invention. It is said that the game was common among the Egyptians of old, and that records thereof have been found in hieroglyphic. Their board consisted of thirty black and white squares: their pieces were twelve in number, made of ivory, glass, and china, carved in the forms of divers animals. game appears again among the sculptures in the caves of Beni Hassan, on the Nile, and also on the wall paintings of the palace of Rameses III., where the king is shown seated with a party of ladies, one of whom is his partner in the game, which is played with pieces formed like pegs on a chequered board. This seems to have amused some ancient Egyptian wag, for there is a papyrus in the British Museum wherein the king and queen are audaciously caricatured, and represented as a lion and a unicorn playing the same game. It has also been found represented on divers tombs, on one of which it is shown to be the engrossing occupation of calm, meditative spirits in another world.—In the Himalayas.

# YOUNG DAYS.



A MESSENGER OF PEACE (See page 42).

### SAD LITTLE GOSSIPS.

BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

CHAPTER IV.



WILL try and tell father's meeting with Archie Macdonald as well as I can. He gave Kitty and me a very full and particular account over our tea when he came in, knowing how we liked to hear

every word. He drove to the hospital where he had been taken-I forgot to say that it was a very bad attack of rheumatic fever that he had got-and asked if he might go in and see a young man called Macdonald. He was taken in and up to the bedside by a very nice, kind-looking nurse, who seemed much interested in poor Archie because he was in such trouble, so ill and so lonely. No one else had been to see him; he seemed to have no relations and no friends, she said, and he fretted sadly, but was a brave, patient fellow with it all, and bore the pain like a hero. Father saw a dreadfully pale, thin boy, he said, with his eyes shut and looking almost like death. The nurse said gently that she did not think he was asleep; he lay like that with his eyes shut as if he were too tired and sad to care to open them.

"Here's some one come to see you, Macdonald," she said, touching him very softly, and he was not asleep, for he looked up at father with the blue eyes we had taken a fancy to.

"It's a mistake, nurse," he said, very feebly;

"I don't know the gentleman."

" No, you don't know me, but it's no mistake, my good fellow," father said. I am sure he spoke in his beautiful voice which we know when we are ill or in trouble-"You ought to have known me some time ago, but it really has not been my fault. It was my little boy you saved from drowning in Kensington Gardens."

Archie flushed a good deal, but smiled a little as if he were pleased to remember this. "I hope the dear little boy is all right, sir," he said.

"No, he is still very ill-his illness has been the cause of our neglecting you so shamefully, and seeming so ungrateful," father began, but Archie interrupted him quite quickly.

"Oh, I did not think anything of that, I was only too glad to do it; but I have had such

trouble since, I almost forgot."

The tears began to roll down and he turned his face away to hide them; he was not able to raise his hand to wipe them off, but the nurse did very tenderly, and father said it made him feel "silly." I suppose he meant he cried a little, too-it does make one feel silly.

Well, father stopped and talked a long time: he told him all about Boy, and how ill he had been, but directly he was able had asked about Archie; and how Kitty and I had gone with him to the Mews, and how very grateful we all were, and that he must not say any more that he had not any friends, for he had got all of us, and mother, when she knew of it, for life.

He said he managed to cheer him up a little at last, and most of all by promising to come every day and to bring his little girls. Then when he had said good-bye to Archie and was out of hearing, he asked the nurse how soon it

would be safe to move him.

"In about a fortnight or three weeks," she

"Where will he go then? what shall you do?" asked Kitty and I both together, one grasping one side of his coat collar and the other the opposite in our eagerness to get all he had to tell out of him.

He laughed and began to tease us.

"Ah, where? now guess! but don't pull my coat off my back!"

"To the seaside? to Garnet Place?"

"To Garnet Place! Do you think Aunt Emily would like another invalid on her hands?"

"Then to Summerfield? Are you going to take him back with us to Summerfield?"

"Ah! you're nearer the mark now, but don't be in a hurry; we must wait till Edmund is all right and able to go too, then we will see. Now let go of me, you troublesome monkeys, or I'll

set Colin at you. I must go and see the boy." "Oh, father, we've had measles, when may we

see Boy? we do want to so much!"

"Perhaps next week; Dr. Dalrymple says you would be too rumbustical for the poor little fellow yet."

"Oh, we wouldn't, we'd be as still as mice," Kitty said, upsetting a chair in her eagerness,

which made papa laugh.

"Oh, very still! you are remarkably quiet children always, I know; quite models of deport-

Next day father took us to the hospital; he told us he had had a long talk with Uncle Grantley about Archie, and that he had been exceedingly generous and kind, though he did not say what he had done.

"Oh, yes," I said, thinking it over, "Uncle Grantley is always very kind when he has got

time to remember himself."

I don't know why father laughed at me, he always did when I talked gravely; it was rather annoying.

I was shocked to see how ill and altered Archie

looked, but father said he thought he seemed better. Neither he nor we said much to each other—we were too sorry to see him so white and thin—he was too weak, I suppose, but he smiled and seemed pleased, and asked particularly

about our "dear little brother."

We had bought a beautiful basket of grapes and a bunch of flowers at the nice fruit shop near Garnet Place, where Aunt Elizabeth got dessert. I gave the grapes and Kitty the flowers. We always had to divide things for fear of quarrelling. He thanked us so much, that it seemed to bring tears into his eyes and made us uncomfortable.

"You needn't thank us," I said. "Aunt Elizabeth gave us half-a-crown each, so it wasn't

our money."

"Well, thank your aunt for me, then, please," said he, smiling a little, "and I am obliged to you

all the same."

"You must have thought us horrid," Kitty suddenly blurted out, "after what you'd done, and our promising all sorts of things, and then never to come. or anything."

"I am sure I didn't think you horrid," he said, colouring. He was so weak, that it seemed to make him flush to talk, for there was nothing else to make him. "I don't know that I thought

about it at all."

"Come, children," father said, "we shall tire him out if we stay talking. I have brought you some magazines and illustrated papers to amuse you, and I shall see you again to-morrow. Very soon I hope you will be able to have a little change of air. Don't bother your head about anything but getting well."

"Oh, sir, how can I help it?" he said, in a low, unhappy voice; "there are many, many things I

must think of, must grieve over!'

"Yes, yes, İ know," father said kindly, but in a hurry, for he didn't like being "upset," as he called it, "you must grieve, of course, but for all that keep up your spirits as much as you can. Better times will come."

Then we wished him good-bye, and he sent his love to Boy. He had evidently taken a very

great fancy to him, as everybody did.

Next week we were allowed to go in and see Boy, who was so much better that he was dressed and taken into a little sitting-room, which was very snug with a nice bright fire, a number of new toys (Uncle Grantley had bought him something every day), and the pleasant-faced nurse from the hospital sewing on one side, whilst Boy sat in a little arm-chair on the other, with a low table before him, on which were several regiments of soldiers and an encampment of little white

tents, which his small, trembling hands, as white as they were, was arranging. Poor Boy looked very miserable: his pretty light curls had been clipped close, he had lost his nice colour, and had violet rings round his eyes. We were delighted to see him, and so was he for a minute or two, but he was exceedingly cross-I don't want to be unkind, but I really must say it, and I am sure he could not help being so. He would not let us touch his toys, and all our well-meant efforts at amusing him were useless; we were very polite and considerate, too, and, though disappointed by his crossness, were not angry, as we should have been if he had not been so ill. As he would not let us play with him, we told him about Archie, and were pleased to find him interested in this, though he got angry about it, too, declaring it was too bad that nobody had gone to see him, to say why he (Boy) had not kept his word.

"We wanted to go—Kitty and me"—I explained, "but we never could get any one to listen

till father came."

"Well, if you had wanted you might have gone by yourselves, you are not babies," Boy said, obstinately bent on finding fault, "it was a beastly

shame!'

"Oh, Boy, dear, mother doesn't like you to say that," I said, which I had better not have done, for he was only all the angrier, repeating it was a beastly, beastly shame, and he should say it!

"Well, it's all right now-Archie knows now we

didn't want to be ungrateful."
"Has Uncle Grantley given him a gold sove-

reign?" Boy asked.

We didn't know, we thought not, but were eager to tell of the grapes, flowers, and books. Boy was determined not to be satisfied: grapes and flowers, to his mind, did not take the place

of "gold money."

Altogether it was not very pleasant, this first meeting with him, which we had looked forward to so much. Kitty gravely told Dr. Dalrymple that she wished he could give Boy something to make him less cross. She was really afraid he was never going to get nice again. The doctor laughed at her serious face, and told her it was the best sign in the world, and there was nothing that cheered him more than an ill-tempered patient.

But for all that, this illness and all the petting and spoiling he got did make Boy naughty for a good long while. I often thought it was a pity people made so much of him, for it was not good for him, but I know they couldn't very well help it, he really was such a very taking little

fellow!

### CHAPTER THE LAST.

Boy had been ill six weeks and more, and it was fine, mild weather in the middle of February, when father came down to fetch us all home. Boy was still weak and pale and a little cross, too, but he was very much better. Kitty and I were dreadfully tired of London, and longing to get back to Summerfield and mother and "the children," as we called them. Father came to lunch early with us, and we were to start a little before two.

Of course we were ready and waiting long before it was time to start for the station, but we had plenty of good-byes to say. First, we all three went down to the kitchen, a large, comfortable room, looking on what cook called the "airy," which in summer was quite pretty with flowers; a great solemn clock ticked in a corner, and seemed to us to say, "Take care, take care;" the fire was always large and glowing red, cook's face often being nearly as red. There was cook, with her sleeves turned up, showing enormous arms, that would have measured as much as all ours put together, I believe, scolding the girl, as usual; there was Peter, just carrying the luncheon-tray to the pantry, where we liked to watch him rub up the silver; Finch, and the housemaid Ann. We went round to each in order.

"Good-bye, cook; good-bye, Peter; good-bye, Finch," and so on, shaking hands with each, even with the despised girl, who seemed taken aback, and wiped her hands on her apron first; but we didn't like leaving her out. We thought her ill-

used, though common.

"Lor', Master Boy, I must have a kiss," cook cried heartily, as if she could not help it, and a very loud kiss it was. Boy rubbed it off at once. She had made us a beautiful cake to take home, and popped a little screw of biscuits into each pocket "for the journey"—only two hours—but cook thought children always wanted to be eating.

"There's been a lot of trouble this time with 'em, ain't there, Peter?" she went on, not too politely, we thought, "but for all that you 'liven up the 'ouse, and we 'opes to see you back again

some of these days."

They all said the same in their different ways, Finch pretending to be quite affectionate, and then we went up again to go through the rest of

our partings.

We each stroked Floss, who slept through it on her cushion, and patted Colin a great many times; as for Polly, it was no use caressing her; she made nothing of biting your finger till it bled if you put it in her reach. We said "Goodbye, Polly," and after looking at us cunningly, with her head on one side, for a moment or two, she chuckled, and said, "Good-bye, children! good riddance of bad rubbish," which was even less polite than cook. Then we kissed Aunt Emily. We liked kissing her, she was so soft and fat, and, in her way, she really had been very kind.

We each had a pretty present from her in our box, besides "gold money" from Unele Grantley, Aunt Elizabeth gave us her pecking kiss, but she, too, had been kind—perhaps really much kinder than Aunt Emily, for she had done a great deal more for us—and we felt no resentment for the snubs we had had from her. Then we were all ready to get into the carriage and drive off to Waterloo Station, waving our hands to Aunt Elizabeth at the window till we turned the corner.

"You are going to have a fellow passenger that you will be surprised to see, Boy," father said, as we got out at the platform, and he took us to the train, which was waiting. A hospital nurse was standing by the door of a first-class carriage, on which "Engaged" was printed. When we saw her, I said, breathlessly, to

Kittv—

"It's Archie, I'm sure it's Archie!"

So it was. Archie Macdonald was inside, lying down on a sort of couch put across the carriage, wrapped in rugs. Boy did not know him at first, and shrank back as the nurse helped us in.

"Boy, it's Archie!" I cried; "he's going back with us to Summerfield! Aren't you

glad!"

I had not time to finish before Boy had jumped up beside the pale, thin, muffled-up figure, and had put his arms round him and kissed him. The nurse had to get in, too, to keep him quiet; Archie was still so weak, the little scene was almost too much for him. She was going down with us to look after Archie till he was quite well. Father and Uncle Grantley had arranged everything to surprise us. Our town was not far from the sea, and was very healthy; there was no doubt that the invalid would soon get strong and well there.

Oh, how glad we were to get near home and know every mile of the way! What a long, long time we seemed to have been gone! It was spring here in the country, though winter in London: the gardens were full of snowdrops and aconites, the "palm" was on the willows, the woods looked as if it would not be long before they turned green, though February was not over.

And at the door of our dear old home was mother smiling a welcome, and the little ones jumping for joy. There was such a hurry of greeting and kissing, but mother barely gave herself time to hug us all, she was so eager to look after poor Archie, who was very tired and rather faint. She took him and the nurse upstairs directly to the spare bedroom, where there was a fire and a sofa by it, and tea all ready for him. I followed her in quietly to see if I could help, for at home I was eldest daughter and began to want to be useful. Poor Archie had no sooner got settled and saw how nice everything was than he tried to thank mother, and burst out crying because he could not say what he wanted, something about our all being "too good, "too kind," it was "too much" for him. Mother took his thin hand in both hers. "Nothing can be too much," she said, "for you. You gave us back our dear little boy! You must never think anything more of what we do for you-all we ask of you is to make haste and get well and to try and be happy."

She would not let him talk any more, nor stay with him, as she saw it was upsetting him, but she let me help nurse to get his tea and make

him comfortable.

All of us very soon got to be the very greatest friends with Archie. He was the kindest, most good-natured fellow you can imagine; gentle, steady, and modest as he looked. He was very ingenious and clever with his hands, and as he got better and was able to use them again he made us all sorts of little knicknacks, such as baskets carved from cherry-stones, boats from walnuts, little dancing men from corks, and such like.

We were all fond of him, from baby to me, but Boy and he were inseparable. He could always made him good when he got into one of his tempers, and laugh him into fun when he was sulky. They were devoted to each other. We all quite dreaded the time when he should be well and must, as he said, "go to work." He had read a great deal while he was in our house, all the "dry books," as we called them, out of the library, and father had given him copying work to do; he said he was remarkably well-informed and intelligent, and an excellent hand at One day Archie asked him if he could tell him where he could look for a situation, as he was now quite recovered and very anxious to go to London and get work.

"I think I can put you in the way of that," father said, smiling and taking a letter out of his pocket; "I received this the other day from my brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Grantley. I'll read

what concerns you in it; this is what he says: 'Since your report of the young fellow is so satisfactory, and you have tested his knowledge of accounts, and say his writing is clerkly and intelligible, I have no hesitation in offering him a berth in the bank which is now vacant. I shall be glad to see him on Monday if he will be in the City by noon, and will instal him at once. The salary to begin with will be £70 a year. He must look out for convenient lodgings, and I promise you to keep an eye on him, and if he deserves it to promote his welfare in every way. I think, as you say, he deserves this from us in common gratitude—'"

I was sitting reading in the window, that was how I came to hear. Archie could not speak for a moment, then he jerked out a trembling "Thank

you, sir. Oh, I can't thank you!"

"Pooh, boy, don't try," father said, kindly; "deserve it, that's all; I'm sure you will. Now say no more, say no more about it! I owe it you. Besides, it's Grantley's doing, not mine."

"If only my poor mother——" Archie began, but he could not finish, and father said nothing,

only heartily shaking his hand.

Well! This is the end of my story—it's a good deal to come out of our gossiping at the window, isn't it? And it's a good ending, I hope you'll think, though poor Archie couldn't be quite happy in his good fortune because he had not got that blind mother to tell of it. It happened more than a year ago. I have been to stay in Garnet Place since, about three months ago, in May, when London is very pleasant, only I was a little dull through being alone. I saw Archie Macdonald. Uncle Grantley asked him to tea on Sunday evening. He is just the same plain, freekled, red-haired young man, with kind, blue eyes, only he is dressed like a gentleman and has very good manners, even Aunt Elizabeth says that. He is getting on very well indeed, and Uncle Grantley says he's extremely pleased with him. He is coming down to see us this summer, and Boy is perfectly delighted about it. We still call him Boy, though we try to get out of it, and he is as pretty as ever, though he doesn't like to be called so, and can't bear being kissed,

And, if I have any other bits of gossip to tell to Young Days some day, you shall be sure and

hear from me.

A ROMAN lady once expressed her sorrow to Pope Pius IX, that she should never meet her sister in the next world, "Daughter," he replied, "those who love God will not be separated there."

### A BALLAD OF EASTER-TIDE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

On the sea's tumultuous borders, David Dent, the fisher, dwelt,

Where the cliffs like stately warders o'er the ocean towered high.

And a goodly man was David: night and morn he daily knelt,

Yielding homage to Jehovah, sovereign of the earth and sky.

And his spouse, the good wife Martha, with her saintly brow, and hair

Golden as the glow of morning, cheered his life of toilsome days.

One loved child was theirs, a daughter, like her mother sweet and fair,

Merry as a dancing sunbeam with her gay and winsome ways.

It was David's joy at nightfall, when his weary work was o'er,

And his sturdy boat was stranded on the pebbly beach anear,

While the starry flowers unfolded, to recline beside his door,

And to hear the merry voices from the lips he held most dear.

Thus the summers came and ended; but, when winter held the land In his fierce and cruel clutches, and the snowy

fields and floes

Like armadas swept to seaward, they would gather, hand in hand,

Round the fagot-burdened hearthstone where the roaring flames arose.

Peacefully, in calm contentment, near a halfscore years had passed,

Since to Martha and to David was their brighteyed daughter born,

Since they heard her feeble wailing mingle with the tempest's blast

That around the cottage madly shrieked that blessed Easter morn.

Every year had brought its blessings: every year their frugal store

Grew, till to the humble fishers David seemed in wealth a king.

But the watchful, dark, death-angel, halting at their happy door,

Bore the spirit of their darling from the world of suffering.

Then the father, stern and tearless, through those hours of sleepless woe

Cursed the God who took his treasure, while his wife bent low in prayer:

And, in bitterness of spirit, days he wandered to and fro,

Meeting kindly words of comfort with a silent, scornful air.

Time sped on, and from the southward blithely blew the balmy gales;

On the southern slopes the grasses quickened 'neath the wooing sun;

Once again the bay's blue waters bore the fisher's snowy sails,

And the rocky Mackerel Islands saw their swift boats homeward run.

Moodily within his cottage day by day sat David Dent. Vainly did the good wife Martha plead with

patience and implore; Silently he watched the firelight, ever on his loss

Silently he watched the firelight, ever on his loss intent,

Or with vacant eye gazed outward at the fishing fleets off shore.

Easter came again, and darkness cloaked the highways of the deep:

Lo! the legions of the North-wind burst the bonds that held in thrall,

O'er the frozen leagues of moorland down they came with frenzied sweep,

And the billows rose before them like a massive mountain wall.

Through the long hours David brooded, but his heart found no relief

From the tumult of rebellion whose wild raging would not cease.

And he cursed the good All-Father, nursing still his selfish grief,

Till a silent voice within him seemed to whisper, "Hold thy peace!"

Peering from the cottage doorway, to his ear a sudden cry

Came as clearly as his darling's on that distant Easter morn:

And his hardened heart grew softer—he remembered, with a sigh,

How his breast had thrilled with gladness when his little one was born.

Forth he sprang, and keenly listened till the sound was heard again.

Then he swiftly hasted beachward through the blinding wind and spray, Where, within a shattered life-boat that the waves had dashed amain

On the jagged rocks beneath him, lo! a strugling infant lay.

And the tenderness that slumbered in the hardy fisher's breast,

When he saw the waif thus helpless, woke with all the power of old:

Sinking on his knees beside it, with his bearded lips he pressed

Kisses on its tiny forehead and its lips so wet and cold.

Then as softly as a mother from its dainty, curtained bed

Takes her first-born, he uplifted from the boat the sobbing child:

Clasping tight his little burden, up the rockstrewn beach he sped,

While behind the wrathful ocean from its caverns clamoured wild.

All night long, with patient Martha, by the dreaming foundling's side

David watched, and penitently prayed to God with tearful eyes

That his sin might be forgiven for the sake of her who died,

Till sweet slumber touched him gently, as the morning kissed the skies.

Quietly as twilight dewfall, with the new day's golden birth,

Came the peace that health sorrow to the fisher's troubled breast;

And he took it as a token that there still was joy on earth.

As he saw the happy baby smiling from its downy nest.

Life grew sweet again to David from that stormrent Easter morn

When he found the wailing infant by the margin of the sea;

And, though they that walk among us now as men were then unborn.

Still he lives to tell the story to her children round his knee.



### EASTERN PICTURES.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HE plain of Esdraëlon is as lovely in itself as it is interesting from its associations. It extends in great vastness before the eye—there is no part, if I remember rightly, which is not visibly enclosed by

hills. Immediately behind us, to the south, rose the hills of Samaria, which we had just crossed. To the S.E. the plain extended back for a considerable distance

behind Djeneen, there supporting the Gilboa range, where Saul and Jonathan laid down their lives together. That cluster of hills was the spot where the mighty had fallen, when David lamented in one strain the father and the sonhis inveterate persecutor and his most-beloved friend. In the plain, near the northern end of this Gilboa range, was Jezreel, where Ahab built for his sun-worshipping queen her famous palace, from a window of which she asked Jehu the fatal question: "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?" and from which window she was thrown down at the command of the savage conqueror. Further along the eastern side of the plain rises Little Mount Hermon, and on one of its northern spurs lie the remains of the village of Nain. Here, again, we might turn away from the bloody deeds and vindictive spirits of the earlier periods, to repose on the spiritual calm and enjoy the benevolent acts of Him who "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." How near together are the two scenes which so strongly exhibit the differing spirit of two dispensations! Jehu, coming at the call of Elisha, was met by the son of the widowed Jezebel as he was approaching her palace, and he shot the prince through the heart, and then advancing, instead of attempting to console the widowed and mourning mother, he commanded her murder by a cruel and contemptuous death. This was the pupil of the prophet Elisha. Very near to this spot a widowed mother appears, in the history of a later time, following the bier of her only son, and One arrived who restored her son to her, after having spoken words of cheer. Here was the spirit of the new dispensation! A little further on is Endor, where the restless and apprehensive Saul came to learn his fate and that of his house, by means of those arts of divination which he had declared punishable by death. A little further on still is Mount Tabor, traditionally the Mount of Transfiguration. Far beyond these ranges, and towering over everything intermediate, rises that peak of Djebel Sheikh from

whose base flow the first streams of the Jordan. Along the north end of the plain run the Gali-lean hills, in which Nazareth lies embosomed; and where they retreat to the N.W., the expansion of the plain in that direction nearly reaches Carmel, and through it runs the Kishon, whose overflow swept away the forces of Sisera, and whose stream was defiled with the blood of 450 of the prophets of Baal, slain at the command of Elijah.

Then, approaching from the N.W. point, comes the range of Carmel, its ilex woods becoming distinguishable on its nearer slopes. These W. hills, without intermitting, decline into the lower ranges as they reach the S.W. of the plain, and there become mingled with the hills of Samaria. Nowhere in the Holy Land did we see any district so various in its historical interest as this, and, indeed, there is no other so marked. To the eye of the historical and religious philosopher the dead rise here, to give account of the life of the Hebrew nation from their first entrance upon the land to their expulsion from it.

First comes the ghostly array of the tribes following Joshua. Some of them had had their portions assigned on the eastern side of Jordan, but had obeyed Joshua's command to defer their settlement there till the enemy should be everywhere subdued, and the tribes be secure of their respective portions. Here they came on from the Jordan, and were halted while this fertile and beautiful plain was apportioned to the tribe of Issachar—Issachar who, according to the blessing in Deuteronomy, was to "rejoice in his tents," and here had abundant reason to do so.

Then, when Joshua and all that host whom he led had passed on through the "valley of the shadow of death," new generations were busy on their traces. A Kenite woman, belonging to a neutral tribe-at peace with both the Canaanites and the Hebrews-was at her tent-door here one day, listening, as she watched her flock, for the far sounds of battle; for the great Canaanitish general had collected his iron chariots and ranged his troops, and Barak, the Hebrew leader, rushed down the side of Mount Tabor to meet Sisera in the plain. The shock of war was fierce, and the swollen river carried off many of the Canaanites whom the battle had spared. As the Kenite woman, Jael, was aware that the strife was over, while the evening stillness was settling down upon the plain, a fugitive, weary, heated, and thirsty, came by. She invited him in, probably in the sincere spirit of the ordinary Eastern hospitality, which makes the tent of the host the sanctuary of the guest; she gave him milk, and laid him down to rest. And then, while he slept heavily, occurred the tempting thought—the devilish suggestion—of the favour she might secure from the conquering party if she delivered the commander of the foe dead into their hands; and here she murdered him. That black deed comes up to judgment in this fair scene like a poisonous exhalation from the verdant ground.

(To be continued.)

### NOTHING.



TO HE

HERE once lived a king and a queen. They were long married, and had no children; but at last the queen had a child, when the king was away in far countries. The queen would not christen the child till the king came back, and she said, "We will just call him Nothing until his father comes home." But

it was long before he came home, and the boy had grown a nice little fellow. At length the king was on his way back; but he had a river to cross, and he could not get over the water. But a giant came up to him, and said, "If you will give me your son Nothing, I will carry you over the water on my back." The king had never heard that his son was called Nothing, and so he promised him. When the king reached home, he was very happy to see his wife again and his young son. She told him that she had not given the child any name but Nothing, until he should come home again himself. The poor king was in a terrible case. He said, "What have I done? I promised to give the giant who carried me over the river on his back Nothing." The king and queen were sad and sorry, but they said, "When the giant comes we will give him the hen-wife's child; he will never know the difference."

The next day the giant came to claim the king's promise, and he sent for the hen-wife's child; and the giant went away with the child on his back. He travelled till he came to a big stone, and there he sat down to rest. He said.

"Hidge Hodge on my back, what time of day

is it?"

The poor little child said, "It is the time that my mother, the hen-wife, takes up the eggs for the queen's breakfast."

The giant was very angry, and dashed the child

on the stone and killed it.

The same adventure befell the gardener's son. Then the giant went back to the king's house, and said he would destroy them all if they did not give him Nothing this time. They had to do it; and when he came to the big stone the giant said, "What time of day is it?" Nothing said, "It is the time that my father, the king, will be sitting down to supper." The giant said, "I've got the right one now," and took Nothing to his own house, and brought him up till he was a man.

The giant had a pretty daughter, and she and the lad grew very fond of each other. The giant happened to say one day to Nothing, "I've work for you to-morrow. There is a stable seven miles long and seven miles broad, and it has not been cleaned for seven years, and you must clean it to-morrow, or I will have you for my supper."

The giant's daughter went out next morning with the lad's breakfast, and found him in a terrible state, for as soon as he cleaned out a bit it became dirty again. The giant's daughter said she would help him, and she called to all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air, and in a minute they all came and carried away everything that was in the stable, and made all clean before the giant came home. He said, "Shame for the wit that helped you; but I have a worse job for you to-morrow." Then he told Nothing that there was a lake seven miles long, seven miles deep, and seven miles broad, and he must drain it the next day, or else he would have him for his supper. Nothing began early next morning, and tried to empty the water with his pail; but the lake was never getting any less, and he knew not what to do; but the giant's daughter called on all the fish in the sea to come and drink the water, and very soon they drank it dry. When the giant saw the work done, he was in a rage, and said, "I've a worse job for you tomorrow; there is a tree seven miles high, and no branch on it till you get to the top, and there is a nest, and you must bring down the eggs without breaking one, or else I will have you for my supper." At first the giant's daughter did not know how to help Nothing; but she cut off first her fingers and then her toes, and made steps of them, and he climbed the tree, and had all the eggs safe till he came to the bottom, and then one was broken. The giant's daughter advised him to run away, and she would follow him. So he travelled till he came to a king's palace, and the king and queen took him in, and were very kind to him.

The giant's daughter left her father's house, and he pursued her, and was drowned. Then she came to the king's palace where she knew Nothing was; and she went up into a tree to watch for him. The gardener's daughter, going to draw water in the well, saw the shadow of the lady in the water, and thought it was herself, and said, "If I'm so bonny, if I'm so brave, why do you send me to draw water?" The gardener's wife went out, and she said the same Then the gardener went himself, and brought the lady from the tree, and led her in. And he told her that a stranger was to marry the king's daughter, and showed her the man. and sure enough it was Nothing asleep in a chair. And she saw him, and cried to him, "Waken, waken, and speak to me!" But he would not waken, and then she cried :

"I cleaned the stable, I emptied the lake, and I climbed the tree.

And all for the love of thee, And thou wilt not waken and speak to me."

The king and queen heard this, and came to the pretty young lady, and she said:
"I cannot get Nothing to speak to me for all

that I can do.

Then were they greatly astonished when she spoke of Nothing, and asked where he was, and she said, "He that sits there in the chair." Then they ran to him and kissed him, and called him their own dear son, and he wakened and told them all that the giant's daughter had done for him and of all her kindness. Then they took her in their arms and kissed her, and said she should now be their daughter, for their son should marry her.

And they lived happy all their days.

Custom and Myth.

BE thyself blameless of what thou rebukest. He that tries to clean a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—QUARLES.

### LEAF-INSECTS AND "WALKING-STICKS."



NE day, not very long after the discovery of Australia, a number of sailors landed upon the coast, and, the weather being warm, they rested themselves beneath the branches of a tree which cast

a grateful shade around. Suddenly a breeze sprang up, which shook the branches and caused a number of leaves to fall. As it was midsummer and the leaves were quite green, this naturally puzzled the sailors; but their surprise was much increased when, after the lapse of a minute or two, the leaves began to crawl simultaneously towards the trunk of the tree, up which they swarmed, and became suspended once more from the branches.

Had the sailors been naturalists, they would have known that the supposed leaves were not leaves at all, but insects which live among the trees, and whose thin, flattened bodies and large beautifully-veined wings bear a very close resemblance to the leaves of vegetables. Even the limbs of the insect are broadened until they look like leaflets attached to the central stem.

Other insects there are, which resemble a dried stick or twig, and hence have been called "Walking-sticks." Their bodies are very long and thin, and have frequently spines or prickles on the surface, which, combined with the twig-like legs. so well mimic a small branch, that the insects no doubt often escape the notice of birds and other animals ever ready to make a meal of them. Were this not the case, they would fall an easy prey to their enemies, for they have no other means of defending themselves, and, owing to their slow movements, have little chance of escape by flight.

Among insects whose shape and colours resemble parts of vegetables the Mantis must be mentioned, the different species of which have wings representing the different states of leaves. some being small and insignificant, others large and varied, as leaves in different seasons—one species. perhaps, being fresh and green as the foliage in spring, whilst another is brown, dry, and shrivelled, like leaves, withered and decaying in the fall. If we look at a Mantis, we shall at once notice the peculiar shape and position of the first pair of legs. They are long and broad, and, owing to the length of the thorax, are placed near the head, so that they appear quite remote from the other two pairs. They are usually carried extended before the insect, and frequently raised upwards and then tightly clasped together. It is owing to this habit that the creature is called the "Praying

Mantis," and is often held in veneration by the superstitious peasants in the countries it inhabits, who believe it has the power of divination or foretelling future events.

A story is told of St. Francis Xavier, who found one of these insects in its praying attitude, and commanded it to chant the prayer as well as to act it. The Mantis complied by singing a canticle, but whether in the Latin language or not, we are not informed.

The real disposition of the Mantis, however, is the very opposite of sanctity, for it is a fierce, bloodthirsty creature, and only assumes this position in order that it may the more readily seize upon any insect that comes within reach of its long fore-legs.

The Mantis is very combative, and when two meet they at once fight, cutting at one another with their fore-legs as if with sabres, and sometimes one completely cuts off the head of his antagonist at a single stroke, after which the victor devours the body of his slain enemy.

G. H. STORER.

### THE LITTLE RAG-DEALER. A TRUE STORY.

NY rags to sell, ma'am?" asked a little rag-dealer, as he paused at an open door, one sunny morning in the early spring. The lady to whom the question was addressed

sat at a table busily writing, and unconscious or unheeding, made no reply. Approaching a little nearer to where the writer sat, the boy repeated the question, with an added emphasis.

"No rags," she answered, laconically, without looking up, still busy with her work. The questioner seemed unsatisfied with the reply, and hesitating for a moment, as if reluctant to give up the possibility of a purchase, he ventured to speak once more to the absorbed writer.

"Please, ma'am, wouldn't you like to sell that piece of carpet on the arbour there?" The childish voice trembling with eagerness and disappointment, caught the attention at last of the lady, who looked up somewhat impatiently at the interruption: but this feeling was soon displaced by one of interest and sympathy.

What a queer rag-dealer met her gaze! Standing on the doorstep, cap in hand, was a little brown-eyed boy, certainly not more than ten years old, and very small and delicate, even for those years. The little fellow was strangely clad in cast-off garments; but the earnestness of the boy-merchant made him well worthy of attention.

"What did you say, my little man?" she asked as she laid down her pen.

"I said, please ma'am, would you sell that piece of carpet out there?" pointing to the arbour.

"No, I think not; I make a great deal of use of that piece of carpet," she answered, with an amused look.

"I am very sorry, ma'am, I am sure," said the little fellow, turning slowly from the door.

"Sorry you cannot buy my carpet? Why, how is that?" asked the lady, smiling. "Are you going to set up housekeeping, and want that for your parlour? I am afraid it would hardly be large enough, even for so small a man as you are."

"Oh! no, ma'am; I doesn't want it for that, and I ain't got any parlour, neither. What I wants it for is to sell it and make some money. Them men down to the paper-mill, you know, pays me a good big price for rag-carpet. Do you think you could sell it, ma'am?" he ventured to ask again.

The lady observed the eager wistful look of the child, and leaving her seat at the table, she went to the door where the little fellow stood, still holding his ragged cap. Putting her hand gently on the little brown head, she said: "Will you tell me why you are so anxious to buy that piece of carpet? Perhaps I can help you."

"Well, ma'am, it wasn't only the carpet I want to buy, it's rags, too; but you said you and to any rags. I must buy something to-day, ma'am, certain I must, and you know I has to begin the first place I goes in the morning, else I don't get started right, and I won't have good luck all day. I must have good luck, to-day, ma'am—must—cause mother's got an awful cough, and I must take her something for it when I go home, else she won't sleep any to-night."

"Is there no one to help you take care of your mother? Where is your father, my boy?"

"I ain't got no father; got a stepfather, though; but he is good," said the little fellow, loyally; "he takes care of mother and me, too, but he hurt his foot last winter, and it ain't well yet. Mother and me takes care of him now. Mothel does any work she can find, and I buy rags. Father made me a little wagon, so I haul my rags to the paper-mill. The men up-town won't give anything for rags. Some days I do pretty well. I don't pick rags, you know; I buys them."

"But you say your mother is ill now and not able to work?"

"Yes, ma'am; she has got an awful cold, and I'm almost afraid she will be quite ill. I told

her this morning she must stay at home all day, I would do a big business and bring her home something for her cough. Think I had better be going, now. I must look sharp," and he started towards the gate,

"Stay, my little man," the lady called after him. "I would not spoil your good luck for a great deal, and as so much depends on your getting started right in the morning, suppose we see if we cannot find something to begin with. I had rather not sell you my piece of carpet; but there is a box in the wood-house, where I keep waste paper. We will go and see if we can find anything in it, and I think I know where there are some old rubber shoes; perhaps you can sell them."

The little fellow came back quickly, pulled off his cap again and followed the lady across the long grassy yard, back to where the woodhouse stood. They found the box, in an overflowing condition, and the small merchant was soon busily engaged in his traffic. His bag was filled and crowded down, then the lady took a basket from the wall, and the remainder was put into that. He was in a high state of excitement over his good luck, and his prospect for doing a big day's work after all. He explained to the lady how it was that he could not pay but three halfpence a pound for rags now, because he carried such small lots to the mill; but the men had promised him more, when he did a large business. At last all the paper was stowed away in bag and basket: out came the scale from some corner of bag or pocket, and the little merchant began his weighing and calculating with all the dignity of a wholesaler. Then the silver and coppers were produced from his pockets, accurately counted and offered to the lady with a dignity that spoke volumes for the boy's future. She had stood by quietly observing the child as he stowed away his merchandise, answering him pleasantly when occasion offered, but when he produced his scale and began his weighing, the lady became deeply absorbed in her own thoughts. Here was a problem that must be solved immediately. She had not thought for a moment of selling the paper to the child, she was only too glad to give it to him. But seeing his manly business way, she felt it would be unwise as well as unkind to refuse the money; he was no beggar, though evidently very poor, and his self-respect must not be wounded, but encouraged; that, more than any pecuniary aid she could give him, would make a man of him. However unpleasant it was to take the few pennies so much needed by the family, it must be done.

The little fellow had stopped his talking and

stood looking up at the thoughtful face of the lady, holding out his hand with the purchasemoney in it, not quite knowing what to make of her abstraction. A little impatient to be about his day's work, he spoke at last, and said he "must be off." She took the money then, asked him how many pounds of paper there were, counted the change he gave her, and, finding it all right, thanked him for it, and told him that she would be glad to sell all her rags and paper to him, if he would call regularly for them. The boy seemed delighted at the prospect of such a good customer, and promised to call for them once a month; then, thanking the lady, he began gathering up his purchases to take them to the little wagon left standing on the sidewalk. Bag and basket made most too much of a load for a small man, and the lady offered to help him carry the basket. As they crossed the green, grassy yard looking so fresh and bright in its new spring dress, the little boy paused and looked around him. "How pretty it is here," he said, almost with a sigh of pleasure, "there ain't no grass where I live. I like grass and birds too; and them squirrels in the park, aren't they sharp, though? Sometimes I go up there to see them; but I generally stay at home when I ain't got anything to do, and father reads to mother and me, when we have got any books or papers. Oh, my! but we do have a good time then. We ain't had no new book though for a long time. Father reads and reads the old ones," he added with a look in the brown eyes that betrayed the hungry little soul. Just then a part of a newspaper came rustling along, blown by the wind, almost to the feet of the child. He dropped the basket, picked up the paper, and saw that it contained the fragment of a story. "Please, ma'am, may I have this?" he said, turning to the lady. "Father will help me to read to-night."

"Certainly," she said, and he folded it up and put it away among his queer little clothes. As they passed the door of the room where he had first spoken to the lady she asked him to set the basket down and wait for a moment, and going into the house she came back again in a short time with her eyes full of tears and her hands full of books. She put them in the child's arms with a gentle lingering touch, as if it was hard

to let them go.

"Years ago," she said, in a trembling voice, "a little boy about your age loved and read those books. No one has read them since he went away; they have been very dear to me as they were to him; I am sure it would make him very happy for you to have them." The little fellow was awed for the moment by the emotion of the

lady, but his joy at this unexpected gift was too much for his childish restraint; down went all his merchandise on the pavement, and seating himself on the doorstep, his fingers flew through the books, pausing here and there to look at some beautiful picture, then looking up to smile his thanks to the lady. Which was the happier of the two, I think I can hardly tell, or which received the greater benefit from the other; but this I know, that the thoughtful kindness which remembered to provide for hungry souls as well as for bodies was not misplaced, and the money received from the sale of the waste paper was also sent on an errand of love. Accompanied by some more ambitious coins it found its way into the deposit of a free reading room, and when the woman who had charge of the room, and whose business it was to take the money out of the box in the morning, came to do her usual work one day, she was greatly surprised and delighted at what she found. "Come here quickly," she said to the girl that was sweeping the floor, "do you see this gold? I think there must have been a good fairy here last night." I think she was about Anna L. Parker. right. Don't you?

### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

JERICHO.

In which book of the Old Testament is Jericho first mentioned?

Who was saved during the siege?

Give another instance of a family's being spared in the destruction of a city.

By whom was it rebuilt?

Contrast Jericho as the prey to unjust cruelty, and as the scene of noble, generous charity.

Relate the story of Christ's receiving hospitality while passing through this city.

### PUZZLE BAG.

CONUNDRUMS.

What game is both present and past? What is the difference between the wind and the rain?

#### ENIGMA.

I'm a hundred and one, Am present and past. I shall never be twice While time shall last.

# YOUNG DAYS.



THE LITTLE MAID (See page 54).

# THE QUEEN OF THE CAVES. A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. W. D. BAIKIE.



SAY, girls, wherever have we got to now?" cried Dick, standing up in the stern of the boat, where he was steering, and looking over his sisters' heads as they sat be-

fore him, each tugging away at an oar.

"You ought to know where we are, Dick, for you steered us," cried Molly and Kate in a breath as they dropped their oars, and, looking up, became suddenly aware of the almost impenetrable darkness into which the boat had glided while they were too much engaged with their rowing to notice where they were going. Then Kate's voice, a little tremulous, was heard.

"We should not have come, Dick. The sky must be very cloudy, for I can't see even a star.

Let us go back."

"All very well if we could," said Dick;
"but I can't steer you out of this place when
there is not a gleam of light to guide me. I
know we can't be far from where papa and
I, and Danny Burgess, set the line in the
morning, and I do so want to see if there are
any fish on it. To wait till the morning is so
slow, and I thought I could find the place easily.
The moon might have stayed up a bit longer, and
not have served us such a shabby trick as this."

"Talking won't do any good. What are we to do?" asked Molly, who was of a practical turn. "If we can't go back we must go cn, for

I suppose we can't stay here all night."

"That would not be much good either," replied Dick; "for I think we must have got into the smugglers' caves, and they are always dark. Give me your oar, Kitty. Now, Molly, pull yours very gently to turn her head round, while I feel with this oar if we are near rocks on this side. Yes! I knew it. Here they are. We are in the caves sure enough."

"Oh! Kate, what shall we do?" cried Molly, putting out her hand to clasp her sister's, but, by mistake, in the darkness she grasped her nose

instead.

Poor Kate was so startled when she felt cold fingers clutching her nose that she screamed loudly, and immediately they heard a loud whirring, creaking noise over their heads, and at the same time they saw a gleam of light on the water.

"Hallo! Figeons!" cried Dick, "and here's a rum go; they're making light as they fly! I never saw pigeons that shook light out of their feathers before."

"They'll do for lamps," said Molly, in a sharp

but imploring tone. "Do let us follow them while we can. See, they are flying farther into the cave." And she began to pull vigorously, guiding the boat into the track of light that flickered over the water in the wake of the flying birds, and Dick was not slow in following her example.

They had, however, to be very careful, for the light was not bright enough to show them the sides of the cave; it only touched a ripple here and there, as bird after bird flew over their heads

like shooting stars.

"That was a lucky scream of yours, Kitty," said Dick, "for it startled the birds, and they may lead us out by another opening. I wonder what kind of pigeons they are? I dare say para knows. I must get him to bring his gun here some day and shoot one. I want to find out how they make their own light."

"Dick," said Kate, impressively, "I don't think they are real pigeons at all. What if they are

fairies sent to guide us?"

"Fudge!" interrupted Dick, scomfully, "Girls are always thinking of fairies and dolls, and rubbish. Look out, Moll! Draw in your oar till we get round this big rock; it has an ugly corner to strike against," and as he spoke Dick stood up in the boat, and holding his oar against the rock, he pushed with all his might till the boat shot round the corner, and—

"Oh! oh!" cried out both the girls in astonished delight, while Dick stood silent with his oar high in the air, and gazed at— What?

Well, we shall hear in the next chapter.

### CHAPTER II.

DICK Saw a large round cavern, arched overhead, but with no elegant Gothic pillars to support its roof, nor graceful sculpture to adorn it. Huge boulders of rock, heaped and piled together in wonderful disorder, formed the roof and circular walls. Jagged corners, festooned with brown seaweed, jutted out here and there overhanging the water.

Again, here and there the rocks sloped gently to the water's edge. These were thickly studded with limpets, sea-anemones nestled in every crevice, and two young cormorants stretched their long, downy necks out of their nest in a convenient corner not far off. All this Dick perceived by a dim kind of light, which seemed to come from nowhere in particular, but which was sufficient to show that the walls of the cavern shut them in round about. No opening was to be seen. Even that by which they had entered had disappeared. He at last began to

feel alarmed as to how the adventure might end, and he could not understand the delight of Molly and Kate, who kept up a chorus of

"Oh, how lovely! Is it not beautiful? Dick! Dick! did you ever see anything so

bright?"

"What are you two chattering about?" he cried, impatiently. "Bright, indeed! Perhaps you call the prospect of being shut up in this dismal hole till somebody finds a way in to show

us our way out, a bright look out."

"Dicky don't be cross! How can you call this lovely place a dismal hole?" cried Molly. "I never saw anything like it. The rocks shine like silver, the water is like the moon turned liquid, only it is so clear I can see right down to the bottom. There are crabs moving about, and they sparkle as they go; and the fishes have specks of light like wee lamps on their tails; and all the shells twinkle like stars. Oh! it is lovely, lovely! so beautiful that—"

"It must be Fairyland," cried Kate, interrupting, "and—oh! Molly! here comes the Fairy Queen. Look! look!" and she pointed to when the rocks on the other side of the cavern opened slowly, and such a procession as none of our little

readers ever saw glided into the cave.

First came two dolphins throwing up showers of glittering spray in their gambols. They were the outriders. They were followed by six gulls sailing gravely two and two abreast; and each one carried, mounted on his back, a small silvery herring. These formed the guard of honour, and they all had starry helmets that twinkled as they moved. Next came a conveyance, halfboat half-carriage, formed of a large shell, placed on the backs of four hermit crabs; these were instead of wheels, and they moved on the surface of the water as comfortably and as easily as if they had walked on the more solid sand. The carriage was drawn by a team of six handsome prawns, harnessed with strings of tiny pearls; and the postillions were whitebait, selected for the brilliancy of their coats. In the carriage sat a very small, but radiant being, who was so enveloped in effulgence that Molly and Kate were dazzled at first, and it was some time before they could look steadily enough to distinguish the gentle face that beamed on them from beneath the halo of light that hovered over her head. Her hair glistened like sunshine, and she held in her hand a ray of light for a sceptre. This was the Fairy Queen. Around, and behind her carriage crowded a throng of fairy ladies-inwaiting, and courtiers dressed in the gayest of colours. They were very small indeed, and they moved forward on what seemed to be self-propelling rafts, but which were really star-fishes. Each being in this train emitted thousands of flashes of light, as he or she moved; so it was a very brilliant sight indeed. When they remained still only their eyes and the stars on their foreheads shone. Although it takes some time to describe all this, it did not take long for the little girls to see it. Spellbound, they remained silently gazing in wonder and delight. Dick was becoming restless, and he had just opened his mouth to speak, when he, too, became spellbound as he heard a very small, chirping voice begin to speak.

"Welcome!" it said. "You are welcome to our domain. Our trusty carriers have our thanks for guiding you to our presence." Here she looked up to a shelf of rock where sat the pigeons, who becked and bowed, and puffed out their feathers to show their appreciation of the notice of their royal mistress.

Then the voice went on-

"My name is Vereeta. I am Queen of Electric Land. I know you, Dick, for I have often seen you out in the boat with Danny Burgess, when your mamma thought you were at school. Introduce your sisters to me, for I have not seen them before."

Dick's face grew very red when he heard what the voice said, for he did not like his sisters to know that he had played truant; but he did not dare quite to disobey the command so strangely

given, so he said-

"This is Molly, and this Kate; but," defiantly,
"I don't see how I can introduce them to a
voice. I can't see you, whoever you are, and, for
all I know, you may be the voice that was frozen
up in Hop-o'-my-Thumb's trumpet come to life,

or rather, sound again."

"Oh no!" cried Queen Vereeta, with a little "But I know Mr. Hop-o'-my-Thumb very well. He is getting an old gentleman now, and he has old-fashioned notions. He is very angry because railways and balloons have superseded his cherished seven-leagued boots. He polishes them every day, and keeps them with great care, though they are a little worn down at the heels. He pays a visit to Electric Land sometimes, and we are always glad to see him, for he talks well, and he has travelled far, and seen many lands. But we forget our duty to our guests of to-day. How do you do, Molly? How do you do, Katie?" and she bowed kindly to the little girls, who each made her a shy, awkward nod, for they were still too bewildered to speak, and they could not make curtseys in a boat. Fairies, however, have a great deal of tact, so Queen Vereeta went on talking as if she had

not noticed their confusion, and so gave them

time to recover themselves.

"This is your first visit to Fairyland," she said, "so we must make you enjoy it. Your country is large, and you are very large people. You must find yourselves very heavy to move about. We fairies are very small; but then we are diaphanous, and very bright."

"I do not know what diaphanous means," said Molly, who at last found courage to speak; "but I am sure it must be something very nice,

since you are diaphanous."

Queen Vereeta gave a gay little laugh, and then replied. "You would not do for a courtier. Molly. You are too downright. Compliments should be very diaphanous. But come, you would like to see more of our country I know. You and Kate shall each have one wish granted. You first, Molly. What is your wish? "

"I think I had better choose to see our way safely out of this cave," said practical Molly.

"Mamma will be anxious about us."

"Your wish will be granted by and by, but what does little Kate wish?" said the fairy

"Oh! please, ma'am-please, your Fairy Highness-your Royal Majesty, I mean," stammered Kate-"may I really have what I ask?"

"Yes! surely child. We promised, and we never break our royal word," said the Queen with great dignity. "Now speak, for we grow impatient."

"Then I wish that Dick may see all the lovely things in Electric Land, just as we see them."

"That must depend upon Dick, himself," replied the fairy, gravely. "It is only boys and girls who are quite truthful, who are allowed to see the beauties of our country. If Dick had always been truthful, like Molly and you, he would see me now as you do.'

"That shows you don't know everything," cried Dick, indignantly, "for I never tell crams."

"But do you never act them?" asked the fairy, gently. "Where were you last Wednesday when your father thought you were in school working out your imposition? And when you put the turkey chicks in the pond, just to see if they would not swim with the ducklings? Why did you let your mother think they had fallen in by accident, when they were all found dead? Dick! Dick! Once more, why did you let your sisters think that you had mamma's permission to take them out in the boat to-night?"

Dick fidgeted, and looked uncomfortable, but he answered boldly enough. "The governor did not ask me about the imposition, nor did mamma about the turkeys, or else I should have told

them the truth. I only kept counsel. That was not being untruthful."

"Oh! yes, it was. Your silence deceived them, and you allowed them to believe what was untrue. That was not honourable, Dick. It was acting a lie, and that is as bad as telling one."

"I never thought of that. What a sneak I have been," said Dick, penitently. "I'll tell mamma all about it as soon as we get home. Hallo! the sun must be rising; but no, its light could not come in here, and this light comes from everywhere. What can it mean?" and he sat down, shading his eyes with his hands.

"You have your wish, Kate," said Queen Vereeta. "Dick sees as well as you, now that he is sorry, and means to be good."

"Is it a very 'dismal hole' now, Dick?" cried Molly, laughingly. Dick did not reply, but he drew a deep breath and said, as if thinking aloud-"Where have the walls of the little dark cave gone? Where does this place begin and end? I can see miles away on every side. It is like burning a limelight big enough to reach everywhere! There is plenty of light here to fill all the railway tunnels in the world. I wonder if all these fishes and birds, with the lights on them, are always tame. They do not seem a bit afraid of us. I am sure I could catch some of them."

"Don't try, Dick. You had much better pull your oars slowly and follow me, and you shall see some of the wonders of Electric Land." Then the Fairy Queen and her train went first, and Molly, Kate, and Dick followed in the boat.

First they came to a cave in which shoals of whales were sporting, and sending up showers of spray from their blow-holes. As the spray fell again into the foamy sea, it glittered and sparkled with millions of tiny globes of light, and the little girls clapped their hands with glee, and called out that it was prettier than fireworks. Then Queen Verceta told them that each of these minute sparkles was a marine animal, called a noctiluca. She told them, too, that although there are countless myriads of them in the seas, they are not all allowed to come to the surface; but that for each kind or gentle word that is spoken in the world, one of these little creatures is set free from the fathomless depths of the ocean, and it comes up to disport itself with its comrades, to beautify the tossing wave crests, and gladden the hearts of many a poor sailor by making light round his ship during the nights when all else is in darkness. They saw, too, Queen Vereeta's garden with beds of lovely sea anemones. There were green, and red, and pink, and white anemones, and many colours

besides; there were groves of large tangles, the palms of the sea, with fine broad leaves of a rich brown colour, and there were low-growing plants that nestled round the roots of the tall ones, just as the daisies and violets love to grow under the hedgerows on the land. In some clear pools were groups of delicate branching corallines, and on their branches grew little round buds as Kate called them. When she asked the fairy what kind of flowers came out of the buds, she was told that after a time they grew into medusæ, or jelly fish, and that when old enough they leave their parent corallines and swim about by themselves till they, in their turn, plant other rock gardens with baby corallines.

Then they came to great floating beds of bladder-weed, and Molly wanted to pop some of the bladders, but Queen Vereeta stopped her, and showed her that the weed was covered with numbers of the most exquisitely-delicate zoophites-very restless little creatures they arealways moving their cilia about. The fairy told Molly that the bladders grew on the weed to make it float, and that if she were to pop them all on any one plant it would sink to the bottom of the sea, and not only the plant, but all the pretty zoophites would die. All this time Dick had been growing impatient. He did not care for flowers or the lesser (though in another sense greater) beauties of Nature. He wanted to see big living things that (from his point of view) men cared for. The fairy, who knew his thoughts, took them nex to a great pool, which was full of fish of every kind and size you could think of if you went on thinking for a week. There were big fishes and little fishes, flat fishes and round fishes, long fishes and short fishes, and fishes with great mouths that looked as if they were in the middle of their bodies, and fishes with very small mouths indeed; and some were dark-coloured, while others glistened with silvery scales and all the colours of the rainbow.

(To be continued.)

### A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.



more a HE woodpecker, or an ancestor of hers, was once a woman, and one day she was kneading bread in the trough, under the caves of her house, when our Lord passed by, leaning on St. Peter. She did not

know it was our Lord and His Apostle, for they looked like two poor men who were travelling past her cottage door. "Give us of your dough for the love of God," said the Lord. "We have come far across the field, and have fasted long."

Gertrude pinched off a small piece for them, but on rolling it in the trough to get it into shape it grew and grew, and filled up the trough completely. "No," said she, "that is more than you want;" so she pinched off a smaller piece and rolled it out as before, but the smaller piece filled up the trough just as the other had done, and Gertrude put it aside too, and pinched a smaller bit still. But the miracle was just the samethe smaller bit filled up the trough as full as the largest-sized kneading that she had ever put into it.

Gertrude's heart was hardened still more; she put that aside too, resolving, as soon as the stranger left her, to divide all her dough into little bits, and to roll it out into great loaves. "I cannot give you any to-day," she said. "Go on your journey; the Lord prosper you, but you

must not stop at my house.

Then the Lord Christ was angry, and her eyes were opened; for she saw whom she had forbidden to come into the house, and she fell down on her knees. But the Lord said :- "I gave you plenty, but that hardened your heart, so plenty was not a blessing to you. I will try you now with the blessing of poverty. You shall from henceforth seek your food day by day, and always between the bark and the wood" (alluding to the custom of mixing the inner rind of the birch with their rve-meal in time of scarcity). "But forasmuch as I see your penitence is sincere, this shall not be for ever. As soon as your back is clothed entirely with mourning, this shall cease, for by that time you will have learnt to use your gifts rightly."

Gertrude flew from the presence of the Lord, for she was already a bird, but her feathers were even now blackened from her mourning, and from that time forward she and her descendants have, all the year round, sought their food between the wood and the bark; but the feathers of their back and wings get more mottled with black as they grow older, and when the white is quite covered the Lord takes them for his own again.

No Norwegian will ever hurt a Gertrude bird, for she is always under the Lord's protection, though He is punishing her for the time.

> Father, take not away The burden of the day, But help me that I bear it; As Christ His burden bore When cross and thorn He wore, And none with Him would share it.

### THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

THE Pen and the Sword a council held. O'er which old Time presided, And who should wear the evergreen crown Was by him to be decided.

"Come, tell me now," the monarch cried, "Come, tell me both your story, And he who has the most good done Him will I crown with glory."

"The laurels I bring," the Sword began, "Were won in a glorious cause: I have hurled from the throne the tyrant king Who invaded his people's laws. I have proved my might in many a fight, Both on the land and sea, And I will swear, the Pen won't dare To say that he'll outlive me."

The Pen replied in a modest tone-"See the good that I have done: I have taught mankind that right is might, From the king to the peasant's son. I have saved a glorious nation's blood Being spilled in a useless strife, And my trophies are peace and plenty. Which I bring from the field of life."

Old Time the impartial balance held. And their separate virtues weighed. But soon to the modest Pen decreed A crown that should never fade. "Go, Sword! on thy fading laurels feast, For brief is the span I afford, And know that the Pen, the glorious Pen, Shall for ages outlive the Sword."

JAMES SIMMONDS.

### EASTERN PICTURES.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Next comes a figure "taller than any others of the people by the shoulders and upwards"-a man muffled and disguised, with two followers at his heels, stealing over the plain in the night to the dwelling of the seeress of Endor. And through the darkness appeared the sheeted ghost-the "old man with a mantle," whom Saul dared not look upon, even while pouring out his complaints, and questioning Samuel of his doom. His restless spirit, "sore distressed." as he declared, was soothed by no deception or equivocal words: "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me," was the warning of the spirit. And next day, no further off than these heights of Gilboa, Saul was "sore wounded of the archers"; and when his armour-bearer would not despatch him before the foe came up, he fell

upon his own sword. Here, among these green slopes, "Saul died, and his three sons, and his armour-bearer, and all his men that same day together." And his armour was hung up in the temple of Astarte, in the nearest town upon the plain. "How were the mighty fallen, and the

weapons of war perished!"

Long after, a stern prophet might be often seen going to and fro in various directions over this plain. "What manner of man was he?" asked King Ahaziah. "And they answered him, He was a hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins. And he said, It is Elijah the Tishbite." Yes, Elijah often passed over this Esdraëlon; sometimes to Damascus, sometimes to Mount Carmel, and along the course of the Kishon; and once he came upon the news that the king and queen, Ahab and Jezebel, had enlarged the grounds of their new palace at Jezreel, here at hand, by taking possession of a vineyard which they had coveted and procured at length by false accusation and murder. We cannot tell which of the fields now spreading about the village, once called Jezreel, was Naboth's vineyard; but in surveying the scene, the eye cannot miss it, though it cannot identify it.

Here, soon after, came another general driving in his chariot over the plain. He was a great man, fortunate in everything but health; but what was all his prosperity to him while he was a leper? How earnest was his desire for relief is shown by his taking the word of "a little maid" of his wife's, a Hebrew girl, and coming all the way from Damascus to Samaria, in hope of cure. And when he had found his cure in Jordan, and had returned to Samaria to give thanks to Elisha, he was passing home to Damascus again over this plain, when Gehazi overtook him, and obtained a gift by fraud. It might have been somewhere within sight that the Syrian general "lighted down out of his chariot" to meet the prophet's servant.

If Gehazi did here a mean and fraudulent act, his master soon committed a deed of recklessness and vindictive cruelty for which no reprobation can be too strong. He sent by this way a young prophet in search of Jehu, with a message, as from Jehovah, the object of which was to avenge the wrongs of the prophets on the posterity of Ahab, the patron of the priests of Baal. Hither came the young prophet, with his loins girded, and the box of oil in his hand, with which he was to anoint Jehu for his savage office. And hither soon came Jehu, breathing vengeance and slaughter, and murdered the young king, who came out to meet him, and

then the royal mother at her own palace, and then above a hundred of the royal race, and, finally, the whole multitude of the priests and worshippers of Baal. They are like an army of ghostly victims haunting the plain. Here, in a later time, did the Egyptians destroy one whose life was of inestimable importance, and whose death remains a mystery. The Egyptian monarch, Necho, had no enmity against Josiah; and he told him so. Necho was coming up against Damascus, and had no desire to make enemies along his road; but Josiah, for some unknown reason, attacked him on his way, possibly from fear of the Egyptian power, if it should be established to the N.E. as well as the S.W. of his dominions. Here he came out against the Egyptians upon this plain, after witnessing the completion of the great work of elaborating and propounding the law, and reestablishing the Passover; and here "the archers shot at King Josiah; and the king said to his servants, Have me away; for I am sore wounded." And they took him to Jerusalem, where he died. And at last, after the march of more armies on errands of destruction, how sweet is the calm which settles down upon this wide field of history, when the messengers of peace come hither, charged with words of wisdom and offices of mercy! When Jesus was on His way homewards from Jerusalem, "He must needs pass through Samaria," and of course over this plain. And we know that when He journeyed southwards from the lake, accompanied by those who had left their nets to follow Him, He took His way by Nain. How one sees them in the fresh morning, coming onwards over the green tracts, and delayed by the heat of noon by those who issued forth from the villages to accost and petition the Teacher! What a multitude on the slopes of Tabor! And further on, we think of the disciples of John coming to know who in truth He was, and whether they were yet to look for another. One man afterwards travelled this road to Damascus, full of hatred and murderous thoughts against these children of the hingdom of peace; but he was soon disabused, and Paul returned an altered man, ready to pour out his own blood, but no more to shed that of others. When the traveller contemplates this succession of events on their march through this scene, from the restless spirits of the dark early times to the blessed ministers of a later age, he sees "the day-spring from on high" touching those Galilean hills, and brightening the plain, and trusts that dark as are the clouds that yet overshadow that light, it shall "increase more and more unto the perfect day."

### LIZZIE AND THE BLACKBIRD.

BY ARTHUR H. GILBERT.



ITTLE Lizzie had been invited by some schoolfellows to accompany them on a trip up the river, in a boat. When the time came, however, her mother, being fear-

ful of accidents, would not allow her to go. Lizzie was very much disappointed, and disposed to consider herself hardly used. She wandered into the beautiful fields, all aglow with golden buttercups and fragrant clover, and was very disconsolate as she thought of her friends, now upon the river, and, doubtless, enjoying it very much. Engaged in these reflections, she soon came to a place where the trees grew thickly, and, tempted by their pleasant shade, she seated herself at the roots of one of the largest. Here all was wonderfully peaceful. Nothing broke the stillness save the drony hum of the bees as they flew from flower to flower, or the singing of the birds in the leafy shades above.

She had not been seated here very long before she was surprised by seeing a blackbird descend, and perch himself on a neighbouring twig. And then he stared at her with his sparkling, beadlike eyes in the most knowing manner.

"What a funny bird," thought Lizzie, "to sit there and stare at me so. I'll make him fly away. Boh!" And here she made a pretence of catching him.

"All right," said the blackbird, in no wise disconcerted, "I'm not afraid. You couldn't catch me if you tried your hardest."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lizzie, "you can speak, then?"

"Well," quoth the blackbird, "why shouldn't I?"

As his feathers appeared to be ruffled by the remark, Lizzie hastened to mollify him.

"Oh, there's no reason why you shouldn't, of course. But I've never heard of a bird speaking —except in tales."

"What tails?" inquired the blackbird, sharply. "Why don't you explain yourself! Birds' tails,

horses' tails, or what?"

"No, no, no!" said Lizzie, frightened by the

blackbird's vehemence. "Fairy tales."

"I didn't know fairies had tails." remarked the blackbird, thoughtfully, scratching his head with his foot in a puzzled manner. "Are they short or long tails?"

"I've got one at home in five chapters," said Lizzie, "and it's a very nice one. There's a little

boy in it who-"

"I'm sure you don't know what you're talking about," interrupted the blackbird, decisively. "Nobody has his tail in five chapters. People have their tails in their backs. And I should just like to see the little boy who could get into

"What an aggravating old bird," thought Lizzie; "and so stupid! 'T-a-l-e-s,' not 't-a-i-l-s!" she cried, spelling the words.

"Stories, you know."

"Why didn't you say so before, then? You're wasting my precious time." And he snapped his

beak angrily.

"I-I didn't think of it, or I would," said Lizzie, feeling inclined to cry. Then, with a view of propitiating him, she said, "Would you like a piece of cake, sir? I've got some in my pocket, with lots of plums in it.

"Cake!" said the blackbird, in a tart manner, and stretching his neck to see into Lizzie's lap: "what sort of cake?" adding suspiciously, "It's

not anything like pie, is it?

"Nothing at all like pie," rejoined Lizzie. "Ah, I'm glad to hear that," sighed the blackbird, who appeared intensely relieved by this assurance. "I'm glad to hear it's nothing like pie. If it had been, I should have turned crusty-pie-crusty, you know."

"I hope not," said Lizzie.
"Ah, but I should, though," retorted the blackbird. "Well, as you're so pressing," he went on, "I don't mind if I do take a small piece of cake. You said plummy, didn't you?" "Yes. There's a nice piece, full of them."

To Lizzie's surprise, instead of picking the cake, like an ordinary bird, he took it in one claw and conveyed it to his beak; and between each bite he looked at it with a critical air, and twisted his little head on one side in the funniest style imaginable.

"So-so you don't like pies?" Lizzie ventured

presently.

"No, I don't. This cake isn't bad, though. I'll have another piece. Break it off in a plummy part, please,"

Lizzie did as the blackbird desired her : and

then, pursuing the subject, said:

"Why don't you like pies, sir? I like them." "Well, to tell you the truth," answered the blackbird, in a frank manner, and brushing the crumbs from his breast, "pies are my antipathy. Do you know what that is?"

"It means dislike, I think, sir," said Lizzie.

"Quite right. You can go up one," said the blackbird, just as if he were a schoolmaster. "But as I was about to observe, when you interrupted me, I nearly met my death from a pie once."

"Was it made too heavy?"

"No, no. You must understand that instead of the pie getting inside me, I got inside the pie-or should have done if I had not escaped." "O-h! that was it, was it?" cried Lizzie.

"Yes; but come a little nearer. If I keep on talking so loud, I shall get the thrush, and then

I shall not be able to swallow,"

"I hope not," said Lizzie, sympathetically, "for that would be very painful."

"It would drive me raven mad," said the blackbird, solemnly, "that's what it would do." "But about the pie," suggested Lizzie, seeing

that the blackbird showed a disposition to wander from the subject. "Tell me about it."

"True," said the blackbird, with a start; "I had almost forgotten. The pie, of course! Well, I and a few of my friends were one day digging for worms in the king's garden, when the head cook approached silently, and threw a large net over us. He then took us into the kitchen to put us into a pie, the king being very fond of blackbird-pie. However, as he was taking us out of the net, I managed to fly through the open window. All the rest were killed. Excuse a tear. I was terribly cut up at the time; so were they."

"Never mind," said Lizzie, soothingly. "Let's hope they didn't feel it much. But, do you know, I fancy I've heard of this before. Were there not four-and-twenty blackbirds?"

"Ah!" rejoined the blackbird, "I believe it did get into the papers at the time. It would, you know. But if they gave the number of victims as four-and-twenty, it was quite a mistake. Three-and-twenty was the number. One escaped—that was I. All the rest were killed."

"But my book says," objected Lizzie, "that when the pie was opened, the birds began to sing. They couldn't have done that, you know, if they had been killed!"

"You have been misinformed," said the blackbird, coldly. "They did nothing of the sort. Why," he cried, breaking off suddenly, "I suppose you'll tell me next that the king at the time was in the counting-house, counting out his money!"

"I have always read that he was," said Lizzie.

"Wasn't he?"

"No, he wasn't. He was digging for onions

at the bed of the river."

Lizzie thought the bed of the river a rather strange place to dig for onions; but the blackbird seemed so sensitive, that for fear of hurting his feelings, she said nothing but "Oh!"

"Did they mention in that book of yours what the queen was doing at the time?" inquired the blackbird, after a long pause.

"Yes, that she was in the parlour eating

bread and honey."

"Wrong again," cried the blackbird, giving a triumphant little hop; "wrong again."

"What was she doing, then ?"

"Making moonbeam jam."

"Whatever kind of jam is that?" cried Lizzie, in surprise.

"Jam made from moonbeams, of course! Any one knows that. Don't be so stupid!"

"You ought not to speak to me like that," began Lizzie, indignantly. "I shall go home and ——"

"I've told you before not to interrupt," said the blackbird. "It's very rude. Now, answer my question. Was anything said about a maid —in a garden, you know?"

"Yes," answered Lizzie, not at all reconciled to the blackbird's rudeness; "my book says that she was in the garden, hanging out the clothes, when down came a blackbird and snapped off her nose."

"Right, for a wonder," cried the blackbird. And then he added, triumphantly, "I was that bird!"

"Indeed! then," cried Lizzie, "I think it was very cruel of you! What became of the poor maid after she lost her nose?"

"No one knows," said the blackbird. "Some say she bought a wooden nose. But, for certain,

no one knows."

As he said this, to Lizzie's astonishment, the blackbird began to grow larger and larger, until she could see nothing but a waving mass of feathers. And all the while these words rang in her ears—knows, nose, knows, nose, knows, nose—until she was almost deafened. At last the wings grew so large that they quite shut out the daylight, and advanced towards her until she shrank down for very fright at the root of the

tree. She tried to keep them off with her outstretched hands; but they still descended, and closed round and over her. In her fear she started suddenly to her feet, and the mass of feathers, as she did so, disappeared. Lizzie looked about in a bewildered manner, and rubbed her eyes, but could not understand it. Nothing was to be seen but the trees and flowers. She thought that she must have been talking to the blackbird for a very long time, for the sun was now glowing redly in the west, and she knew that she ought to have been home long ago. This thought troubled her; so, picking up her hat, which had fallen off, she prepared to turn her back on the trees and the flowers.

"At any rate," said Lizzie, "if it was a dream, I liked it very much—except the last part. But I don't believe a word that old blackbird said. Not a word! My book gives the true account, I'm sure. Just fancy, moonbeam jam! What

absurd nonsense!"

### MY CHILDREN.



H, here are my children," cried little Ada, as she looked through a microscope at a drop of water which her papa had taken out of an aquarium. It was pleasing to

hear her delight at seeing the troops of little shining creatures that danced so merrily under her eye. Flitting hither and thither, they seemed just like children with their skipping-ropes and balls and hoops on a gala day in the summer-Some of them were shaped like tiny globes, and these would spin rapidly round in one direction, then stop to start off at as quick a rate in the other direction, and then suddenly, quicker than sight itself, remove to a far-off locality in the same tiny drop of water, and begin spinning again. Others were longer than broad, with their ends rounded off, and surrounded by fine cilia (fine hairs), much finer than your evelashes, which vibrated at such an enormous speed that they could not be discerned when in motion. These moved about in the water by jerks, and did not mind whether they went backward or forward. Indeed, there was no such things as backward or forward with them, as they had no head, or tail, or back, or front, or legs, or arms at all. Not one of them could be seen by the unassisted eye, they were too minute; and the drop of liquid, which contained great numbers of them, seemed clear as crystal. They never seemed to tire of dancing about, nor Ada of watching their cheerful move-

ments. But her papa said he had something else to show her. Then he put on another glass slip a tiny piece of a water-plant, which he had gathered one day from a pond and placed in the aquarium. Upon the small piece of the plant he let fall just one drop of water, and then put over it a thin glass cover. This was laid upon the stage of the microscope, and Ada looked for what was to be seen, "I see," she exclaimed, "some little balls moving about upon curled threads. Now they are stretching their threads, and some of them are quite straight. Oh, there! they all sprung back together on their threads as if they were elastic; and now they are stretching out again."

"But do you see nothing particular about what you called the balls themselves?" asked

her papa.

"Yes; they are surrounded at the top by cilia, like the other things which had no stalks; and little particles in the water rush past them

as if they were in a whirlpool."

She was quite right, for these animalculæ can make very wonderful whirlpools round themselves in the water, and it is in that way that they obtain some of their food. If you have never seen them, you should ask some friend who has a microscope to show them to you; you will then think you never saw anything more beautiful in all your life. They are known as the Bell Flower Animalcule, and they are so tiny that many would pass together through the eye of a small In nature, not big things alone are beautiful. Many of the timest things, so small as to be quite invisible to the unaided eye, are amongst the most beautiful.

### WHAT CAN I DO?

What! if the little rain should say, "So small a thing as I Can ne'er refresh the thirsty field-I'll tarry in the sky."

What! if the shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its single light alone Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form The cool refreshing shower? And every ray of light to warm And beautify the flower? -Band of Hope Review.

God writes straight on crooked lines .- Spanish Proverb.



### ABRAHAM LINCOLN. CHAPTER I.

Nolin Creek, in Hardin County, Kentucky, stood, nearly eighty years ago, a miserable little shanty, with no floor, no door, no window -a place that most English boys and girls would think about fit for a stable or a pigstye. But if you had gone inside you would have found a

little girl, and a still smaller boy, playing about very happily, and perfectly unconscious that their home could have been any better. And it was at least as good as that of most of

their neighbours.

About thirty years before, their grandfather, having heard wonderful stories of the fertility of the soil in Kentucky, moved there with his family, and four years later was killed by the Indians. leaving his sons to shift for themselves. Thomas, Abraham's father, was the youngest, and he went about from place to place, getting work wherever he could. When about twenty-six years of age, he went to live with a carpenter named Joseph Hanks, and learnt the trade. He then married Nancy Hanks, niece of his employer, and went to live first at Elizabeth Town, and then at Nolin Creek, in the little shanty before mentioned; and here their three children, Sarah, Abraham, and Thomas, were born.

When Abraham was four years old, his father moved to a better place, called "Knob Creek."

"Riney is going to keep school," said Mr. Lincoln one day to his wife, "and wants Sarah and Abe"-Thomas had died when a baby-"to go there,"

"I hope so, certainly," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "though he can't teach much," which was quite true. The master knew very little, but it was better than nothing; so the children went, and at least Abraham began to learn a little. But the school was not a success, and only lasted a few weeks; and then they looked out for another, and this was not easy to find, because, you know, they did not have plenty of board schools, and high schools, and private schools, as we have in London, but just here and there, many miles apart, some man who knew a trifle more than the rest, and who wanted to earn a little money, would turn schoolmaster.

Well, the nearest, or, at any rate, the best, was four miles off, and to this Sarah and Abraham and many of their companions walked every day, taking their dinner, generally of corn-bread,

with them.

The school was held in a log hitt, and the master knew little more than how to read and write, but this little he taught very well, and Abraham, being a quick and intelligent pupil, soon learnt all he could teach him, and when at home, continually studied the only three books his father possessed—the Bible, the Catechism, and Dillworth's Spelling-book. This was probably the reason why, in after life, Abraham Lincoln was so well acquainted with the Bible, quotations from which constantly appeared in his

speeches. In 1816, Thomas Lincoln sold his farm at Knob Creek for twenty dollars (about £4) and ten barrels of whiskey. That sounds rather a strange bargain, doesn't it? But, you see, in that out-of-the-way place it did not do to be too particular; it was necessary to take what you could get, or perhaps wait a long time for another offer. This man who wanted to buy Thomas Lincoln's farm had very little money, but he had bought a large quantity of whiskey, and now wanted to sell it, and as Thomas Lincoln was going to Indiana, which was just then a favourite settlement, he thought he would stand a good chance of getting rid of it; and he did get rid of it, as we shall see, but not in the way he expected.

So the bargain was completed, and in a short time the Lincolns were ready to start for their new home. First they had to build a flat boat, on which to take the whiskey and the rest of the heavy goods, and then Thomas Lincoln started

off, leaving his family behind,

On his way out, he met with what might have been avery serious accident. Somehow his boatgot titled, the whiskey rolled off, upsetting the boat and throwing Lincoln into the river; but he clung to it till some men at work on the bank came to his aid.

They succeeded in saving three of the barrels of whiskey and some of his other goods, and he proceeded on his way to Thompson's ferry, where he landed, sold his boat, and hired a man and a yoke of oxen to carry his goods through to Indiana. Part of the way was through a thick forest, and they had to cut a path as they went along. Having safely left his things with a man named Wood, he returned to Kentucky, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, which he accomplished on foot in three days. In a day or two all was ready; two horses were procursed to carry Mrs. Lincoln Sarah, and the furniture which Mr. Lincoln had not taken previously, and after a journey of seven days, they arrived safely at Indiana.

Abraham, who was now eight years old, at once began to learn to use his axe in earnest, for it was continually wanted. Trees had to be cut down and chopped up before they even had a house to live in, and so well did he develope in muscular strength, that he soon came to be known as one of the best wood-choppers in the neighbourhood, and years after he had many opportunities of exhibiting his great strength.

He had to help his father to build the house. They first made a small temporary one, closed in on three sides only, just for a shelter while they were building a better, and when this latter was finished it was quite a grand residence. It had two rooms. Certainly one was only a loft, and to reach it you had to climb up by some pegs of wood driven into the wall to form steps; still, when you did get safely up and through the small opening, it was not such a bad place, and it was Abraham's bedroom for many years.

The downstairs room, which was sitting-room, kitchen, and bedroom for Mr. and Mrs. Lincom, and Sarah, was eighteen feet long and sixteen feet wide. It was made of logs of wood, notched so as to fit into each other, and the cracks filled with clay. The roof and floor were made of slabs, as they called the flat pieces of wood, and it had a real door and window, and the latter made with the skin that covers the fat part of a hog.

The house finished, they had to make the furniture, and the first thing was the bedstead. And how do you think they did that? Why, first Thomas Lincoln went to one corner of the room and measured so many feet from one wall and so many from the other, and made a hole in each wall. In the meantime, Abraham fetched three thick pieces of wood. His father put the end of one in each hole, and then, setting the third upright at the corner, fixed the two first into it. Then they placed some thinner flat pieces across to lay the straw on that served as a bed, and the bedstead was finished.

Then they made a table and some stools, and

many other things, all very rough, but very useful; but still Mr. Lincoln was not satisfied. He wanted a mill, and meant to have it. They lived chiefly on meal, and to get their corn ground into meal they had to go a long way; so Mr. Lincoln thought he would have one of his own. No sooner thought than begun.

"Now then, Abe," he said, "here's a log; you

must make a fire and burn it."

"What! burn it up?" cried the boy.
"No, it would not be of much use then," replied his father, laughing, at the same time turning the log up on end and making a fire on the top. He took care to keep the outside wet, so that it should not burn, and soon there was a large hole in the middle, and, having made a large stick or pestle while this was going on, he cleaned out the hole, and his mill was ready.

During the twelve years they lived here Abraham made very rapid improvement with his education, though for some time the three books before mentioned were all he had to read. In the winter he would lie on the floor and read by the light of the fire—they had no candles—and would practise writing with a charred stick on the bark of a tree, or in the snow or sand.

Two years after they arrived at Indiana a disease called the "milk disease" broke out, and Mrs. Lincoln was one of the first to take it, and

died in a few days.

About eighteen months later, Mr. Lincoln, feeling that things were all going wrong for want of a wife, married again, and this proved to be a great blessing to Abraham, for a warm affection grew up between him and his stepmother that lasted till his death.

The second Mrs. Lincoln, who was a well-educated woman, decidedly above the average of her class, at once saw that Abraham was unusually bright and intelligent, and used her best endeavours to help him on.

She was a widow, with one son and two daughters, and the two families soon became one, and no discord ever arose to disturb the affection

between them.

About three years after their arrival a school was opened in the neighbourhood, which all the children attended for some months, and here Abraham made great progress. A strong attachment sprang up between him and his master, and the latter one day said to Mr. Lincoln: "Abe will rise above such a life as this. His ability and perseverance will overcome obstacles, and he will make his mark"—a prophecy well fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

### PUSSY.



ID you ever think why we call the cat puss? A great many years ago, the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more

active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only a little bright crescent or half-moon as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or pus, and has come at last to be puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?—Harper's Young People.

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on. Heine.

THE robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with its jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday.

LONGFELLOW.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

CONUNDRUMS.—See-saw; one rises and the other falls.

ENIGMA,-Once.

### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

SAMARIA, I.

How far did the kingdom of Sameria extend?
Who built the first city?—and the second?
By whom was it twice besieged before the
Assyrian conquest?

Which king erected a temple here?

How was another city of Samaria associated with one of the patriarchs?

# YOUNG DAYS.



ON GUARD (See page 70).



### A DAY IN JUNE.

BY J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it reaches and towers; And grasping blindly above it for light Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice, And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace; The little bird sits at his door in the sun, Atilt like a blossom among the leaves, And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest; In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?

# THE QUEEN OF THE CAVES. A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. W. D. BAIKIE. CHAPTER III.

"Here's a jolly fish-pond," cried Dick, in great excitement. "Oh! if I had a hand-line, or even a landing-net. I am sure I could scoop some of them out of the water with the net—only papa would say that is not sport. I should like to have some of them, though—they are such queer-looking beggars."

"Have patience, Dick, and come this way. You must see the aviary of Electric Land." This was a vast pile of rocks rising out of the sea like a temple, with pinnacles and spires. Dick would have called it a skerry, if it had been grey or brown: but it was not, for the rocks shone like silver and mother-of-pearl, and they were covered with thousands of sea-birds. Some were sitting quietly on their nests, others flitting about visiting their neighbours; some were busy feeding their downy chicks, many more were enjoying a bath in the sea, or preening and pluming themselves after a dip; whilst others, with their heads tucked under their wings, sat peacefully on the bosom of Mother Ocean, and she rocked them and crooned her never-ending song while they enjoyed a siesta. Katie wondered how they could sleep, for the air was full of the shrill voices of the waking members of the community. as they called to each other and chattered and gossiped, or indulged in short outbursts of deeptoned mimic-laughter. There were black-backed gulls, and grey gulls, and white gulls; cormorants and guillemots; eider ducks, and wild ducks of many kinds, and shelldrakes; brent geese and gannets, terns and sandpipers, and curlews, and many more, of which Dick did not know the As the boat went slowly round the aviary they came to a ledge of rock that jutted far out into the sea. On the very point of this, and easily within reach, a guillemot had laid two eggs—pretty, tapering, green eggs, beautifully marked with spots and splashes of black. Now these eggs were just what Dick had been wishing for to complete his collection of wild-birds' eggs, and as the boat came close up to the rock he stretched out his hand and grasped one. Suddenly the air grew dark as the feathered denizens of the rocks rose in a dense cloud, filling the air with their discordant screams. They crowded round the boat, beating their wings, and uttering shrill cries as they made vicious darts at the eyes of the terrified children. Molly and Kate lay down flat in the bottom of the boat and hid their faces, but Dick kept his place manfully and defended himself with an oar till he saw the birds retire a little and wait, hovering, as if they expected something. Looking up, Dick saw for the first time a golden eagle, the king of birds, sitting on the topmost pinnacle of the rocks. He looked very angry indeed. His eyes were blazing like balls of orange-coloured fire, and his great wings spread open ready for flight, and there was a vicious look in his curved beak which Dick did not like. While he gazed, as if fascinated, at the magnificent bird, the flock over his head again raised their voices and screamed

till the air vibrated with their clamour. Dick thought they cried, "Come on! come on! Ha! ha! ha!" and that they were calling to their king to punish him for stealing the egg; and the hoarse "Ha, ha, ha!" was to express their glee at what he was going to suffer. Then the golden eagle flapped his wings, drew his feet up tightly, and swooped down towards the boat. This was more than poor Dick could bear, so he threw himself down in the boat and shut his eyes, expecting every moment to feel the eagle's beak and talons buried in his flesh. But no! There was a great crash, like a peal of thunder, which shook the rocks, reverberating among them and breaking out again and again as the echoes caught it and carried it away and away. The sea boiled and seethed, and lashed and shook the boat as if it had been a nutshell; then it gradually grew calm, and at last all was still.

### CHAPTER IV.

KATE'S voice broke the silence. "Oh! Dick. Dick! Molly! get up, do! All the light is gone, and the fairies, too; and we are in the horrid dark cave again. What shall we do?"

Molly and Dick sat up. They stared and rubbed their eyes, but rub as they might they could see nothing-not even each other. At last Dick spoke, but his voice was subdued though his words were encouraging: "This won't do, girls; we must get home. Give me the oars, Molly."

"Where are they? I have lost them," cried

Molly; "we must grope for them."

Carefully they felt in every part of the boat, but no oars could they find, and they were forced to acknowledge that they were lost. This was a terrible calamity, for now they could never get home, and the tears flowed silently down Kate's cheeks, as she thought that she would never see her dear mamma nor her darling baby brother again. Just then she heard a sound as if a big bubble had broken in the sea behind her. Molly and Dick heard it too. They all looked round, and lo! there was Queen Vereeta again.

There was no gay throng around her now, and her halo of brightness was gone. Only her eyes shone with a depth of truth and love that lighted the spot where she stood on the head of a seal, which had just emerged from the water. She looked reproachfully at Dick, and then reassuringly at the little girls, as she said, "Children, I have saved you from a great danger, but it has cost me much. In protecting you from the King of Birds, one of whose subjects you, Dick, had injured, I violated a solemn agreement of

peace and friendship. I have power to send you home safely, but I and my people are banished from our lovely country to caves deep, deep down in the sea, where there are no rock gardens and where we are only allowed one tiny, tiny lamp. See, here are your oars," and she pointed to where they lay, close beside Dick, who seized them eagerly. "Now I must bid you farewell. I shall send my pigeons to guide you out of this cave. Once more, Farewell!"

"Stop! oh! pray stay a moment," cried Kate, in a tone of such earnest beseeching that Queen Vereeta stopped the seal, who was just going to dive under the sea with her, and said, "Well, my little Kate, what can I do for you?"

"Oh! I am so sorry, so very, very sorry for you, dear Queen Fairy," cried Kate, sobbing; "I wish, I wish I could help you, and bring back all your lovely ladies, and gardens, and beautiful shining country. Tell us if we can help you. I would do anything to make you look bright and happy as you were before, and I am sure Dick and Molly would too. Dear Queen, I know Dick is sorry he took the egg. See how sad he looks. Do, do let us try to help you."

Then Queen Vereeta smiled again as she said: "Thank you, kind little Kate. You can all help me if you really wish to. Listen, and I will tell you how. Never say angry words, and always speak and act the truth. From gentleness and truth spring the only real light that the Almighty King bestows upon His people, and the more that light is spread in the world by little girls and boys who try to do right and make others happy, the sooner we fairies will be brought back to our lovely home, and the nearer we and you will be brought together. Remember, and Farewell!"

Then the seal slowly drew his head down under the sea. A gleam of light flashed downwards through the water, the circling eddies sparkled—and subsided, and the Fairy Queen

was gone.

A whirring noise overhead once more roused the children to a consciousness of their need to exert themselves, and Dick grasped the oars as the pigeons appeared. They kept close in front of the boat, and did not fly very high up this time, and the boat followed slowly in the track of light they made. The children sat in silence, and it seemed to them as if they had been following their feathered guides for hours through dark, chilly passages where nothing broke the stillness save the splash of the oars and the swish of the water against the rocks. At last it seemed as if they had come to the end of their journey without being set free-for they had got into a narrow passage, where frowning rocks shut them in on each side and in front.

"We are done for, now," ejaculated Dick.

"No, no!" cried Molly; "the pigeons are still before us, and we must follow them. See, there they are," and she pointed to the rock that loomed so formidably right ahead. Then Dick saw that the birds had alighted on the face of the cliff, and that they were becking and bowing in the most benignly encouraging manner.

"Let us row right up to them, Dick," cried Kate; "they look as if they were inviting us to come on, and you know the Fairy Queen said they would show us the way out safely. Do

let us trust her and go on."

"Running a boat's head up against a rock is a queer way to get out of a difficulty, but I see no better plan; so here goes," cried Dick, and with a strong pull at both oars, he shot the boat

straight against the rocky wall.

Crash! bang! and a voice they knew calling out: "Here they are; here they are! All safe!" and then more firing of guns and shouts from far and near, and the children, dazed, bewildered, and sobbing, found themselves in their father's arms, clinging to him as he lifted them into his boat; and they could only understand that they were safe at last, that they were under a clear, starry sky, and that other boats, filled with men with rough, but kind, faces, crowded round them. Some of these men Dick recognised as fishermen from the station near his home. Danny Burges and Uncle George were there, too; and Uncle George said: "Dick, my boy, you must never go into the caves again unless with somebody who knows them. We have been searching for you for hours, and had it not been that we saw some pigeons fly out at this opening as if startled from within, we might not have found you yet."

That night the children were not allowed to talk, for it was so late and they were so tired when they got home. Mamma and Nursey put them in their warm cosy beds, and gave them some hot milk and bread, and they were very soon sound asleep.

In the morning Kate told her mamma all about their adventures, as I have written them down for my little readers. Her mamma said it was very wonderful indeed, and told her always to remember what Queen Vereeta had said, so that she might try and help the kind fairy to get back to her dear electric land; and little Kate did try, and is trying still, and I hope all

I am afraid Molly and Dick had not such good

my little readers will try, too.

memories as Kate, for when mamma spoke to them about Queen Vereeta, they only laughed, and said they had no time to look about for fairies, for they were so busy managing the boat and trying to find their way out. They said, too, they thought that Kate must have dreamt it all, for she was sound asleep most of the time, and she did not wake till papa lifted her into his boat, although they had heard two shots and much shouting as the search party entered the Kate felt inclined to be angry when they said she had dreamt it, but she remembered her promise to the fairy, and only answered gently, "I don't think I dreamt it. And then, you know, Dick and Molly, and mamma, there are the pigeons. Uncle George said they came out of the cave at the place where our boat was; so that proves that it was true."

"Yes, Kitty, but Uncle George did not say, they made light as they flew," said Dick,

"Oh! but," replied Kate, sagely, "they had

to be guided any more."

Then mamma and papa laughed, and Kate laughed too, though she did not know why; but Dick whispered to papa, "I wish it had been really true, for then I should have had the guillemot's egg."

"At the expense of being the Dick of Kate's

dream, my boy?" asked papa.
"I did not think of that," replied Dick, gravely, and then laughing, he added, "Miss Kitty has a good memory for a fellow's faults; I never play truant now, papa; and as for the turkey chicks, Nursey must have told her that story, for it is so long ago I had forgotten it. I wish it had all been a dream except the egg, then. Is that a better wish?"

"Ask Kate to ask Queen Vereeta," said papa, as he went off, laughing; "I give it up, my boy."

Dick gave it up too, for wishing is only useful in fairyland, and Dick knew very well that he must look for a guillemot egg or anything else he wanted in a place where he would be likely to find it. People must help themselves and each other in this work-a-day world, and then perhaps the kind fairies will make their dreams beautiful for them; but even then the dreams will not be more beautiful and wonderful than many of the lovely things God has created in this world of ours, and any little girl or boy may see most of the wonders of electric land if they go to the seaside and visit intelligently the haunts of the sea-birds, and the pools and caves where the marine animals live, and the sea-flowers grow.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER II.

ABRAHAM had never been a good-looking boy, but his appearance at this time, as described by a friend, must have been very comical. He was only fifteen, and was nearly six feet high, and his friend says: "He was long, wiry, strong, while his big feet and hands, and the length of his legs and arms were out of all proportion to his small trunk and head. His complexion was swarthy, and his skin shrivelled and yellow. He wore low shoes, buckskin breeches, linsey-wolsey shirt, and a cap made of the skin of an opossum or coon. The breeches clung close to his thighs and legs, but failed by a large space to reach the top of his shoes. Twelve inches remained uncovered, and exposed that much of shin-bone, sharp, blue, and narrow." But though awkward and ungainly to look at, he was always polite and gentlemanly in his behaviour, for, we are told, "he always raised his hat on meeting strangers, and removed it on entering a room."

Of course, there was no church in this out-ofthe-way place, and the people got very little religious instruction; but every now and then some travelling preacher would come and stay a little while, and then every one, from the eldest to the youngest, would turn out to attend. Some of these preachers, though men of little learning and culture, were earnest, good men, and preached sermons that went straight to the hearts of their hearers, and were listened to with great attention, and often gave food for much discussion

afterwards.

As soon as Abraham was old enough, he would join in these discussions and express his opinions very freely, and, having a wonderful memory and a great power of imitation, he would often repeat parts of the sermons, giving at the same time the peculiarities of speech and gesture of the preachers. All who were near would stop and listen to him, and much fun was got out of these orations of Abraham's, till his father, thinking he was carrying the thing beyond the bounds of decency and fairness, put a stop to them.

His school-days being now over, Abraham entered the service of a Mr. Gentry, and had to take some goods for him by a flat boat to New Orleans. Mr. Gentry's son, Allen, went with him, and the two boys started in high glee. They enjoyed their trip very much. At night they drew the boat up by the bank of the river, covered themselves up in a blanket, and slept

soundly.

One night they were awoke by hearing foot-

steps on board.

"A gang of niggers come to rob us," whispered Abraham, softly.

"Bring the guns and shoot them, Abe," called out Allen, thinking to frighten them away.

But they did not go, and the boys saw they would have to fight, so they sprang up and rushed on the negroes, and a terrible scuffle ensued.

At first it was doubtful who would win, but at last Abraham threw one into the river, and the rest jumped on shore. The boys pursued them for some time, making such a noise, shouting and yelling, that the negroes thought there was a large party, and flew for their lives.

The boys returned to the boat, and pushed off at once, before the others could return. Arriving at New Orleans, they disposed of their cargo to

great advantage, and returned home.

Some years later, Abraham made many trips to New Orleans for a man named Offutt, and it was during these journeys that the horrors of slavery first seriously occurred to him. A friend who often accompanied him says: "We saw negroes chained, maltreated, whipped, and scourged. Lincoln saw it, and his heart bled. It made him sad; he looked bad; he felt bad: was thoughtful and abstracted; it ran its iron into his soul. He has said so often and often."

During the next few years Lincoln became respectively storekeeper, soldier, postmaster, surveyor, and, lastly, settled down into a lawyer. For some years he had been fond of studying the laws of his native land, and many of his friends tried to persuade him to take it up as a profession; but he had laughed at the idea, saying that a man with no position and no influence could not get on as a lawyer. But when, in 1835, he received the high honour of being made a member of the Legislature, or local parliament, at Illinois, he became acquainted with an eminent lawyer, named Stewart, who, seeing Abraham's ability, persuaded him to try.

He then began at once to study hard, with the help of a friend, and two years later on was admitted to the bar, and eventually became one of

the greatest lawyers of the day.

Through all these changes Lincoln, whatever he did, tried to do his very best, while his remarkable sense of honour and honesty won for him the name that stuck to him till death— "Honest Abe."

When at the stores, he one day found when a customer had gone she had given him six cents too much, so, as soon as he closed, he walked a distance of three miles to carry it back to her. As postmaster, the people used to say "he carried the post-office in his hat," because, if he had

to go out, he would take the letters with him rather than leave them at the chance of whoever might come in, and he would often go and deliver them. As a lawyer, he would rather lose a fee, however large, than defend what he knew to be wrong, or than take it from one who could not afford it.

His influence over his neighbours was very great, and his kindness and unselfishness won

him a large number of friends.

Every moment he could spare was devoted to study, and his genius and steady perseverance caused him to rise gradually higher and higher in the world.

In 1847 he was elected member to Congress, and in 1856 was made Vice-President. When first congratulated on his election, he said: "Me? Have you any idea that means me? You were never more mistaken in your life. It is the great Lincoln from Massachusetts," and would not

believe it for some time.

As we have seen, Lincoln's detestation of slavery had begun when he was quite young, and it had grown deeper and deeper as he grew older, and by the time he became Vice-President, the setting the slaves free had become one of the greatest hopes of his life. Everywhere he made speeches against the cruelty and wickedness of slavery. His eloquence was marvellous. He seemed completely carried away by his earnestness and enthusiasm.

Four years later he reached the very highest step of the ladder, and was elected President of the United States. This so enraged the slave states of the South, who, knowing Lincoln's efforts against slavery, had opposed his election, that seven of them at once seceded from the Union and formed a separate government. They were afterwards joined by others, and a few months later commenced war against the North.

Nearly the whole of President Lincoln's torm of office was taken up with this sad war, and he threw himself heart and soul into the effort to put an end to it, keeping before him two great objects, saving the Union and abolishing slavery, in both of which he was successful. His clear-sightedness and tact, his self-reliance and firmness, were wonderful in one who had risen from almost the lowest ranks and won his way up step by step by his own steady industry and perseverance.

And when the great work of his life, the freeing of the slaves, was completed, Abraham Lincoln had won for himself a place in the hearts of the American people such as no other President except Washington ever held.

The President of the United States is elected

every five years, so that, in 1865, Lincoln's term of office was ended. He was re-elected with a larger majority than before; but, alas! he was not longer to enjoy the renewed honour.

About a month after his re-election, he with Mrs. Lincoln and a few friends, attended some performance at the theatre, and were received most enthusiastically. In the middle of the evening the report of a pistol was heard, which at first the people thought was part of the performance; but a shriek from Mrs. Lincoln, and the leap of the assassin from the box to the stage, exclaiming, "Thus let it ever be with tyrants!—the South is avenged!" soon told them it was but too real.

The utmost excitement prevailed, during which the President was carried to the house of a friend near. But all efforts were unavailing; the ball had passed through the brain. He remained unconscious all through the night, and died early

the next morning, April 15th, 1865.

The grief throughout the whole country was very great, and the body of the President, which lay in state for several days, was viewed by over one hundred thousand people, and at the cemetery, it is said, there was "one vast sea of upturned faces."

And thus, at the age of fifty-six, passed away Abraham Lincoln, a man whose whole life was

one long illustration of the text—
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with

thy might."

"Thy task is done—the bonds are free—
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave." E. J. T.



A ROMAN lady once expressed her sorrow to Pope Pius IX. that she should never meet her sister in the next world. "Daughter," he replied, "those who love God will not be separated there."

#### I WANT TO KNOW.



LITTLE Soul had come into the world, and had reached that age when thoughts peep forth into life, like early flowers springing from the ground. It was a bright, intelligent little Soul, with good abilities, but too eager and hasty; it wanted to spring up at a bound into a complete knowledge of things, instead of gently

and patiently groping its way. The vastness of the earth around it, of the heavens above, the multitude of wonders and mysteries, some of them giving pleasure, but many of them inflicting pain, quite overwhelmed the little Soul; the things to be known and the things to be done seemed too many, too great, too difficult; it knew not how to live. It went about continually repeating to everybody and everything, "I want to know! I want to know!" This was a natural want, and teachers were appointed to supply it, and the little being was told that, in order to "know" it must "learn." But the books which had to be read were not always simply and clearly written, nor were the teachers always kind and agreeable people. So the process of learning was very often dull, wearisome, and painful, and the little Soul thought there must be some shorter way of getting knowledge than these long, tiring methods of study, in which there seemed no freshness, no beauty. It left the school, and wandered about the world, exclaiming, "I want to know!" One day it went into a garden, and saw beautiful flowers rejoicing in the fresh air and the warm sunshine, and it spoke to them, and said, "I want to know how you came here, and how you became beautiful; I want to be beautiful, too." The flowers, in their own mute, beautiful language, seemed to answer the little Soul and say: "We were once little tiny seeds, brought hither, we know not exactly how, perhaps wafted by a wave of the wind, or dropped from the beak of some wandering bird, or planted by the hands of men. When we were once in the ground we had to put forth life, to get nourishment out of the clods around us, out of the dews and falling raindrops, and the warmth of the sunshine above. We had to remain in dreary darkness for some time. Now and then an ugly worm or crawling insect would bite at our roots just as they were beginning to swell; and when we had succeeded in putting forth above the ground a little green blade, or tender blossom, a white hoar-frost or a cold, withering wind would come and stop our growing. Nevertheless, we persevered; we took in as much as we could

of the dew and the rain, and the sunshine and the earth-juices, and thus you see that, in spite of all hindrances and difficulties, we have grown into beautiful flowers." "Ah," said the little Soul, "all that weary work will not suit me; I want to know beauty, and be beautiful, without all this waiting in darkness, with worms and insects below and frosts above. I cannot bear it."

And so the little Soul went away sorrowing, After a while, it had occasion to visit the seashore, and when it saw the great waves scattering the diamond spray from their crests, as they rolled over the beach, the little Soul felt touched by their grandeur and beauty, and it cried aloud to the foaming billows: "Oh, grand and mighty waters, can I be great and glorious like the waves? Tell me! I want to know." Now, a rivulet that was flowing downwards towards the sea from the hills behind, overheard the cry of the little Soul, and said to it, in the rivulet's language: "Follow me to my source: keep close to the banks, until you come to a cavern on the side of vonder, tall, distant hill. When arrived there, you will see my spring. To begin with, ages ago, I was merely a cluster of raindrops. In the course of time other raindrops came down to me, lying low in the darkness, till at last we together formed a deep well. Our waters gradually grew deeper and stronger, and began to bubble and foam, and whirl about, till at last they burst an opening through the side of the cavern, and leaped out into the light of day. Thence onward and onward we went, sometimes assisted by other rivulets flowing into us, sometimes hindered by rocks and stones, or choked by earth and sand; sometimes musical, sometimes harsh in our murmuring: sometimes clean and pure under the sweet influence of the blue heaven; sometimes foul and muddy from the nasty touch of ditch or sewer. Our primitive raindrops had, by this time, grown into a stream, which flowed, and still flows on and on, patiently and perseveringly, till it reaches the mighty waters of the sea, and forms a part of its glorious waves." "Ah!" said the little Soul, "is that the way to mingle with the glory of a glorious thing-to lie long in a dark cavern, to burst an opening into daylight by painful effort, to struggle on in difficulty over rocks and stones, and with the mingling of all sorts of clean and unclean things? I could not bear it!"

So the little Soul returned homeward in deep dejection. On its way, it had to pass by a very lofty tower, and when it thought of the many interesting things, that might be seen from the top of that tower—the green hills, the tall mountains, the distant sea, the towns, hamlets, villages,

farms, orchards, gardens, fields, it felt a burning curiosity to see and know these things, and it called out to a man who was slowly ascending the stairs, "I should like to be at the top of that tower." "Very well," said the man, "Come! There are stairs inside, and ladders outside. You can climb either the one or the other. The stairs are very many in number, and therefore, fatiguing, and the ladder is rather dangerous. Take care how you go." "Oh dear! oh dear!" said the little Soul, "is there no way of enjoying what is beautiful except by climbing ladders and stairs, through danger and difficulty?" "I am afraid not," said the man: "a pair of wings, if you had them, might perhaps help you a little; but even wings, after long fluttering, bring weariness to the creatures that use them." As the night came on a great storm arose. Darkness overspread the sky. The winds shrieked and howled; thunder crashed, and rolled loud and horrible, and lightning sent arrows of flame from cloud to cloud. Everything seemed to burst and crack, and rock and swing in the tempest, and on the distant sea many a brave sailor, overpowered by the waves, went down beneath them for ever. It seemed as if there were an angry spirit in the storm, tossing all things about in frantic passion. The poor little Soul bowed in terror before it, and asked what could be the meaning of it all:

"Are you angry, Spirit stern, When thunders roll and lightnings burn? Why all this terror, strife, and woe ? What is its meaning? I would know."

But the storm-spirit gave no answer that the little Soul could hear. Had it been a great Soul instead of a little one, it might perhaps have faintly heard amidst the thunders a still, small voice whispering, "Be silent, Soul, submit, be patient, learn!" After a few hours the storm calmed down, and when the night passed into daybreak, there was a sweet blue sky overhead, a fresh, delicate verdure on every field, a musical murmur in the flow of every brook and streamlet, and a happy warbling from every tree. How strange the contrast, so much gentleness after so much tumult, so much joy after so much misery! The little soul would fain again ask of Nature the meaning of it all. It wanted to know. But it was not yet delicately attuned enough to hear the singing voices in the air-

"Up and down, and to and fro, Light and darkness, joy and woe; Things in ceaseless changes turn. What means it all, none yet can say, So silent, secret, far away! Yet God will teach if souls will learn."

The little Soul went on wandering about the world in strange places and in strange company, sometimes with the young and gay, sometimes with the old and grave, sometimes with the wretched, sometimes with the happy. Everywhere it asked of humanity the secret of life which it wanted to know, and everywhere it was told to wait and learn. One of its pleasantest wanderings was into the play-field of a large family just returned from school. What running and jumping! What playing at "leap-frog," "fly the garter," "I touched you last"! What trundling of hoops, spinning of tops, tossing of balls and shuttlecocks, and riding pick-a-back! What dressing and undressing of dolls! What laughter and merriment floated in the air, as if every little heart were singing:

" All the lessons said and done-Now's the hour for jolly fun. Little girls, sweet, blithe, and gay, May join the boys in happy play, Or, arm-in-arm, in joyous round, Dance to the fiddle's merry sound."

"What does it all mean?" said the poor little "Tell me, some one, I would like to know." "Want to know!" replied a stout, rosy youth. "No one in a playground wants to 'know.' It is all doing here—life, enjoyment, fun. Try to be young, little Soul! Join us in the frolic and the games! Dance and sing and romp and play with us, and don't go moping

about, saying, I want to know." "That boy is right in the main," said a listening stranger standing near. "To enjoy life is one of the duties of life, provided the things enjoyed are innocent and pure; and in the young, this kind of enjoyment is felt as an instinct long before it is known as a duty. The best way of 'knowing' the sweetness of a pleasure or the bitterness of a pain is to enjoy the pleasure when it is lawful, and to endure the pain when it is necessary. No one wants to 'know' the meaning of his dinner before he has eaten it: he eats it first, and the meaning and use of it are afterwards very soon known. Fruit and gingerbread generally pass through the mouth of a schoolboy as things to be tasted before they pass into his understanding as things to be known. So, of all the common, practical duties of life, it is best to begin by doing them; and that, on the whole, seems to be the best way of knowing what is their intent and purpose."

All this was true, and yet the little Soul felt that there were many things that required to be considered and known before any attempt could be made to do them, and that many mistakes and miseries might be avoided if only we could satisfy that most urgent of wants, the want to know. And the little Soul was not far wrong in that feeling; for in this strange world there are many people who do unintentional harm by teaching what they do not sufficiently know, and by doing before they clearly see the nature of the thing to be done. Of most of us, it might be said now as was said of old, "My people do

not consider." Still, it would not do to go on in this disappointing, fruitless manner, always wanting to know, and asking to know, and yet taking no pains to learn. So the little Soul thought it would change its habit and plan and take to learning in right earnest. It was difficult and dreary work to begin with, but, after a while, there came a little reward. After much groping in darkness a beam or two of light would break through—not a very bright beam, perhaps, but still something more cheerful than the previous gloom. After all the dry and tedious work of learning, it was but a very tiny fragment of knowledge that this little Soul, or, indeed, any other soul, could be said truly and deeply to know; but that little brought with it the promise of more. It animated hope, and afforded some joy. The sum of what any of us really know is very small indeed, "Five barley-loaves and two small fishes" of human knowledge are nearly all that has hitherto been collected by studious and learned men; and this is hardly sufficient to satisfy the hunger of inquiring souls as they travel through the wilderness of time. There is comfort, however, in the thought that God will "take compassion on the multitude," and supply to them in a slow, mysterious, but effective way, that "bread of life" which is needful to nourish them in their progress through this and other worlds.

As a means of strengthening its endeavours in learning and seeking to know, the little Soul wisely associated itself with other souls equally desirous to know. Each of them unfolded its little endowment of talent from the "napkin" in which it had been wrapped and hidden, and put it forth in beneficent usury to increase the intellectual and moral wealth of the world. Very small, perhaps, at present, may be the apparent result of gain and increase, but sufficient, it may be, to receive at last the generous welcome of the All-Father :- "Well done, you good and faithful servants, who have been persevering and patient in little things, enter now into the enjoyment of greater things—come from a region of knowledge faint and small, upwards to a realm of knowledge, boundless, bright, and beautiful."

#### A LITTLE HAND.

BY MARY BARTOL.



An old coast town, with a curving bay,

And ramparts of stone toward the sea,

And dingy houses,—
this is the way
The living picture
comes back to
me.

And children running along the shore, Great ships far off and fishing-boats near:

And cronies, telling their news twice o'er, As they gossip and lean against the pier;

And artists, with easels on the beach,
Trying to picture the craft as they lay,
Trying to interpret the mystical speech
Of shades and shapes in the beautiful bay.

Hark, that cry! 'tis a little girl's woe, Ringing out clear and chill on the air: "My kitty! my kitty! she ran, and, oh, She jumped in the big rocks'way down there!"

The child points quick to a wall below,
Where kitty lies fixed, nay, fastened between
Two stones. Just there her jewelled eyes show;
And here, hanging limp, her tail is seen.

Now, big boys offer their clumsy aid, But the cranny is crooked and small: No hand, for all the boasts that are made, Can slip inside that niche in the wall.

Swift springs an artist, with throbbing heart, Leaving her picture to wind and to sun. Child and kitten are better than art, And a life is the prize to be won!

Deft her fingers and pliant her hand;
But the cranny is crooked and small,
And every hope of rescue she planned
Melts to a dream, as she touches the wall,

Up runs an urchin, eyes open wide.
"My lad, go away: what can you do?"
"Why, I can reach to the other side!"
And he pushes his little hand through.

Hurrah! he has her! he draws her out,
A fluff of fur, not a hair awry;
While thin voices pipe and loud voices shout,
Till their gladness goes up to the sky.

Δ 5

And memory pictures to me that strand, With sailors and ships and sheltering bay And one shape more—a little boy's hand, That put, with its touch, a grief away.

#### ON GUARD.



HERE was a serious discussion held over a very important point. Which should they keep?

The point, or rather points, in question were two ugly little blind puppies, just twelve hours old,

which'Mr. Wentworth brought in and set down on the hearthrug; two ugly, curly, black doggies, but which, nevertheless, became the subjects of severe consideration. Which should they keep? and should the other be drowned or given away?

Amy, the eldest, was for having the ugliest kept, as ugly children invariably grew up the

best looking.

Robert did not agree with Amy (out of principle), but preferred the other puppy. As, however, there were only three children to decide, little Ruth's opinion was now asked. She could not speak very plainly, and was rather afraid of the animals, but she climbed her papa's knee and pointed to the ugliest (if there was any choice in the matter), and Amy of course declared for the majority. So the ugliest was kept, and the other promised to a butcher.

The next point of discussion was the name, Robert loudly asserted his right to naming it, as he had had to yield to the majority concerning the choice, and suggested "Fido," for he knew the dog came from a species which was always particularly faithful. Amy, argumentative as usual, contended that the title should be more uncommon—there were at least hundreds of Fidos; but Ruth again decided the matter by pointing to its curls, and "Curly" it

was accordingly named,

Curly grew healthy, strong, and, as Amy foretold, very large and handsome. He was an intelligent, affectionate dog, and the children taught him many tricks. When, in the course of two years after his entrance into the world, there appeared a baby boy on the scene, he felt the difference when the attention he received from the family was now turned to the new-comer. He had been the constant companion of Ruth and her mother in their walks; now Mrs. Wentworth was tied at home with baby, and Ruth confided to the care of a nursemaid, who didn't like or wouldn't see after Curly when they went out, so there was great fear of his being lost.

Nevertheless, he was useful as a good housedog, and as the little fellow grew up who had caused him jealousy, he in turn became baby George's playfellow and guardian. On washingdays, when usually "there is na luck about the house," and every one is in every one else's way, it was a relief on a fine, sunny June morning to place little George on a rug, amid the sweet field flowers under a hedge, with Curly as guardian, while nurse could help indoors, occasionally running out to see if her darling were safe. Often, as people passed through the meadow, they would speak to the handsome dog as he lay with head erect watching his little charge. If he knew them, his tail would wag a greeting; if they were strangers, an ominous growl would warn them not to take liberties nor come too near him.

Little Georgie was more trouble as he grew older, and was often in mischief somewhere or other. On more than one occasion did Curly assist him out of a difficulty. One fine morning, Master George must needs go off independently towards a field where the ducks were swimming in a pond. It would be such glorious fun to catch those little yellow goslings, who were going in for a morning's bath. Away he chased them down the bank to the water, and of course tripped, and of course plunged headlong, occasioning great consternation among the bathers. Fortunately, nurse had missed her boy, and was searching anxiously in the field, Curly following her. The duck-pond was at the end, and so overshadowed by trees that at first she could not see it; but Curly, understanding the case with canine instinct, barked loudly for an answer, and all at once nurse saw him plunge into the pond, which revealed to her the awful danger Georgie was in. She screamed, and rushed up just in time to see Curly swimming and dragging some confused mass after him. Her shrieks brought all the household out, the terrified mother running to snatch dripping, senseless Georgie in her arms. In a short time he recovered, very much frightened and subdued; nurse received a severe reprimand, but Curly was patted and caressed and made into a hero.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth had to leave home for two days, much to nurse's dismay, who was always nervous at being left alone, and especially in a farm-house so far from any neighbours. Out of pure mischief, Master Robert conceived a plan for frightening nurse, and made up his mind he would at least get sixpence out of her, by dressing up like a tramp and begging at the door when darkness had fallen. He therefore resorted to the attic,

secured an old coat of his father's, stuffed some padding under his jacket to make himself look hump-backed, and with a battered old hat on his head slipped out of doors, while Amy was learning her lessons, and nurse putting Georgie to bed. He managed to escape being seen by Curly, and walked about until he knew nurse would be down again. Then seizing his opportunity, he presented himself at the front door, where Curly's kennel was not situated, and knocked. It was not like a visitor, thought the housemaid, and the cook suggested looking out of the window before opening; but nothing could be seen of Robert, who had pressed himself close to the door. The chain was up, and cook asked who was there, but no answer was given; then opening the door a very little way, she saw a disreputable-looking tramp, who stuck his foot in such a very determined way that she could not shut it. He began the usual whine, begging for bread or a bit of money for his starving children. At that moment nurse came downstairs and the housemaid flew to her. Of course it was just like this when master and mistress were out-tramps knew it directly and would come. "But don't let him in, whatever you do, cook." "I can't help it," cried cook; "he's got his foot inside."

"We haven't anything," said nurse, in a commanding tone. "Go away, or I'll let the dog loose."

"Just a sixpence to give a poor man a piece of supper," whined the tramp, who had managed to push himself in and was now standing on the mat; "only a sixpence, kind ladies, please, please," and he advanced towards nurse.

"Go and unchain Curly!" cried she; but as the housemaid dared not go near the dog, and cook didn't like to leave them all to be murdered, no one stirred. "I'll go and do it myself," she said, when both her fellow-servants clutched hold of her, screaming, "No, don't! we won't be left here alone!"

"Only a sixpence," whined the beggar, "for a poor man who's had nothing to eat for a week;" and he made his way to the first stair.

"He'll be frightening my Georgie," cried nurse; but not liking to hold him back, she brushed past and flew upstairs.

"Where's Master Robert?" screamed cook, who was much too terrified to notice a small explosion of laughter on the part of the beggar.

"Robert!" cried Amy, who hearing a noise came running out; "Robert's not at home. Oh, who is it, nurse?"

"A tramp, but he shan't come any further," said nurse, taking care to be at least six yards from him.

"Only a sixpence," whined the beggar, ascending another stair, "and I'll go, good ladies."

Nurse retreated again. "Oh, why is Master Robert away? Miss Amy, do unloose Curly." But Amy was much too frightened. "Do

give him sixpence and let him go," she implored.
"I'd get down by the nursery stairs and unchain
the dog myself, but then he'd come near Georgie,"
said nurse, in great agitation; here a sudden
thought struck her, and she flung sixpence down
to the tramp, who with many piteous protestations
of gratitude kept to his word and went slowly
out of the house.

"Shut it quick, lock and bar it," whispered nurse. "Now let's unloose Curly, and set him to find the man."

Although the housemaid was nearly fainting and the cook trembling all over, the valiant four rushed away to Curly's kennel. That faithful animal, having some notion that all was not right, was growling away, but on seeing four terrified females approaching he knew there must be something unusual happening and began barking furiously.

Once let loose, he rushed about and made for the gate, just as Robert was entering, whistling unconcernedly.

"Hallo, Curly, what's up?" he cried, as the dog jumped up him, and Amy, hearing his voice, ran round to him. Of course, all four began talking at once, relating the recent, fearful adventure, while Robert stared sympathetically all round. "I've seen that tramp before," he said, slowly. "Well, he shouldn't have come in had I been there."

"Oh, no, Master Robert, we did so want you," said the cook.

"I was obliged to give him sixpence, to get rid of him," said nurse.

"Oh, I say now, that was too bad," cried Robert, indignantly. "But why didn't you set Curly on him?"

There was a pause. "We dared not," they

said, a little shamefacedly.

"What's the good of having a dog if you don't make use of him?" cried Robert, scornfully.

Then the explanations were renewed again, but Robert broke away, declaring it his intention to look around, accompanied by Curly. He was well pleased to get off and relieve himself by many bursts of laughter, and when quite composed returned with the reassuring message that no one was about. "That sixpence of yours, nurse, sent him on his way rejoicing."

"The rascal!" said nurse, vehemently; "I shan't dare to go to bed to-night. We might be all

murdered in our beds."

The cook and housemaid declared they would sleep on the floor in the nursery rather than be alone, or take it in turns to sit up. Amy began

to cry and wanted mother.

At last Robert, either finding the joke had succeeded only a little too well, or not being able to contain himself any longer, went off into a roar of merriment, and drawing a sixpence out of his pocket handed it to nurse with "Yours, I

They all stared, puzzled. Suddenly a light

dawned.

"You don't mean—" began cook.
"You don't say—" cried the housemaid.

"What!" exclaimed nurse, looking at the six-

pence; but they said no more.

Then Robert, as soon as his fit was ended. danced about. "How jolly well I took you all in. I made up my mind I'd get sixpence out of you, nurse, and here it is," and he tossed it up in the air and caught it again. But he had to scamper about in real earnest, and even then received some well-deserved chastisement from four outraged women, who when they had relieved their feelings could not help laughing too. "My costume is at present lying under a willow-tree near the ditch," said Robert, "for as soon I heard you bar the door, I scampered off and undressed. Which of you will fetch it?"

But all declined except Curly, who was still restless and feeling perfectly certain that there had been something left undone; so the two started off again together, soon, however, returning with the disreputable disguise, which Robert once more assumed for the benefit of the

now relieved audience.

They all slept pretty well considering, and when next day the parent birds returned, there was a fine joke to tell them, though Robert received a word in season about practical joking.

Curly lived to a good old age, and died much regretted by the family whom he served so well. On more than one occasion he proved his sagacity and courage when real tramps and unwelcome visitors came near the house, and never forsook his duty while " on guard."

> WHEREVER you roam, Whate'er your lot, Keep God in your heart, And forget Him not.

None are too wise to be mistaken; but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

#### WHO STOLE THE GOOSE?

ONE dark, thundery night, a certain caravan had pitched near a common in the West of England. It was the watchman's duty to go round every hour to see that all was well. When he came to the lion's van, it was empty—the lion gone; two in the morning, fearful weather, a strange place. The fact was reported to the master, who ordered up all the keepers, and sent them off with injunctions not to make the least noise, and to come back every ten minutes to report. After a while one of the men returned to say there was something alive in a furze-bush on the common, and that it was probably the lion. If it was, he had struck down something, and was eating it, as he could hear the bones crunch. He could not tell what the lion had found, but it was white, very white, and was struggling fearfully.

The lion's van was at once drawn up near the furze-bush, and a dark lantern thrown on the victim that the lion was munching; it was at last made out to be a big white goose that Mr. Lion had picked up for his early breakfast, and which he was loth to leave. So they managed to get the lion, goose and all, into his van; and to this day the people of the neighbourhood know nothing of a lion having been roaming about their common all night; and the local policeman could never find the man "who stole the goose."

#### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION. SAMARIA, II.

Give a short history of the enmity between the Jews and the Samaritans.

In what way did Christ ignore this enmity? How did He settle the dispute concerning the true place of worship?

Which verse in the Sermon on the Mount did the good Samaritan illustrate? and find similar verses in Proverbs and Romans.

What events happened in Samaria after Christ's death?

#### PUZZLE BAG.

ENIGMA.

CLAD in my robes of state. I stand Among the nobles of the land. Give me a word; it is but small, And lo! I rise above them all.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

When is it dangerous to enter a church? What gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill?

## YOUNG DAYS.



CHILDHOOD (See page 79).

#### TELIX.

BY NORAH BARROWCLIFFE.

#### PART I.



ELIX was the son of a plumber, whose home was in a back street, a comfortless hovel enough, and he played with ragged children, and sometimes begged with them for company. He had, however,

another and better playground. This was the Theatre, the great Opera House; where his father, the plumber, was engaged every evening. He had had a flourishing business once, but had lost it through unsteady living; being ingenious, however, and clever with his hands, he had obtained a place at the Theatre, where he managed the machinery. There were scenes to open and shut, dissolving scenes that must be raised and sunk, curtains to furl and unfurl, slides to move, and sometimes even real people to be dropped from above and suspended in the air. All this the plumber and his assistants had to contrive, and when there was a ballet he must be there the whole day making preparations. Then Felix went with him; he saw how the machinery worked, he saw the actors in their strange dresses, and the great hall with its high dome and rows of seats with gilded fronts piled up to the roof. Sometimes the whole place was lighted with brilliant lights, and became hot and close, and there was music and a great deal of noise and hurrying; the scenes were arranged upon the boards, and the curtain rose and fell. What then happened before the scenes he had never dared to ask, but he liked the music, and would dance, holding his little skirts and twisting his feet as he saw the other dancers do. Then his father knocked him about, saying he was troublesome, and many worse things. When he went home it was not nearly so pleasant, for he had to follow his father into the taverns, and stand in a corner watching what went on; and he did not like the rough voices of the inmates, and was frightened when he had to lead his father, noisy and violent, through the streets to their lonely dwelling.

"The Theatre is my home," he said, "I am

always happy there."

"Carrots" said the street boys; for he had a fair skin and a great deal of bright frizzy hair that stood out round his head, and had a reddish tinge. He did not fight or abuse the boys when they spoke thus; he only ran away.

These times, however, came to an end. His father died; all their little property was sold to pay his debts, and what was to become of Felix?

He still said as before, "The Theatre is my

home, I cannot leave it, I will die there if nobody will take me."

And they took him as assistant to the new

machinist.

He had a bed in the ballet-manager's house, and served him as errand-boy when he was not wanted on the stage. One day a new ballet was to be performed, and there was much preparation. The dancers were all assembled, and dressing themselves hurriedly. They had had rehearsal after rehearsal, and all were perfect in their parts. The clown could turn head over heels as gracefully as if he had had no backbone, the bad fairy could flap his wings and wave his wand, and glare with his withering eyes, and those who stood round him knew how to form themselves into a stony ring beneath the spell. And then, best of all, the good fairy had learned to descend softly from the sky with her white wings and glittering crown, and to light upon the earth as easily as if her wings had really borne her. Felix was delighted, and next day he collected all the children of the Theatre dancingschool, and put them through the whole ballet, himself taking the part of the bad fairy, and glaring on them until they screamed with fright. The real bad fairy came in, now an ordinary young man, and a rather disreputable-looking one, too. He looked on, and laughed heartily. "Your legs are made for a ballet-dancer," said he, and he taught Felix to stand on tip-toe and jump. But he was rough and rude, and Felix did not like him. "Let me alone," said he, "I will learn to dance when I please." Now some of the girls came in laughing and talking in coarse voices; they began to play with the bad fairy, and made so much noise that Felix ran away disgusted. The good fairy was among them, and she was the roughest of all. Afterwards, there was again the dressing for the ballet, and Felix saw the good fairy arraying herself. The shining crown was only paper after all, and the flowing white robes looked dirty and coarse when they were near. The dresser had great difficulty in pleasing the fairy. Her cheeks had to be painted red and her eyebrows black, and her hair had to be frizzed and a false wig put on.

"You may think my hair thin," said she, pointing at Felix; "but I wouldn't have your fiery pate for all the world!" For she saw him watch-

ing her with a frown upon his face.

"Ho! Carrots," cried one of the dancing-children who were being dressed as little black imps attendant on the bad fairy. "Ho! Carrots, make yourself useful! Help me on with my mask here. It is black, but that is better than a pasty white face with a red setting!"

Felix hardly heeded these taunts; the whole thing vexed and disgusted him, and he looked sullen and discontented. After the ballet the dancers came to refresh themselves, some in high. some in low spirits, but all very tired, hot, and noisy. Felix was told to serve them. They were so excited that they were more badly behaved than usual. Felix was well used to these scenes; he could not help them, but neither could he harden himself to them, and therefore his nature, originally sweet and happy, had become, in self-defence, sullen, scornful, at times almost fierce. He now saw things which he knew were not right and could scarcely bear, and as soon as he was released he fled into the street. There he crouched in a dark corner, and sobbed until his tears were dry, "Nobody cares for me," he said; "nobody wants me. I am lonely and wretched." But it was not only that: the Theatre was his home, and the ballet was the delight of his heart, yet it seemed now like a hateful, hideous nightmare. He fell asleep, and dreamed that he was in a garden of white lilies. with angels dancing around him. In the morning hunger forced him to return, and then he was beaten for staying out, and felt more wretched still. Why torment himself any more about what he could not help? Why not let things take their course, do as the others did, take what pleasure he could out of life, and not aspire to anything higher? Thus he argued to himself; but there was something in his mind that seemed to act as a talisman to keep him from evil.

"Take my advice," said the scene-painter, as Felix helped him to fix up his canvas; "when you grow up be a singer, not a ballet-dancer. Perhaps you have a good voice; are you fond of

music?"

"Yes; the dancing-master told me I have a good ear."

"Sing me something," said the scene-painter. "I know no good songs," said Felix; "but I can sing plenty of tunes." And he sang one after another the tunes he had heard played in the orchestra, keeping time with his feet.

"You have a good ear, a good memory, and a good voice," said the scene-painter. "Take heart; your hair it like the rising sun, and it augurs good fortune for you. One must not look at life too close; one must stand at a proper distance and have the lights favourable, and hold one's head a little on one side, and then it will look fine and fair enough. You think yourself very unfortunate, but you have many things to be thankful for, and, above all, your voice. A voice will make a fortune."

Felix turned away with the cloud raised from

his mind, and afterwards when he thought of these words they made him quite happy, and he said to himself-" Beautiful Theatre, I devote my life to you. I will not heed these things which disgust me; I will follow my own impulse, which tells me you are made for glorious

things."

But still coarse and bad actions went on around him, and if he did not take part in them he was jeered at and ill-used. He had had no education to teach him to look higher, but the talisman in his heart continued to preserve him. He looked upon his low companions with scorn and anger, and when he could bear it no longer he once more ran away, and this time he did not come back. He wandered recklessly from place to place, scarce caring what became of him. He joined some crossing-sweepers, and swept the streets; a bird-catcher took him for his assistant; he became drummer to a wandering band. One day the leader of the band got tipsy and beat him, and then he ran away. He roamed about half-starving and obliged to beg for his bread, and came to the door of a cathedral where the service was going on. Beautiful music was pealing round the building—the sound of an organ and many voices. Gradually, as he listened, the dirty streets disappeared, the poverty and misery and wretchedness that had troubled him faded away; the garden of white lilies came back to him, and the angels danced about him once more. He slept soundly on the step, and next morning he went from door to door singing songs learnt since the scene-painter told him he had a voice. His hunger and want were forgotten, he sang with his whole heart. The songs were in Italian, which he did not understand, but he had caught the pronunciation, and he understood the music if not the words. Some new inspiration seemed to have come to him in his dream he had never before sung as he sang now. Trills, shakes, and flourishes all came easily; his voice rang clearly up to the highest notes. Almost every one gave him money, and many asked him to sing again, and listened in wonder, A man who was passing down the street stopped while he sang, listened, then questioned him, and at last said-"Come with me, and I will give you a better place to sing in than the street.

He was the manager of a small theatre called the "Variety." He took Felix home, gave him clothes and a lodging, and promised him lessons in singing. Here Felix stayed for some time, doing his best to repay the kind manager. But it was not the same as the Opera House, which he still considered his home, and at last he returned, and once more took his place among

the dancers; but he was better treated than before, for the manager of the "Variety" spoke a kind word for him.

He now learned all the songs he heard, and one day sang to the singing-master and dancing-

master.

"Wonderful, is it not?" said the singing-master. But the dancing-master had been looking at his feet.

"He will not be a singer," said he, "he will be a dancer. He has the best instep I have seen

for years."

Among the little dancers was a girl of Felix's own age, whose name was Ida. She was learning to dance only as a preliminary, for she was not to go into the ballet, but was to be a singer. How happy her position was! She was the daughter of a gentleman, and every one treated her with respect. She came always attended by a maid, and behaved with quiet dignity. She was very beautiful, at least so Felix thought. He was always longing to serve her and be near her, and when the others teased him, she always looked at him kindly. This made him very

"I do not mind my ugly hair," said he, "when I look at yours, which is so dark and glossy."

"I do not call yours ugly," she answered. "It is like sunshine, and I believe it is finer and softenthan mine. I call it beautiful." Felix was struck dumb with amazement. "But," continued Ida, very gently, for she did not want to hurt him, "but if you were to wash oftener and keep your clothes less ragged, would it not be well."

It was a new idea to Felix; his father had always been dirty, and it had never occurred to him to be otherwise. He took gratefully any hints she could give him, and was soon reformed, and he was taken into the dancing-school, and learned with the other children. The balletmanager noticed Ida's kindness to him, and how he followed her about and talked to her, and reproved him for it. "Remember," said he, "your position. You are a penniless boy, kept here on charity; you are scarcely fit to be her servant."

And Felix bowed his head and worshipped her at a distance.

But he became a good dancer, and in his ballet he was to take the prince's part, to be splendidly dressed, the master of palaces and armies. He scarcely remembered that he was acting, or heeded any one else. He saw the beautiful scene, the stately castle, the blue lake with the distant hills. Then he saw the little town with the bridge over the river, where were gailydressed youths and maidens passing to and fro

with baskets of fruits and flowers, and freshlycaught fish; for near at hand was the harbour. with the little red-sailed boats rocking in the sunshine; and the tall masts of the ship that had brought him home. He entered the town with music and rejoicing, and saw far away the castle where the princess lived, but she had come down to the town to meet him, and he knelt to her, and she raised and kissed him. Then the scene changed to an enchanted forest where fairies thronged, threading a mazy dance in ever-changing lights. And he was a prince, really a prince, in gorgeous attire, graceful and rich, worthy to take the hand of the princess. She was only a ballet-dancer, but it seemed to him that she was Ida, and he fancied that all the great gap between them was gone in an hour, that he was her equal, able to serve and love her. When it was over, he stood in a happy trance with the bright scenes still around him. Surely it must

"You will make a good actor some day," said the ballet-master, "only it is a pity you are so small." For Felix was small made, and was not even as tall as his princess. "But at least," said the ballet-master, "you are in good proportion."

Ida had by this time chosen a part in an opera and begun to study it, for her voice was almost perfect, and she must soon go into the Royal Opera, and be with the greatest actors and singers, and sing to the music of the best bands before the nobility, and perhaps even the royal family.

"Å voice makes a fortune," said Felix; and he had a voice. Yes, it was full and true, almost as good as the beautiful Ida's. He began to build all his hopes upon it, and he, too, studied a part in an opera, for with Ida's help he had learned to read. "In a little while," said she, "your voice will be formed, and then we can both enter the opera, which will be much better for you than the ballet."

He and she studied together, singing their songs to one another, and in the duet they learned exactly how the voices chimed, so that they could sing it together without a mistake. And Felix went to the singing-master, and offered to be his servant or anything he liked if he would only teach him. The singing-master made arrangements with the manager, and Felix had lessons. His voice was a tenor, which the singing-master said was the most beautiful of all voices, and he could take well the part of the hero in the opera. Now his dancing was given up; he needed no more to jump and twirl and tree himself; his was a much happier calling.

(To be continued.)



#### CHINESE BOYS AT SCHOOL.



HEN a Chinese boy reaches his sixth year, it is considered time that he should go to school. His father takes him there, after he has been made to look fresh and tidy, his hair has been neatly shaved from his forehead, and the rest of it plaited up into a long black queue, or "pieu-tsz," as he calls it, which hangs down behind. When any of his school-

fellows want to torment him, they will no doubt tie his pig-tail to the same appendage on another boy's head, which will be very uncomfortable for them both.

If it is in summer-time, master Chinaman wears nothing upon his head, and is only clothed in a jacket or vest of loose cotton or grass-cloth, with small baggy trousers of the same material. But if the weather is cold, he will, no doubt, be wearing half-a-dozen vests and coats, one above another, and some of them will be padded with cotton-wool. The first thing that strikes you as you look at him is how very difficult he must find it to make any use of his arms. Upon his head he wears a small skull-cap of black or blue silk, with a little scarlet twist at the top, and, very likely, a thick tassel of silken threads falling down behind. His shoes have very thick white soles, and very often the toes are embroidered by his proud mother with fanciful little designs of flowers or butterflies. Sometimes he wears in his girdle a little purse, which has also been embroidered by his mother; if he hasn't one, he is not at a loss for a receptacle for his boyish treasures, since his sleeves are so large and long that they form a capital hiding-place. In China little books are not called pocket editions, but sleeve editions. A man does not pocket anything, as in England, but he "sleeves" it.

Having reached the school-house, our boyfriend enters, carrying in his hand some small present for the grave-looking, elderly person who is to be his teacher, and his first act is to do reverence and burn incense before the tablet which has the name of the sage Chinese philosopher Confucius written upon it. The furniture of the room consists of a number of little desks or tables, with high stools behind them, which are frequently provided by the parents. Before the master stands a larger table, and upon it are lying not only books and papers, but the indispensable pipe. Upon each little desk vou will see, not pens and ink such as we use in England, but inkstones, upon which the boys rub the cake of Indian, or rather Chinese ink, dipping it in a little water. For his pen he has a brush, not unlike our large paint-brushes of camel's hair. He holds it perpendicularly in his hand, pointing to the ceiling, and traces on thin, soft paper the queer-looking characters on his copy slips.

When committing anything to memory, each small boy is expected to shout out the passage he is learning at the top of his voice, to ensure his attending to his lessons, the continual din of which arrangement can be well imagined.

The first sentence in the Chinese primer runs as follows:—"Men at their birth are by nature radically good." The bambor rod which is found in every schoolroom, close to the master's hand, is a proof that the maxim, "To educate without severity shows a teacher's indolence," commends itself to the teachers of the present day. Chinese history is, of course, taught, as well as the fact that there are three lights—sun, moon, and stars; and three great powers—heaven, earth, and man. Afterwards, the example of sages and prodigies of past ages is commended to the notice of the youthful pupils. Here are some specimens:—

"One celebrated student, Sun King by name, who lived more than 2,000 years ago, was so enthusiastic in his devotion to study that he constantly shut himself up in his private apartments, and, lest he should be overcome by drowsiness, fastened the hair of his head by a cord to a beam in the roof.

"Another eminent scholar, whose family was poor, studied by the light from a number of

glowworms he had collected. Another conned his lesson by the light of the reflected snow. One learned his task while bending beneath the weight of a load of faggots he carried on his back; and another, whose thirst for knowledge could be controlled by no difficulties, fastened his book to the horns of one of the cows he was

attending.

Several other instances of prodigies of industry and learning are given, one of which shall be quoted:—"Wang Yu-Ching could compose remarkable literary essays. He was the protégé of a certain assistant-prefect, who was one day dining with a friend, when the common Chinese entertainment of suggesting the first line of an impromptu stanza was introduced, the guests being invited to match the line: "The parrot, though it talks, cannot compare with the phenix." None of them could respond, but when our little friend heard of it he immediately said:—

"'The spider, though skilful, cannot compare

with the silkworm."

The classic of "Filial Piety" is largely used as a reading-book, and is more common than the "Boy's Own Paper" in England. Some of the stories are very graphic and amusing. For instance:—

#### "MANG-TSUNG AND THE BAMBOO-SHOOTS.

"In days of old there lived a lad who was called Mang-Tsung. While still very young, he had the misfortune to lose his father. With a filial heart he constantly did reverence before the carved tablet within which dwelt the spirit of his departed sire. More than this, he devoted himself to the care of his widowed mother, serving her with unwearying devotion, and seeking to supply her every want. Now it happened one day, in the middle of winter, when the land was covered with a thin mantle of snow, and the trees were bare of leaves, that Mang's mother fell ill and would eat no food. Wearily she murmured: 'If I could but have a dish of the bamboo-shoots which are found in the bright springtime, I would eat of them and be restored to strength again.' His mother's words pierced poor Mang-Tsung's tender heart. He desired that her every wish should be gratified, but how could the most diligent seeker find young bamboo-shoots in the depth of the winter? With a heavy heart, the lad crept away from his old mother's side and went out into the open street, and wandered until he came to the bamboogrove in the shadow of an ancient temple.

Falling full length upon the bare, frozen earth, he clasped his arms around the shining, glossy stems of the graceful bamboos, watering the ground meanwhile with his fast-falling tears, when, lo! the bare, wintry earth around the shoots became loosened, and was pierced by the tender white shoots of the young bamboos. Joyfully Mang cut them down, and, hurrying home, cooked and presented the longed-for dainty to his sick mother. Eagerly she partook of the dish procured for her by the devotion of her son. and before she had finished the repast her strength returned, and she was restored to health again. And so influenced were heaven and earth by the pious conduct of this filial son, that, ever since, the bamboos have continued to put forth their shoots in the dull days of winter. instead of waiting for the awakening and vivifying influences of the spring."

One more story illustrative of the favourite Chinese proverb that "Of the hundred virtues the chief is filial piety," and then little John Chinaman's school shall close. You shall now

hear of-

#### "LAO LAI-TSZ; OR, THE FILIAL SON WHO LIVED 3,000 YEARS AGO.

"He had attained the age of seventy, but since his venerable parents were still alive, he always declared he was not old, and refused to be addressed by the title of 'venerable' or 'ancient.' His one desire in life seemed to be to make his beloved relatives forgetful of the flight of time. and to fill their hearts with mirth and gladness, He provided for them day and night with unwearying devotion. Very often he would dress himself in a coat of many colours, just as if he were once more a child. Then he would dance and play before the old people, holding in his hands the toys of his infancy. Now and then he would go to the well and bring back a pail of clear water. Entering the guest-room, he would stumble, like a child, upon the threshhold, and, falling upon the floor, pretend to cry piteously. Then, running up to his old parents' side, he would beg to be comforted by them as in the days of his childhood. All this was done by Lao Lai-tsz with the noble object of gratifying and amusing his venerable relatives, and making them forget-for a time, at least-their great age, and imagine that they were once more the youthful parents of a little child,"

Next time we will look on when Chinese boys come out to play.—Child Life in Chinese

Homes.

#### CHILDHOOD.

LAUGHING eyes of tender blue, Peering forth in glad surprise, Rival tints to azure hue, Found in Summer's brightest skies.

Tangled wave of curling hair,
Where the sunbeams love to play,
Cheeks like roses, fresh and fair,
Tinged with blush of opening day.

Emblems of life's fairest Spring, Heaven reflected in their eyes, Greetings on their lips they bring, Echoes sweet from Paradise.

There their angels ever dwell, With the Father face to face— Childhood's heart, the deep, pure well, Whence th' Eternal Love we trace.

Children of a larger growth,
Would that childhood's faith were ours!
Happy innocence of youth
Join'd to manhood's nobler powers!

Ours the trustful, childlike heart,
Living ever in the light,
Fearless when, as years depart,
Loom th' approaching shades of night.

Then, if wearied of the strife,
Doubts should rise or cares dismay,
Hope would whisper of "the life
Where shall dawn the perfect day."

On the wings of Faith and Love,
"Childhood's wings"—we then should
soar,

Taste on earth the peace above,
Share in childhood's joys once more!
E. A. G.

#### EASTERN LEGEND.

A DISPUTE once took place between Mind and Speech as to which was the better of the two. Both Mind and Speech said, "I am excellent!" Mind said, "Surely I am better than thou; for thou dost not speak anything that is not understood by me and a follower in my wake? I am surely better than thou!" Speech said, "Surely I am better than thou! "Speech said, "Surely I am better than thou; for what thou knowest I make known—I communicate?" They went to appeal to the Master of Life, who decided in favour of Mind, saying to Speech, "Mind is, indeed, better than thou, for thou art an imitator of its deeds, and a follower in its wake; and inferior, surely, is he who imitates his better's deeds and follows in his wake."



### ADVENTURES OF MASTER RABBIT.



N old Indian legend of New England relates of a rabbit, which lived with his grandmother, and found it a hard matter to provide for his small household in mid-winter, when ice was on the river and

snow on the plain.

Running through the forest one day, he found a lonely wigwam wherein an otter dwelt. The lodge was on the bank of a river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door down to the water. The otter made him welcome, and directed his housekeeper to get ready to cook; saying which, he took the hooks on which he was wont to string fish when he had them, and went to fetch a mess for dinner. Placing himself on the top of the slide, he swam in and under the water, and then came out with a great bunch of eels, which were soon cooked, and on which they dined.

"Well," thought Master Rabbit, "but that is an easy way of getting a living! Truly these fishing-folk have fine fare, and cheap! Cannot I, who am so clever, do as well as this mere otter? Of course I can. Why not?" Thereupon he grew so confident of himself as to invite the otter to dine with him on the third day

after that, and so went home.

"Come on," he said to his grandmother the next morning; "let us remove our wigwam down to the lake." So they removed, and he selected a site such as the otter had chosen for his home, and the weather being cold, he made a road of ice down from his door to the water, and all was well. Then the guest came at the time set, and Rabbit, calling his grandmother, bade her get ready to cook a dinner. "But what am I to cook, grandson?" said the old dame.

"Truly I will see to that," said he, and made

him a stick to string eels. Then going to the icepath, he tried to slide like one skilled in the art. but indeed with little luck, for he went first to the right side, then to the left, and so hitched and jumped till he came to the water, where he went in with a bob backwards. And this bad beginning had no better ending, since of all swimmers and divers the rabbit is the very worst, and this one was no better than his brothers. The water was cold-he lost his breath - he struggled, and was well - nigh drowned.

"What on earth ails the fellow?" said the otter to the grandmother, who was looking on in

amazement.

"He has seen somebody do something, and is trying to do likewise," replied the old

"Come out of that now, and hand me your stick," cried the otter; and poor Rabbit, shivering with cold, and almost frozen, came from the water and limped into the lodge. There he was nursed by his grandmother, while the otter, plunging into the stream, soon returned with a load of fish. But, disgusted at the rabbit for attempting what he could not perform, he threw them down as a gift, and went home without tasting the meal.

Now Master Rabbit, though disappointed, was not discouraged, for this one virtue he had, that he never gave up. Wandering one day in the forest, he found a wigwam well filled with young women, all wearing head-dresses: and no wonder, for they were woodpeckers. Master Rabbit was a well-bred Indian, who made himself as a melody to all voices, and so he was cheerfully bidden to

bide to dinner, which he did.

Then one of the red-polled, pretty girls, taking a wooden dish, lightly climbed a tree, so that she seemed to run; and while ascending, stopping here and there, and tapping now and then, took from this place and that many insects, which make a dainty dish for those who like it. When they had dined, Master Rabbit again reflected: " How easily some folks live! What is to hinder me from doing the same? Now, you girls, come over and dine with me the day after tomorrow."

Having accepted this invitation, all the guests came on the day set, when Master Rabbit undertook to play woodpecker. Taking the head of an eel-spear, and fastening it to his nose to make a bill, he climbed as well as he could-and bad was the best-up a tree, trying to get his insects. But in vain; only in one respect did he resemble a woodpecker, that he had a red poll; for it had been considerably damaged by the fishing-point. The pretty birds all looked and laughed and wondered what the rabbit was about.

"Ah," said his grandmother, "I suppose he is trying again to do something which he has seen

some one do. "Tis just like him."

"Oh, come down there!" cried Miss Woodpecker, as well as she could for laughing. "Give me your dish," and scampering up the tree, she soon brought down a dinner. But it was long ere Master Rabbit heard the last of it

from these gay tree-tappers.

One would think that after all that had befallen the rabbit, he would have had enough of trying other people's trades; but his nature was such that, having once set his mighty mind to a thing, little short of a sudden death would cure Being one day with the bear in his cave, he beheld with great wonder how Bruin fed his folk. Having put the great pot on the fire, he did but cut a slice from his own foot to throw it into the boiling water, when it spread and grew into a mess which served for all. (This evidently being an allusion to the bear being supposed to live during the winter on his own paws.) Now there was a great piece given to Rabbit to take home and feed his family.

"Truly," he said, "this is a thing which I can do. Is it not stated in the family records that whatever a bear can do well, a rabbit can do better? So he invited his friend to dine with him the day after to-morrow. When the bear came the rabbit said, "Grandmother, set your pot boiling," and whetting his knife on a stone, he tried to do as the bear had done: but little did he get from his small, thin soles though he

cut himself madly.

"What can he be trying to do?" growled the bear in astonishment.

"Ah!" sighed the grandmother, "something which he has seen some one else do."

"Here, I say! Give me the knife," quoth Bruin. And taking it, he cut a slice from his sole, which did him no harm, and gave them a good dinner. But Master Rabbit was in a sad case, and it was many a day ere he was well again. Having, however, had three experiences of finding his conceit taken down, he wisely gave up trying to accomplish what his own nature never intended him to do; but the virtue of never giving in, even though it led him into failure, stood him in good stead when, for the future, he relied on his own capabilities, in which he succeeded very well.



## A VISIT TO A BISCUIT MANUFACTORY.



OME little time ago, I went with Aunt Amy to stay a week at Reading, and, of course, directly any one mentions Reading the next thought is Huntley and Palmer's biscuit manufactory; and,

like other visitors, we determined, if possible, to go over it.

Accordingly, one morning we started off, signed our names in the visitors' book, gave ourselves to the care of the guide, who took us across a yard and opened a door leading into a large room, very hot, with machinery whizzing and roaring on all sides, and biscuits everywhere, in all sorts of different stages. Here were some small flat biscuits arranged on trays waiting to be baked; there the materials were being well stirred in pans, that had a kind of revolving whisk in them, or by men with huge wooden spoons; in a third place the paste was being rolled out by a machine looking very much like a large mangle, and came out so smooth and even. then passed into other machines, which first punched out the biscuits the right size and shape, then carried them on to trays to be ready for the oven, and at the same time threw the pieces that were left into a kind of trough to be kneaded up again.

We were not allowed to see the mixing room, for there lies the secret of these biscuits, of the little variations that give us at least 150 different kinds; in this room, we were told, the ingredients are weighed, and then passed down through tubes to the room beneath into the pans

before mentioned.

Some biscuits, such as cocoa-nut, instead of being punched out, are squeezed through a small aperture; and others, after being cut into lengths by a machine, are passed to boys, all looking, like everything else in the establishment, scrupulously clean-who twist them once round their fingers, pinch the ends well together, and put them on the baking tray. They showed us one biscuit that they said was made specially for the Queen: it did not look anything particular-in fact, I should have said I had often seen it before, but of course I was mistaken. The making of cracknels is very peculiar, for when they are cut and shaped they are plunged into a cauldron of boiling water, fished out with a net, thrown into cold water, and then taken out and baked; so they are literally-what the word biscuit means -twice cooked.

In one room a delicious smell of almonds made

us exclaim "Maccaroons!" and there we saw boys cutting up by machinery little mountains of almonds, others sticking them into the maccaroons, and men putting them into pans filled with a most tempting-looking creamy substance, that when baked will give that sort of wafer that is always found at the bottom of maccaroons, button-nuts, and others.

Then there were the ginger-nuts, and here we saw
the flour coming down the tube from the mixingroom—a nice pale-brown mixture, rolled out like
the other paste by a big roller, and having somewhat the appearance of yards of brown sateen or
linen being measured off for a dress; then came
the punching machine again, cutting the paste
into nuts or fingers as required. The gaide showed
us a large can of treacle, which, he told us, was
ut into the mixture to make it dark.

And now we came to the ovens—and what strange things they were, not a bit like any other oven I ever saw; they are from I to 20 feet long, and over the fire are large wheels which keep always turning, and the trays of biscuits pass continually over the wheels, never stopping from the time they are put in at one end till they are taken out cooked at the other, which takes about a quarter of an hour. It is seldom a tray of biscuits is spoiled, and each one as it is taken out is carefully looked over, and the unsatisfactory ones put on one side.

A man, with two thick pieces of leather in his hands, is waiting to take the trays out and put them on a sort of dinner-waggon, which is wheeled away to the lift, when the biscuits are sent up to the floor above to be packed.

We also went up to the packing-room, and here we saw the biscuits-not the materialsbeing mixed. The different kinds were arranged in little divisions along a counter; a boy with a basket, on what seemed to be a stand on wheels, passed quickly along, taking a handful from each division and putting it into the basket, and they were then passed to the packer, who packed them neatly and firmly in the tins. One was packing finger-rusks, and we noticed how little bits got chipped off, and the guide told us that this was sold to the boys, who took it home to their mothers to make into puddings, "and," he added, "very nice puddings it makes." Here, too, we saw cakes of all descriptions—for Huntley and Palmer are famous for their cakes as well as their biscuits-plain, sultana, cocoa-nut, the well-known Reading cake, sponge cakes, both large and small, were to be seen; and here, usually, the women and girls are to be found, but we saw very few, and the guide explained that they went to their dinner first, so as to avoid the

confusion of so many passing in and out at the same time. A few, however, were at work putting on the silver paper with the name on it, packing them in boxes, or wrapping them care-

fully in white paper.

Rows of new bright tins, of all sizes, were to be seen with Huntley and Palmer's label on them; they are made at a large factory in another part of Reading. These are filled with biscuits, and then packed into large boxes or casks, which are taken to the top of a slope, down which they roll to the floor beneath, and are put on the railway-truck that is always in readiness to take them to the station, and from there they are sent nearly all over the world. One lady, who had travelled a very great deal, said she had only been to two places where she could not get Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, and Aunt Amy says she had some at an oasis in the Desert of Sahara.

Some thousands of tons are sent out every year; at Christmas and other very busy times they have sent off as many as 200 tons per day—one machine alone will punch out 1,200 biscuits per minute. In another part of this enormous place is what in New York they call "the elevated railway"—that is, a railway at the top of the building, which carries goods across the River Kennet from one part of the factory to

another.

Altogether it is like a little town all by itself—
"a town," as some one remarked, "built upon
biscuits," and in it are employed every day, and
all the year round, nearly 4,000 men, women, and
children. To each one of these 4,000 is given every
Saturday a bag of broken biscuits, so they cannot
have much trouble in getting rid of their broken
bits.

Having seen all there was time for, we went home, interested and amused, having very much enjoyed our visit to the biscuit factory.

E. J. T.

In the north of Scotland, an eagle carried a cat to her nest. Feigning death, the cat was left by the eagle with her young ones. As soon as the old bird left, pussy sprang upon the eaglets, made a meal of one of them, and effected her escape without injury.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Peerless.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When there is a canon in the reading desk and a great gun in the pulpit.

2. A draught.



#### UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH.



ANY years ago there suddenly burst upon the western world a magnifcent stranger from foreign parts, "with all his travelling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858, on

the grand tour of the universe.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance, an aëronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighbourhood of a large market town in one of our Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and labourers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aëronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could "hitch it" to his fence. But, before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions." While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighbouring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnnie proved the "ounce too much" for the aërial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at

once: he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air! Vain was the aëronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in the fence; but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew faint and fainter up in the air.

When distance and twillight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark, cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an acial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms toward the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up into

the unanswering void.

The aëronaut strove to console the wretched parents with the assurance that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided that it did not come down in water or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favourable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended: he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah no," replied the mother. "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnnie in her

arms!"

The balloon passed directly over the market town; and the children, seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might almost have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as, heading toward the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendour, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded out with the day.

Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs! Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors; something whispered them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or dash, living or dead, they would still be in His domain and under His care; that, though borne away among the stars, they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie

was apprehensive that it might come too near their airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But, when his sister assured him that that fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilised, but soon afterwards said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself; I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying, tenderly, "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling; but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers, and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I

have my supper?" asked little Johnnie.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you or for herself; but we must pray all the harder," solemnly

responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity, and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unpitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There! God heard that easy; for we are close to Him up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace; for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet; or, perhaps, being cast away on some desolate star-island; or, more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, a happy chance, or Providence—we should say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve. Something told her to pull it. At

once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though drawn down by tender hands, or as though some celestial pilot guided it through wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake or river, lofty tree or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchildlike experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror, but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen; but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising toward them," she said. But, when the car stopped, to her great disappointment it was not on the ground, but caught fast on the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she knew they were near a house whence help might soon come. So she awakened her brother, and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and for warmth; for they were very cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general; but, on this particular morning, he awoke before the dawn, and, though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So at last he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his sleeplessness: "It's no use. I'll just get up and dress,

and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from his house than his eyes fell on a strange, portentous shape hanging on a large pear-tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness of anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who, having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity: he called on his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely, never pear-tree bore such fruit!

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice: "Please take us down. We are very cold!"

Then a second little voice: "And hungry too. Please take us down!"

"Why, who are you, and where are you?"
The first little voice said: "We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said: "It's us, and we

runned away with a balloon: Please take us in."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dancing rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments curiously

surveying the balloon.

The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

Before sunrise, a mounted messenger was peaked to the Harwood home with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon; and, a few hours later, the children themselves arrived in state with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-waggon and four,

Joy bells were rung in the neighbouring town; and, in the farmer's house, the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.—
Grace Greenwood, in "Stories for Home Folks,"

#### GOOD NIGHT!

Good night!
To each weary, toil-worn wight;
Now the day so sweetly closes,
Every aching brow reposes
Peacefully till morning light,
Good night!

Home to rest!

Close the eye and calm the breast;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "Haste!
Home to rest!"

So good night!
Slumber on till morning light;
Slumber, till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night!
Korner,

#### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

DAMASCUS.

Find an incident in a patriarch's life of which Damascus was the scene.

How was David connected with this city? By whom was it reconquered?

What rivers flowed through Damascus?
What does Ezekiel say regarding its commerce?

With what important event is Damascus chiefly connected?

# YOUNG DAYS.



SUMMER HOLIDAYS (See page 90).

## FELIX. BY NORAH BARROWCLIFFE. PART II.



Felix with respect and admiration; when he sang every one was struck with wonder. He was no longer a charity boy, his service was worth payment. gave up his old untidy ways; he dressed smartly; he learned Italian to improve his pronunciation. He began to feel now the power that was in his voice; by it he could enchain the minds of a whole audience, could move them to joy or sorrow, could awaken in them feelings of stirring excitement and anger, of brokenhearted repentance, of humble gratitude; they were entirely at his command. He wielded a more mighty sway than a sceptred monarch. With this thought his courage rose, his mind expanded: the aspirations that had upheld and stirred him in the dark days of his poverty now blossomed forth and filled his heart. His voice seemed to grow richer and more flexible every day, and he took more and more delight in it. "A voice makes a fortune," said he; "it shall make mine. It has raised me from low society and low hopes to the highest heaven. perfectly happy. I will become as rich and noble as a real prince, and then I will ask Ida to be my princess. Already I almost dare to love her." He thought of the one night when he had been her prince for a few hours—a few hours of perfect happiness; and he thought of the opera where she would be indeed his princess, and he was lost in a fairyland of delight.

The opera was named "Marguerite," for that

was the name of the princess. In it were two kings, both old, each having a grown-up son and a grown-up daughter. The first king was a widower-a noble old man; he loved the second king's daughter with a true and honest love, and married her. She was beautiful and good, and they were very happy; but his son was a bad prince, and had rebelled against his father, giving him much sorrow; therefore when the king married again he disinherited him. This so enraged the bad prince that he cruelly poisoned his young step-mother, and threw the suspicion upon his sister Marguerite, making out that she had done the deed from jealousy. Now, the second king's son was a noble and good young prince, and he had fallen in love with the Princess Marguerite; but at the time of her accusation he was away in distant lands. What was the misery of the poor old king! His young wife was dead, his daughter, whom he loved almost as dearly, had murdered her. The whole court was in sorrow; the king's fool alone, who was a little dumb dwarf, remained faithful to the princess, for he had not sense, they said, to understand her guilt. In the first part Marguerite appeared dressed in snow-white, a snowwhite veil bound with pearls over her rich hair. The good prince was apparelled in blue and silver; his hair was gold. They wandered in a garden of white lilies, like the one Felix had seen in his dream, and it looked like fairyland. But afterwards, when the good prince was gone and the weight of the accusation was upon her, she was dressed in dull and sombre grey, and her dark hair fell unheeded about her like a veil of woe. The old king could not believe her guilty. and therefore she was left to wander free; and the fool danced before her, as he had been taught to do when any one looked sad. But meanwhile the good prince came home, and believing the crime of the princess, left her in great anguish : and when the second king learned that his daughter was killed and that the murderess remained unpunished, in rage and grief he raised a great army, and went in battle against the first king. Then there was terrible fighting, a siege, and great havoc. The fool led Marguerite into the little chapel of the palace, and there knelt down with her upon a grave. The door burst open; in staggered the good prince and the bad prince, clenched in mortal combat. struggled for some minutes, reeling about the chapel; but at last the bad prince fell. "I am dying," he cried; and he rolled his eyes round and saw his sister. "Hear me," he cried again. "With my latest breath, and, as I hope for mercy, I swear to you I did the deed, I am

guilty, and she is innocent!" With these words he died. Immediately the whole scene changed, the fighting and tumult ceased, the two old kings were reconciled. The murderer was buried with solemn prayers for his soul, and the princess, once more arrayed in spotless white, with tears of happiness on her face, was joined to the good prince amid great rejoicing.

Such was the opera. Felix and Ida went together to the manager, told him what parts they had taken, and sang them to him. He was

satisfied, and engaged them.

Felix was feverish with excitement: he could not rest. After the rehearsal he wandered about the rest of the night, for happiness makes one very wakeful. He had been studying hard lately, for he must make himself worthy to be Ida's prince. There was a strange clearness in his head; he could learn faster than he had ever done before, and there was in his voice a curious deep tremor that brought tears into his own eyes while he sang. In the evening he went on the stage, and was seized suddenly with faintness and shivering. He could only just get through his part, and fell in a swoon, from which he woke in a terrible fever. His throat felt like a burning coal, his consciousness was gone, he tossed and raved. He was kindly nursed, but his life was despaired of. In his delirium he acted the whole opera through and through; he took every one's part, he talked and sang incessantly, and it seemed to him that he could not be heard amid the hubbub of noises and whirl of movement around him. There was pitch darkness; all the scenes seemed to mingle into one; the princess became a frightful witch, and cast fire about, which flashed before his eyes and fell upon his head. His hair caught fire; he felt it blaze up and fill the whole room with light; then the darkness cleared away, and the noise and phantoms were gone. He opened his eyes and saw the darkened room, and by his bedside were flowers and cooling fruits sent by Ida, He closed his eyes again, and a heavenly sleep refreshed his troubled brain. He recovered quickly and was soon well. But his voice?

Gone, gone, hopelessly and for ever. Strength and energy returned to his limbs; but he stood there dumb—the fountain of sweet sound, the outpouring of his soul sealed up for ever. But there was yet another trial for him. On his first recovering, his hearing had been very weak, and he had waited for it to improve with his improving health. But he now learned that it was not to be better, but worse. A voice is a fortune, but without voice or hearing, what hope was left to him? "Sound," he said, "sound is life and

soul to me. I could give up my eyes if I might hear." However, he must have bread; so he returned to the ballet, and danced, and was loudly applauded.

Ida meanwhile had entered the opera and taken her part. Another prince filled the place of Felix, who was of her own station, clever, and noble. He had only just time to prepare his

part before the opera opened.

What a success! The great amphitheatre was crowded, even to the topmost gallery. The applause was so enthusiastic that flowers and bouquets fell at Ida's feet. Night after night the crowd at the doors was almost dangerous. Never had the character been given with such power and feeling, never before had people seen such beauty or heard a voice more perfect. There were critics there, who intended to be very severe. Some picked out passages of peculiar difficulty in which they were sure the new actress would fail. What a fuss was being made about her! The world was so easily led, and never could discern true merit. They would be more discriminating. But at the end of the first act criticism was forgotten. Friends and foes enraptured, overwhelmed, had only trouble in finding means to express their enthusiasm. Ida's voice had made her fortune.

And after the opera came the ballet, at which the audience laughed and clapped, glad of a little relief from the emotion they had passed through. And Felix danced while his heart was in the great opera, which was closed to him for ever.

A year has passed, and "Marguerite" is once more upon the stage. The people wait impatiently for the time; they long to see once more the beautiful princess, whose trouble made all hearts soft and warm. The prince has come to act with her again; both he and she are better known to the world than on their first meeting, and more used to their art. But neither has lost the simplicity and deep true feeling shown in their first appearance. The part of the dumb Fool is taken by a new actor; the public do not feel much interest in that; but the new actor is Felix. During the year he has earned his living as best he could, his intelligence almost compensating for his deafness. But ever as before he has longed after the theatre; nothing else has satisfied his craving; and at last he has gone back. He has taken the poorest work of the performances, has acted pantomime and masquerade; has danced in the ballet, while his heart seemed to be slowly breaking. But, while reading over the old score from which he learned his prince's part, a thought has come to him as by inspiration-a conviction that here indeed was

something he could do. For as he read the Fool's part he cried out suddenly, "Dumb!" and remained silent a long time while thelight broke into his face. "No voice is needed here, not even hearing; why could I not act the dumb Fool?" He saw that the Fool's part had been misread; that it might be made beautiful, more beautiful, perhaps, than the prince's. He proposed it to the manager, who remembered his tine voice and consented to let him try. "It cannot hurt me," he said, "the fame of the opera

is secure." So the opera opened.

The Fool, instead of being a miserable dwarf, appeared as a fair and beautiful boy, whose speaking face replaced his silent tongue. Tender and passionate he was, in his love for the old king, in his devotion to the unhappy princess. Wonderful was the power of his acting; without a single word, without the charm of song or the force of speech, the eloquence of his looks and gestures claimed attention; spoke so that all could understand. As the accused princess, shunned and forsaken, crossed the stage, her head bowed, and her hair falling darkly over her clasped hands, he was ever by her side, guiding her with tender care, gazing into her face the while with his listening and watching soul in his eyes. Then the good prince came home; there was heard a great trampling and flourishing of trumpets, and in came heralds and outriders, and, riding on a coal-black charger, with a banner of victory floating over him, the prince himself, dressed in silver armour, with a silver helmet on his head, under which his golden hair flowed down, Behind followed his victorious army, glittering in the light; and from the other side came Marguerite, crossing slowly with bowed head, and behind her a hooting mob, who shouted "Murderess! Murderess!" The prince halted, and there was a long and terrible silence. Then he cried out: "I am the good prince, and my banner is the emblem of purity. I may not touch the hand of one thus defiled." And he bowed his head into his mailed hands and rode away while the army sang a sad chorus.

And the Fool came silently before Marguerite and laid himself at her feet; she was good

enough for him.

The first acts were ended, and the curtain

"The house is silent, is it not?" asked Felix, throwing off his fool's cap and leaning giddily against the wall.

"The house is thundering like a whole battery," said they. And when the prince led the princess before the curtain, Felix followed, and saw the waving hands and movement of delight through

the whole audience. The thundering still continued.

"They will have Marguerite again," said

Felix.

But there were cries of "The Fool! the Fool!" and they made him understand that it was he whom the audience were applauding. He went before them once again, and came back white with emotion. The prince and princes were making the most of the few minutes before their reappearance. They had gone apart together; the prince was kneeling while she fastened on his crown; they were talking in low, happy voices, and were quite unconscious of all around them. Felix heard no words, but he needed none; one more pang of pain shot to his sickening heart; he staggered and turned away.

The play went rapidly on, the last scene was reached—the marriage scene. How lovely looked the princess, and how noble the prince, as he prayed her forgiveness before taking her hand! The Fool was wanted no more, no one thought of him. But he returned quietly to the feet of his master, and knelt all through the wedding, looking up wide-eyed into the face of the old king, where was seen nothing but exultant happiness. And sobs, unseen of any one, rocked the breast of the little Fool, but whether for joy or sorrow

was not told.

And when the wedding was over, while the procession formed and the kings embraced one another, and a great chorus sounded, the Fool danced—danced on, heedlessly, madly. What

had happened to him?

Suddenly, with a burst, the sound reached him. He heard the clapping and shouting and praises, the pealing music. His voice had returned; he heard it above all—full, pure, stronger than it had ever been, and ringing beyond the other sounds. A voice is a fortune. And was his fortune thus told? Had this blight upon his life been but a heavy nightmare—was he waking to perfect happiness?—happiness such as he had never dreamed! happiness such as he could not bear. His heart broke with a great cry, and all fashed away from him. He had stopped dancing, and fallen at the feet of the princess.

"Dead!" cried the sympathising audience; but is it for joy or sorrow?" For they thought

it was all in the play.

But even before the chorus was ended the curtain dropped. For the Fool had played his part too well, too truly had his heart broken, and the death which was spared him in the play came to him in reality, at the moment of his success, in this his first and last opera, in the roar of applause which he could not hear.

#### THE CUCKOO.





BIRD gladly welcomed by every one is the cuckoo, but how few out of the many who listen to his well-known cry can tell you what sort of a bird he is, and what are his habits.

He is, I think, a much commoner bird than is generally supposed, especially in a fairly-wooded county. He is not very large, but, owing to his long wings and tail, appears larger than he really is. When flying he looks something like a small pigeon with a very long tail. In colour he is of a uniform bluish-grey above, with a white breast, elegantly banded with many narrow bands of black. His legs and feet are yellow, and his toes are placed two before and two behind, like those of a parrot. Owing to this he was formerly classed by naturalists with parrots, woodpeckers, and other birds, among the Scansores or climbers. But this order has now been broken up, and the Cuculidæ or family of the cuckoo now form the connecting link between the great order of the Passeres or sparrow-like birds, and the order Psittaci or parrots. These are hard words, but they must be mastered, for, although the habits of animals claim, and should have, the chief attention of the young naturalist, he should try to understand the place which each holds in scientific classification.

Naturalists have given to every animal—and every plant for that matter—two names, in the same way as we might have one Christian name, and one surname. Let us suppose that our name is "John Smith."

Now, "Smith" is a name common to several persons; our father, mother, sisters, and brothers

will all be named "Smith," but they are not all named "John." "John," then, is the distinguishing name by which we are known from our relatives.

And so it is with animals. Each has two names one name which answers to the "Smith," the generic or name of the genus—in our cuckoo, the Latin word "Cuculus"; the other the specific, or name of the particular kind or species—in the common cuckoo, "Canorus." Hence the scientific name of the cuckoo is Cuculus canorus: in plain English the "melodious cuckoo." Both these words, it will be seen, are Latin, and Latin is the language in which naturalists of all countries describe and name animals, so that a French naturalist can understand at once what kind of an animal is described by a German, although he may not know the German language.

Now that we have learned something of his place in the animal kingdom, we will inquire into the habits of the cuckoo.

Every one knows that the cuckoo is a summer visitant to our land, arriving in April, and leaving again early in August, to spend the winter in the woods of sunny Africa, so that it would scarcely have four months in which to seek a mate, build a nest, and rear its brood, if it were like other birds; and by the time its instinct impelled it to commence its journey, the young would not be strong enough to depart with their parents, and would be left behind to die miserably. But we know that it does not build a nest, and that the female cuckoo places her eggs in the nests of other birds to be hatched, and the young ones to be brought up by them. The egg of the cuckoo is found most usually in the nest of the hedge-sparrow, though those of the wagtail, titlark, and greenfinch are sometimes used by the parent-bird in which to place her mottled-brown treasure. I have a cuckoo's egg which was taken from the nest of a linnet.

For a long time the manner in which the cuckoo's egg was placed in a nest too small for, and in places difficult of access to, the body of the cuckoo, was a matter difficult to understand, until the question was set at rest by the French naturalist Le Vaillant, in the case of the beautiful metallic-tinted, gilded cuckoo of Southern Africa (Cuculus auratus).

Le Vaillant and his faithful Hottentot servant, Klaas, were out shooting one day, when the naturalist shot a female cuckoo, and, upon opening its beak in order to stuff its mouth with hemp to prevent the blood from soiling the feathers, was surprised to find in its throat the beautiful white egg, which the mother was evidently carrying in her mouth to the nest of its intended foster-parents.

The young cuckoo, when first hatched from the egg, is a most absurd-looking creature, its body quite bare of feathers or down, the neck apparently too weak to support its head, and its back, instead of being round like that of other young birds, has a large hollow behind the shoulders. The use of this hollow is as follows:—

Now the young cuckoo is a selfish, disagreeable creature, and does not like to share the nest with anything else—in fact, it wants the whole attention of its foster-parents to be centred on itself. So, if there are any of the rightful heirs to the nest, that have been hatched at the same time as itself, it coolly gets one of them in the hollow of its back, and feeling about with its short, featherless wings—for at this time it is quite blind—it crawls up the side of the nest with its burden, and then pitches the unfortunate nestling over the side. Each one it serves in the same way, and if eggs are laid they too are thrown out.

On one occasion, Dr. Jenner, who first noticed this curious habit, found two young cuckoos in the same nest, and was much amused by watching the struggles of the two for mastery. First one would reach the top of the nest, with the other on his back and would sink down beneath the weight of his burden, then the second would strive to throw out his opponent, and this contest continued until the stronger overcame the weaker, and remained sole occupant of the nest.

When the young cuckoo is about twelve days old, the hollow in the back is filled up, and its turn-all-out disposition begins to decline also, for Dr. Jenner found that eggs put into the nest at this time were allowed to remain.

When the cuckoo first arrives in this country his voice is very clear and loud, and, although the country boy will say that he "sucks other birds' eggs to make his voice clear," we are always pleased to hear him. Later on his voice seems to be breaking, and he begins to stutter "Cuck—cuck—cuckoo," until he ceases altogether.

We have his habits described in the rustic rhyme—

"In April come he will,
In May he sings all day,
In June he alters his tune,
In July away he'll fly,
In August go he must."

#### SUMMER HOLIDAYS. CHAPTER I.



HANGE of air, my dear? Nonsense! the children don't need it. Can't they go on the Downs every day? Where will you get better air than that? Besides,

they're perfectly well."

"My dear, how can you say so? You know Freddy's been looking very poorly for some time. The doctor said——"

"Well, yes, of course, Freddy must have a change; but nurse can take him away somewhere. As for Alice and Tom, they're as hearty as young lions. I really can't afford it this year; business has been bad, you know, and—"

The conversation between papa and mamma was interrupted by the appearance of the chidren, who always came in after dinner. First came the "young lions," who justified their reputation for "heartiness" by a well-sustained attack on the dessert; then little six-year-old Freddy, with the pale face, looking all the paler by contrast with the blooming little maiden of four, whom he held by the hand. Nurse would bring down baby a little later to say "goodnight."

Freddy and Maud were on papa's knees in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Papa," said Freddy, "mamma says you're going to take us all to the sea-side like last year, and Maudie and me's got our spades and buckets

all ready, and—"
"Oh yes, papa," broke in Alice, "and I was just going to say I had a letter to-day from Ethel. They're all down at Tenby, and it's such a jolly place, and there are lodgings next door that would just suit us. and—"

"And there's no end of fishing," put in Tom; "and uncle's given me a line, you know; and Jack's going."

Papa felt a little uncomfortable under this unexpected fire, and looked across at mamma, who, however, seemed to be entirely occupied in finding a ripe strawberry for Freddy.

If he had known what was coming he might have fortified his position somewhat, and been prepared for the attack; but the small force of four pairs of eager eyes directed towards him, and two little arms about his neck, carried his defences with a rush. He was obliged to take refuge behind the somewhat insecure shelter of the reply: "We must see; mamma and I must talk about it."

Of course the result of papa's "seeing about

it" was that he drew a big cheque from the bank, that mamma engaged the lodgings, and that a week later two cabs stood at the door piled with luggage, including a perambulator, a bath, and two wooden spades. Big nurse and little nurse, Freddy, Maud, and baby, occupied one cab; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice, Alice, and Tom the other.

Bang! bang! went the two cab-doors. The children shouted to each other out of the window, "Now we're off!" The driver was on the box with reins in hand, when suddenly Mrs. Maurice called to him to stop one moment, and, putting her head out of the window, spoke in a kind voice to a poor-looking woman in a black dress, who had just reached the gate.

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, you very nearly missed us. Did you want to see me? Nothing the matter,

I hope?"

"It was only about my little Freddy, ma'am; you've always been so kind to the child. I thought I might take the liberty to come to tell you as he's very ill—very ill indeed, ma'am;" then the tears came into the poor woman's eyes, and she couldn't get on with her story.

She had been a servant of Mrs. Maurice's many years before, and had left shortly before Alice and Tom were born, to marry a respectable man, who had died a year ago, leaving her with a little family of children, about the same ages as the Maurices. One of them, who was born almost on the same day as Freddy Maurice, she had named Freddy too, after him.

There was no time now for conversation. Mrs. Maurice could only say how sorry she was, and beg Mrs. Gray to get him what he needed with some money she slipped into her hand, adding, as the cab drove off, "I would have come to see him, but we are just off for a month at the sea-side."

The poor mother stood watching them till they were out of sight, and then turned homewards. "A month at the sea-side." It was only a few days ago she had heard those same words elsewhere. The doctor had said them when she had taken Freddy to the hospital. He had said, "My good woman, it's no use your bringing the child to me; medicine won't do him any good. Now, if you could manage somehow for him to spend a month at the sea-side——"

But what was the use of his saying that? How was it possible for her to "manage" it? She said to herself, however, that if she had an opportunity she would tell Mrs. Maurice of the doctor's words.

She had gone that day to see her old misress: but there had been no time to mention it.

#### CHAPTER II.

Tom fished to his heart's content, and Alice bathed and went about with her companions, and Freddy and Maud played on the sands all day, and they all got as brown as gipsies, and, best of all, Freddy grew plump and strong, to the great joy of his father's and mother's hearts, who agreed, when the month came to an end, that, though it had cost a great deal of money, it was well worth while, if only for the good it had done their little invalid.

A few days after their return home, Mrs. Maurice was looking over the children's things, which were decidedly the worse for wear. "How glad poor Mrs. Gray would be of some of these things, ma'am," said nurse; "she's a tidy, careful woman, and would mend and patch them, and make them last a long time." "So she would, nurse. By the by, I must go and see her tomorrow. I have never heard of her since the day we went away, when she came up to say little Freddy was very ill. I hope he is all right again. Make up a nice bundle, and I will tell her to send her little girl for it."

But Mrs. Gray met her visitor with an even sadder face than she had worn a month before, and there was no little Freddy by her side as usual, to be brought forward shyly "to speak to the lady who had a little Freddy of her own." When Mrs. Maurice asked for him and his mother began to cry, then she knew what had happened. Her mother's heart was sore for the poor woman, and she made her sit down by her side and tried to comfort her as well as she could.

It was just a week ago that he had died, "No, ma'am, thank God, he didn't suffer much, he just faded away like. He didn't fret much, and oh, ma'am, he did talk so pretty about angels and such-like, I can't think where he picked up so much, but I suppose it was the hymns he used to learn in the Sunday-school as put the thoughts into his mind. He'd set his heart on going into the country for their 'treat' as was to be this very day, and was always talkmg about the hay-fields, and the flowers as he'd bring home, and one day he says to me, ' Mother, when I go to Heaven I shall play in the fields always, and I shall pick great big bunches of flowers, one for you, and one for father, and one for Jesus." Then the poor mother's tears began to flow afresh, and it was some time before she could go on again-

"And now there's Maggie will be following him soon, I believe, for she's been over-growing her strength, and is as pale and thin as can be, and what with the nursing and the fretting after her brother, she's a'most wore to nothing." "Haven't you any friends in the country that she could go and stay with for a week or two? The change would do her good in every way."

"No, ma'am, that's just what I haven't. I did wish so that I had for poor little Freddy's sake, for the doctor said many a time that it was just what he wanted, and perhaps if he could have been sent somewhere it might have saved his life."

"Oh, I wish," said Mrs. Maurice, "I had known that in time; something might have been managed, I dare say. I will make enquiries at once amongst my friends and see if we cannot

arrange to send Maggie away."

#### CHAPTER III.

The last evening of the holidays had come. Alice and Tom were to return to school on the morrow. Their spirits somehow didn't seem quite so high as usual, and for a wonder they were content to sit still and have a quiet talk with their mother. They had being going over all that they had done and seen during the happy days that had passed so quickly, especially the adventures and delights of their visit to the seaside.

But they had kind hearts, quick to feel pity for others who were in any trouble, and their faces became grave when their mother told them about the Grays, and added, "If little Freddy could have gone to the seaside for a month, as our little Freddy did, perhaps he would have been alive and well." Then she told them of Maggie, and how "a change" was just what she seemed to need. "And I have just heard of a way by which we can manage it nicely. Some ladies have formed a little Society to help people to give poor town children country holidays; the ladies have friends living in the country who know of nice cottage homes where the children can stay. It isn't like going to a school or hospital, but like going to stay with friends, you know, and I'm told that the children very soon feel quite 'at home' and get so well and happy that they are sometimes quite sorry to leave. Poor little things, some of them have never been in the country before, and it's like a new world to them—the farm-yards and the hayfields, the woods and the sea. You, who are so accustomed to such things, can hardly believe what delight it is to them to see the flowers growing, and to gather as many as they like, and pick up shells and sea-weed from the beach.

"The plan is so simple and natural, one only wonders it wasn't thought of long ago, and it is not at all expensive. The board and lodging of each child costs five shillings a week. Generally the Society pays a part, and whoever sends the child pays a part-but of course I shall pay for Maggie entirely for two or three weeks; perhaps you would like to give an extra week yourselves." Mrs. Maurice did not press this, but Alice and Tom seemed quite pleased with the idea. "Perhaps you might tell some of your schoolfellows about the Society. I suppose they sometimes make collections for some good object, and I should think this would seem to them as good as any. I see quite a large number of poor children were sent away last summer, and there are likely to be more applications than ever. Very often those who apply are not able to pay for their poor friends, as we are for Maggie, and it would be a pity if they should have to be refused for want of funds."

A suitable "home" was soon found for Maggie, and though, of course, some tears were shed on both sides when she and her mother parted for the first time, the following letter, written a week later, showed plainly enough that she was soon quite happy and "at home" in the pretty country cottage to which she had

gone :-

#### MAGGIE'S LETTER.

DEAR MOTHER,

I hope you are quite well. I feel much better than I was. The air is very strong here, and gives me an appetite, so that I eat very hearty. Mrs. Blake is very kind; she lets me have as much as I want. I call her Aunty. She has four dear little children and two pigs, also fouls. There is a orchard where we can play at the back of the house, and a garden in the front full of lovely flowers, and there is roses climing all over the front of the house. Mrs. Blake says I shall have a bunch to take home to you when I go away, and some roots to plant over dear little Freddy's grave. It seems so big in the country; you can see for miles round. Yesterday we all went down to the sands to see the tide come up there was ships sailing on the sea, and children riding on donkeys. I found a lot of pretty shells and sea-weed. I wish you and Harry and Janie was here. Mrs. Blake sends her respects to you, and says you must all come over for a day soon. Now, dear mother, I must conclude, hoping to hear from you soon, with fondest love and kisses for you and Harry and Janie.

I remain, your loving child,
MAGGIE.

Mind and come soon. × × ×

Mrs. Gray accepted Mrs. Blake's invitation, and one fine day, taking the little ones with her, paid a visit to the country home when Maggie had been there about three weeks. For a moment she really hardly knew the girl when

she came running to meet her, so sunburnt and healthy and cheerful had she become. The two mothers became quite friends, and Mrs. Blake insisted that Maggie must come to visit her again the next summer. She wouldn't want any payment with her, "She was a good girl. and handy with the children, and would be welcome

at any time."

Maggie was the first, but by no means the last, poor child to whom Alice and Tom helped to give a "country holiday," and found real delight in doing so. Nor did they tire of it when the first novelty of the plan had passed away, but it became a regular custom with them; so that they would have felt it quite strange if, whilst they were enjoying their own summer holidays at the seaside or some pleasant place in the country, they could not sometimes think and speak of the poor boy or girl to whom they had been able to give a pleasure like their

Would not every reader of this little story like

to do the same?

#### FROM THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

As I roamed t'other day, Neighbour Hop, in my way I discovered a nice rotten plum, Which you know is a treat; And to taste of the sweet A swarm of relations had come.

So we all settled round, As it lay on the ground, And were feasting ourselves with delight; But for want of more thought To have watched as we ought, We were suddenly seized-and held tight.

In a human clenched hand. Where unable to stand, We were twisted and tumbled about: But perceiving a chink, You will readily think I exerted myself-I got out.

How the rest got away I really can't say; But I flew with such ardour and glee. That again unawares, I got into the snares Of my foe, Mr. Spider, you see!

Who so fiercely came out Of his hole, that no doubt He expected that I was secure: But he found 'twould not do. For I forced my way through, Overjoyed on escaping, you're sure,

But I'll now take my leave, For the clouds, I perceive, Are darkening over the sky; The sun has gone in. And I really begin To feel it grow colder-Good-bye!

I'm, as ever, yours,

Blue-bottle Fly.

CHARLES BLOOMFIELD.

#### CHINESE BOYS AT PLAY.



HOUGH Chinese boys have no cricket nor football, no marbles nor hocky, and understand nothing of paper-chases and boating, they are not without some amusements: and even if they are a trifle more

old-fashioned and sober than English children. vet they enjoy their games quite as heartily.

Kite-flying is the great delight of Chinese boys, and also of their fathers and grandfathers. Some kites are in the form of beautiful birds, or butterflies; others in the shape of men, dragons, and centipedes. Occasionally a tiny paper lantern is fastened to the tail of a kite, and being lighted it shines like a star as it rises.

Then there are lanterns of all sizes and shapes. which are the pride of the first month of the year. Most of them are made of bright-coloured paper, over a light bamboo framework. Some are made in the shape of a ball fixed to the end of a stick, others are like rabbits, horses, or fowls, mounted on wheels, or else in the form of shrimps, crabs, and beetles, others represent flowers.

When Chinese children want more active amusements, they play battledore-and-shuttlecock, only the battledore is usually the thick sole of the shoe, or the instep of the foot, which they manage so cleverly that it is quite common to see the shuttlecock struck some two or three

hundred times without missing.

"Hitting the ball," wouldbe considered monotonous by English lads, as it is simply played by striking the ball to the ground with the hand as many times as possible. A Chinese top is made of bamboo with a piece of wood going through it, and a large hole cut in the side, which makes it have a fine humming sound as it spins. "Hiding from the cat" is similar to blind-man's-buff, as is also "Catching shrimps." "Ta-pan" is something like hopscotch; "Turning the dragon" is the favourite amusement of Chinese boys in the spring-time, and, like most of their pleasure, it has a religious or superstitious signification, as it is supposed to be very effectual in dispelling all evil influences thought to exist in the first month of the year. The body of the dragon is composed of a large number of lanterns fastened together and carried on long poles. The procession accompanying this huge, many-jointed creature, makes a tremendous din, beating gongs, and letting off squibs and crackers, to the great amazement of the Western stranger, who for the first time looks on at this singular spectacle.

Another game is the "Lion playing with the ball." The lion is made very much the same way as the dragon, and carried by two men or boys. The boys insert their heads in the body of the monster, while their figures and legs are dressed to represent the imaginary legs of the animal. The head is made with gaping jaws which are a great convenience to the persons within the figure's legs, since they can see through the opening what is going on. The Chinese have an idea that the lion is very fond of playing with a ball, and accordingly a boy walks in front of the procession carrying a very large one. Wherever the latter runs the lion follows, greatly to the amusement of the spectator.

Punch-and-Judy is as fashionable in China as in England, and many believe the show was introduced into our country by the Chinese. Some of the pets kept by the Chinese boys are the same as those prized by our children, viz.; rabbits, kittens, goldfish, and they have many favourite birds, as the canary and lark, beside a sort of thrush, called the bird with the flowery

eyebrow.

There are not many toy-shops, but cheap playthings are sold by an itinerant vendor of small wares, whose approach is announced by the beating of a gong, which soon calls the children out of the houses, to crowd round his baskets loaded with clay or pasteboard figures; cages with birds, ladies riding on nondescript animals, carts carrying a drum which beats as the wheels revolve, etc. The proverbial sweet-tooth exists also in China, and sugar candy and sweetmeats are generally supplied by a confectioner, who carries two baskets suspended on a pole on his shoulders. One basket contains the pots and pans necessary for the prosecution of his trade, the other a tempting array of sweets of all shapes and sizes. Nuts are also in great demand, and often form parts of the sweetmeats.

The difference between Chinese and English boys lies in the fact that, as with the latter active sports and physical exercises are commended, all violent exertion is discouraged in China, and a boy receives the more approbation the more dignified and grave he is in his deportment.

The Chinese are fond of asking riddles, and some of which could not possibly be understood in English, but the following are capable of

translation:-

"What is the fire that has no smoke, and the water that has no fish?

"A glow-worm's fire has no smoke, and wellwater has no fish."

"Mention the name of an object with two mouths which travels by night and not by day. "A lantern."

"What is that of which we have too much, and that of which we desire more?

"A summer day is too long (because of the heat), and we wish a winter day were longer."

"What are the eyes of heaven, the bones of water, and the looking-glass of the sky?

"Stars, ice, and the sea."

"What is it that has a gaping mouth and marches on like an invading army, devouring at every step?

"A pair of scissors cutting cloth."

The amusement of solving riddles is so popular in China among all classes, that at the time of the Feast of Lanterns, you may often see a group of literary men, as well as the common people, gathered round a doorway, over which hangs a lantern upon which several enigmas are written.

Next time we will hear what little girls do in

China.—Child-Life in Chinese Homes.



#### TWO OLD LEGENDS.



VERY one has heard how in the year 1307 Gessler, Governor of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, set a hat on a pole as symbol of the Imperial power, and ordered every

one who passed by to do obeisance to it; and how a mountaineer named William Tell, who hated Gessler and the tyranny which the symbol expressed, passed by without saluting the hat, and was at once seized and brought before the governor, who ordered that as punishment Tell should shoot an apple on the head of his own son. As resistance was vain, Tell could only obey; and, bending his bow, the arrow, piercing the apple, fell with it to the ground. Gessler saw that Tell, before shooting, had stuck a second arrow in his belt, and asking the reason, received this for answer: "It was for you; had I shot my child, know that this would have pierced your heart."

Similar legends are found among the Danish writers, and going still farther northward we find tales corresponding in their main features to the above in Norway and Iceland. Somewhat like it is one which has its origin in the Farce Islands, where King Harold challenges Geyti, son of Aslak, and vexed at being beaten in a swimming match, bids Geyti shoot a hazel-nut from off his brother's head. He consents, and the king wit-

nesses the feat, when Geyti

"Shot the little nut away, Nor hurt the lad a hair."

Next day Harold sends for the archer, and says:

"List thee, Geyti, Aslak's son, And truly tell to me, Wherefore hadst thou arrows twain In the wood yestreen with thee?"

To which Geyti answers:

"Therefore had I arrows twain
Yestreen in the wood with me,
Had I but hurt my brother dear
The other had pierced thee."

In the old English ballad of William of Cloudeslee, the brave archer says:

"I have a sonne seven years old,
Hee is to me full deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arroe
Shall cleave the apple in towe."

The same story, with some variation, is found

in Germany; and, travelling eastwards as far as Persia, we find the Tell myth as an incident in a poem of the twelfth century. In Finland it also exists, though the chief actors change places. A fight took place between some freebooters and the inhabitants of a village. The robbers plundered every house, and carried off, amongst their captives, an old man. As they proceeded with their spoils along the strand of the lake, a lad of twelve years appeared from among the reeds on the opposite bank, armed with a bow, and amply provided with arrows. He threatened to shoot down the captors unless the old man, his father, was restored to him. The robbers mockingly replied that the aged man would be given to him if he could shoot an apple off his head. The boy accepted the challenge, pierced the apple, and freed his father.

Who also does not know the story of Llewellyn the Great going out hunting, and missing his favourite dog; of his return, to be greeted by the noble creature with more than usual pleasure, but with jaws besmeared with blood; of the anxiety with which Llewellyn rushed into the house, to find the cradle where had lain his beautiful boy upset, and the ground around it soaked with blood; of his thereupon killing the dog, and then seeing the child lying unharmed beneath the cradle, and sleeping by the side of a dead wolf, from whose ferocity the faithful Gellert had delivered it? Most of us, in our visits to North Wales, have stood by Gellert' grave at Beddgelert, little suspecting that the affecting story occurs in the folk-lore of nearly every nation. It is found in some tales of the middle ages compiled by the monks, where the knight, who corresponds to Llewellyn, after slaving his dog discovers that it had saved his child from a serpent, and thereupon breaks his sword, and departs on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

In the Sanskrit fable-book of India, an infirm child is left by its mother while she goes to fetch water, and she charges the father, who is a Brahman, to watch over it. But he leaves the house to collect alms, and soon after this a snake crawls towards the child. In the house was an ichneumon, a creature often cherished as a house-pet, who sprang at the snake and throttled it. When the mother came back, the ichneumon went gladly to meet her, his jaws and face smeared with the snake's blood. The horrified mother, thinking it had killed her child, threw her water-jar at it, and killed it; then, seeing the child safe beside the mangled body of the snake, she beat her breast and face with grief, and scolded her husband for leaving the house.-From " Myths and Dreams." E. CLODD.



#### ON A HEATH.

WAS lying on a slope among the heather in a little open space, all springy with moss and sweet with wild thyme, and the purple and vellow round me for a wall, when I

became aware of an approaching visitor-a toad. Slowly, and with toilsome step, the pilgrim came climbing up the hill, taking hold with its hands, so it seemed, of the harebell and the scabious to help itself up. And I thought of Christiana journeying to the city and the hill called Difficulty. How hard it found it, this six or seven feet of slanting turf! Its steps were only half an inch long, and if it had come from the very bottom of the dell the distance was indeed no Sabbath day's journey for such as it.

I was half inclined to get up and carry it to the top. But, then, I was not sure where it wanted to go. I did not know enough of its affairs to justify interference. My kindness might have proved a high-handed piece of brutality, so I let it creep and crawl, watching its shoulders working round with such fatigued determination, the hind legs moving up so languidly and slow. And then, all of a sudden, the traveller came upon the edge of the plaid which I had spread under me. It stopped, raised itself on its forepaws, and looked up.

"I daresay," said panting Christiana, "this is a breathing hill."

And with the same weary solemnity of grace it stepped on to my rug and rested.

" For all things having life sometimes have quiet

The bearing ass, the drawing ox, and every other

Then it looked about it. No Good Shepherd was there to lend it glasses with which it might catch sight of the wished-for Celestial City. But it breathed itself, gave a shake, and started off again, like the stout-hearted, stalwart little toad that it was. And as I watched it coming nearer and nearer, so slowly and deliberately straight up to me, I could not help thinking of all kinds of stories where toads had gone on errands of great importance and with wonderful tidings for people in trouble-wise old toads, who knew how the tasks which unkind stepmothers gave to pretty maidens were to be done in time, who gave advice that always proved to be well worth following, and were benevolent, sagacious, and trustworthy. Perhaps it was coming to tell me something.

I was lying on my side, half-raised on my elbow, with my head on my hand. As it was passing my foot I moved it. Sir Peregrine

"This is a moving mountain, no doubt," he

said, and went plodding on.

I moved the plaid, and again the toad stopped. "Or of the nature of an earthquake," quoth he, and resumed his climb. And unmolested I let the fat, round-shouldered little traveller come up to my elbow. There it rested, and I looked at it.

What bright eyes it had! No wonder they say "it wears a jewel in its head." And it looked at me

Just then my little daughter came up.

"Edie," I said, "here is a little toad. He is taking a message up the hill to the dormouse that eats the nuts, and is very tired. What a pity we have not got a toadstool for it to sit and rest on."

But Edie knew where there was a big one, just close by, under the Scotch firs, and she fetched it. So I made a hole in the turf, and planted it firm, and fetched Toady back, who was only a foot away, and set him upon his stool. The comical look of the full-blown creature perched on high made us laugh prodigiously.

"But perhaps it will be late with its message

to the dormouse," said Edie at last.
"Or perhaps," I said, "it is going to a party.

Let us make it look smart."

Then Edie picked some heather, and we strung the tiny bells on a fine grass blade, and bent it into a circle, and hung it round the toad's neck, and set it going again. And away it went up the hill, slower than ever, and disappeared into the heather with its wreath round its neck.

"How pretty the other toads will think it!"

said Edie.

"I hope they will," said I.

PHIL ROBINSON.

"It is not merely by negation that the false can be driven out, but by the fullest assertion of the true."

#### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

BABYLON.

What important epoch in Jewish history is connected with Babylon?

Give a short description of the return from Babylon.

Which prophet speaks of its greatness?

Who conquered the kingdom?

Which of the apostles mentions a Christian Church being established there?

# YOUNG DAYS.



RESTING AWHILE (See page 99).

#### HOW NELLIE HASTINGS KEPT HOUSE.

BY ARTHUR H. GILBERT.

#### CHAPTER I.



was a charming little house, situated in a beautiful part of one of the western counties. From the basement to the roof it was covered with luxuriant creepers. while the lower windows were set

in a veritable frame of climbing roses. In this retreat resided Mr. and Mrs. Hastings and their daughter Nellie-a sunny-haired, violet-eved, merry little girl of nine, or thereabouts, and the

idol of her parents' hearts.

Upon the morning of their introduction to the reader the family were seated at breakfast; but at this moment Mrs. Hastings was reading a letter, just received from her sister. This lady, who was known as Aunt Sophy, was to have arrived at their house the next day for a short visit. But in the letter it was stated that she had been obliged, through an unforeseen circumstance, to alter her plans, and would therefore, in all probability, be with them that very day, at eight o'clock in the evening.

At any other time this would have been an agreeable surprise; but it so happened that today Mr. and Mrs. Hastings were obliged to leave home, in order to fulfil an important engagement. their intention being to take Nellie with them. The business would bear of no delay; so after much consideration it was settled that Nellie should stay at home, and be entrusted with the

high honour of receiving Aunt Sophy.

Nellie was, of course, delighted with the idea, and clapped her hands for very joy. How surprised Aunt Sophy would be to find her alone in the house! She would take her all round the garden: show her the guinea-pigs, and Topsy. the pony; and then the new aquarium up-stairs. with its beautiful golden fishes and fairy-like aquatic plants. And all before her papa and mamma came home too! Whatever would Aunt Sophy think of it all?

So, after promising not to go far from the house, and having received many kisses, Nellie

found herself alone.

It was a novel position, and Nellie felt very proud as she reflected on the trust reposed in her. She thought herself every inch a housekeeper as she proceeded to give pussy his morning's milk, in a saucer, on the kitchen hearth. Puss seemed to be aware of the difference too, for no sooner had he finished his milk, than he took the unpar-

donable liberty of springing on to the table, and thence to the window-sill, where he sat basking in the sun, with his nose amongst the flowers, a thing which he would certainly not have dared do had he not known that the grown-up people were abroad. Nellie, kneeling on a chair, put her arm lovingly round pussy's neck, and gazed into the garden.

"Poor old pussy," said she, presently, "how very solemn you look. I know what you're thinking about, don't I?"

Puss rubbed his head against her arm, but said

never a word.

"You're thinking," went on Nellie, "what a funny thing it is for a little girl like me to be left in charge of the house. And you're saving to yourself, I don't care a bit for her, and I shall do what I like. But, pussy, I am going to be very strict, for we're not playing at keeping house now, we're doing it really. Why, I declare! there's one of the guinea-pigs running over the flower-beds!

Here Nellie jumped from the chair, rushed into the garden, captured the truant, and returned it to the little enclosure, wherein were two or three other guinea-pigs. Such funny little things they

were running about.

I cannot mention how much useful work Nellie did that morning. She fed the canaries and the gold-fish, swept the kitchen hearth, dusted the chairs, and picked up all the dead leaves from the flower-beds. The morning passed away quickly, and when one o'clock came she felt quite ready for her dinner. When it was finished, she went once more into the garden to see how the guineapigs were getting on. While looking at them, she was startled by hearing a merry laugh, and upon looking up, whom should she see but her little playmate Annie, from the house down the lane, fooking through the garden gate.

"Let me in, Nellie dear," pleaded Annie, "I've

something to tell you."

Nellie opened the gate, and her friend entered. "Oh, Nellie," she panted, for she had been running, "such a treat; I, and my brother, and cousins are going to picnic in the old wood this afternoon. We want you to come."

"I can't," said Nellie; "papa and mamma are gone out, and they won't be home till evening."

"What! and left you here alone?"

"Yes, all alone by myself, and nobody else with me," said Nellie, proudly. And then she added, "Your mamma wouldn't leave you to take care of her house, I know."

"N-no, I don't think she would," rejoined Annie, evidently surprised, "But you'll come,

won't you?"

"No, Annie; Aunt Sophy's coming here at five, and I must receive her."

Annie looked more surprised than ever.

"Well, five's a long way off," she said; "you will have plenty of time to have tea, and a game, before that."

"No, I really mustn't leave the house; though," she added, wistfully, "I should like to go with you very much, because I've never been

in the old wood."

Annie appeared terribly disappointed. "Well," set said, "there can be no harm in your coming to see the nice things Mary is packing for our tea. Come on, it won't take a minute to slip

down the lane,

Nellie hesitated. It was a temptation which she ought to have resisted, but she did not. Although a good little girl in most respects, she was at times exceedingly thoughtless. Therefore, closing the house-door, she and her companion, hand in hand, took their way down the tree-shaded lane, and after a minute's walk, found themselves in the garden of Annie's house. Here they were soon surrounded by five or six boys and girls, to whom Annie made known that her friend could not join them, and why.

"I'm sure I see no reason why you should not come," said Albert, Annie's brother, when the facts of the case had been made known. "The house won't run away because you're not there, I dare say; and as for being back by five, I'll take care of that. They didn't tell you not to leave

the house, did they?"

"N-no, they didn't say that; but mamma told

me not to go far from the house."

"Well, we're not going far, are we?" exclaimed Albert, appealing triumphantly to the happy little crowd. "The wood isn't ten minutes walk from here."

"Oh, do come, Nellie," they cried, in chorus.

"Are—are you going by yourselves?" faltered

Nellie.

"Yes," put in Annie; "but my uncle is coming later on. We often go to the wood, and know our corner of it quite well. Do come, if only for a little while."

"Yes, do," chorused the others again.

It is sad to relate, but after a little more persuasion, Nellie agreed to accompany them, "just to see what it was like," with the stipulation that Albert, who was the eldest of the party, should bring her back the moment she expressed a wish to return.

"At any rate," reasoned Nellie as they started, "if I stayed in, I could do nothing but sit in the garden, or look at the picture-books; and, who knows? I might fall asleep, and not hear Aunt Sophy's knock. That would be dreadful! So I'll just go to the wood to see what it's like, and be back in plenty of time. I hope the guinea-pigs won't get out though."

#### CHAPTER II.

In the wood! There is a mysterious ring in the very words. The place had a powerful charm for Nellie, who had never visited it, save in fancy, and who associated it with misty ideas of funnylooking gnomes, pretty fairies, and animals possessing the power of speech. She had been as merry as any one ere the outskirts were reached; but, as they penetrated deeper into the silent glades, an indefinable feeling of awe crept over her, and she became silent. On every hand long green vistas stretched away, until the eye became tired in trying to fathom their depth. All was solitude and silence. Softly the golden summer sunlight fell through the interlacing foliage, until the gnarled and rugged trunks, gilded and brightened, seemed to smile a joyous welcome to the children.

Led by Albert, they followed a narrow footpath, in many places rendered useless by the thick undergrowth, and after a time found themselves in an open glade. The clear space was of no great extent, and the boughs of the tall trees met and formed a leafy dome above their heads. As Albert said, it might have been bigger, but still there was plenty of room for a game. There was an immense and stately trunk lying at length upon the sward, and across this, at some period long past, had been placed a plank. The boys, after many unsuccessful efforts, at last got this into position for a game of see-saw. And a glorious one it was too! Up, up, up they went, until Nellie thought they would never touch the ground again, while the trees all around seemed to sink lower and lower. Although she enjoyed it, Nellie could scarcely repress a scream of fear as she felt herself flying through the air. Down, down, down went Nellie's side of the plank; it almost took away her breath, and she clasped Annie, who was seated next to her, convulsively. Down, down, down, and the trees appeared to rise swiftly in the air. Now we're off to London town! Hurrah! Up once more, for the last time, Steady! Down, down, down; gently, gently to the ground.

"Oh, wasn't it nice!" exclaimed Annie, as she and Nellie sat down opposite each other.

"Y-es," said Nellie; "I but I was so frightened."
"I wasn't a bit. But then I have often been on it before."

The two little girls sat resting themselves for some time, and then one of the party approached

to tell them that a game of hide-and-seek had been decided on. Annie greatly enjoyed the fun occasioned by having to hide away behind the trees and bushes, and then pouncing out upon the searchers. And although, when the situations were changed and she joined the latter, she always got caught, she liked it quite as much, if not more.

Absorbed in this game, the time flew quickly and pleasantly away, and Nellie soon began to entertain thoughts of going home, although it was not near five o'clock yet. At Albert's entreaty, however, she consented to hide just once more.

"And they shall not find me so easily this time," said Nellie, as she walked away to discover a hiding-place. "I'll go a little farther off. Oh, there's a fine old hollow tree down there where they'll never think of looking. It's rather far away though. Never mind; if they can't find me, I'll come back by myself."

So saying, Nellie made her way through the grass and plumy ferns towards the old tree. But she was rather surprised to find that it was even farther off than it had appeared at first. It did not take her long to reach it, however, and she was soon snugly ensoenced in its rifted side.

"Now," she said, gleefully, "I shall be able to catch them if they come this way; for they will not see me until it is too late to retreat." And here she gave a loud whoop to let them know she was ready.

A few minutes passed away; and then as nobody came near, Nellie began to get impatient. She emerged from her hiding-place, and looked all round; but not one of her companions was visible.

"I had better go back," she said: "perhaps they've been looking for me somewhere else. Yes. Let me see, this is the—the way I came."

Nellie retraced her footsteps quickly, and for a few yards was pretty certain of the way: but very soon her farther progress was barred by an old fence. This, she certainly did not remember having seen before. She trembled and felt almost inclined to cry, as the thought flashed upon her mind that she had lost her way. But Nellie was a brave little girl, and so, conquering her fears, she determined to go back to the old tree, and choose her path with more care. At this juncture a new trial awaited her. On looking in the supposed direction of the old tree, it was nowhere to be seen. This was not surprising, for the trees grew everywhere so thickly that one might have been quite near the object of one's search without being in the least aware of the fact. Nellie burst into tears, and ran wildly to and fro, calling upon Albert and Annie. A strange, weird, mournful echo was the only response: and Nellie almost forgot her fear in her wonderment at the strange sounds. It seemed exactly as if there were another little girl crying out in some far-away part of the wood. She tried again and again to retrace her footsteps, but only succeeded each time in plunging deeper into the mazy avenues. A feeling of utter hopelessness took possession of her, and sitting upon an old moss-grown log, she began to cry bitterly. The "tweet, tweet" of the little birds, and the far-distant note of the cuckoo. and the occasional cracking of a twig as the nimble squirrels sprang about among the leafy branches, served but to increase the feeling of loneliness. Oh! if she had but stayed at home, as she now acknowledged she ought to have done. she would not now have been lost in the wood, Lost in the wood! It was a dreadful thought for poor Nellie. She arose, and once more tried to find her way back to her companions. In vain! It was like walking in a maze. Although fear rendered her mind oblivious to all thoughts save of her own position, now and again the thought would arise, in an indistinct way, had Aunt Sophy arrived; and, if so, what would she do when she found no one at home to receive her? It was getting late too! The golden, yellow light on the trunks of the trees had faded, and they were now tinged with a ruddy glow; and the sunbeams no longer descended perpendicularly through the arching foliage making a fairy network on the ground, but came in a slanting direction. It was a beautiful scene, but Nellie had no eyes for it; for she began to feel faint for want of food. Certainly, there were plenty of berries about; but she had been told that most wild berries were poisonous, and was therefore fearful of touching them. Poor Nellie! it was a dreadful position: and the last remaining spark of her courage died out as the probability of having to pass the night in this lonely place crossed her mind.

Slowly, slowly the remaining sunlight faded, and the old tree-trunks and the narrow stems of the saplings, losing their crimson hue, became grey, and then black. In Nellie's eyes, the distorted excrescences of the bark changed into grim faces, with mouths that grinned at her, and eyes that blinked and stared in mute surprise, as if asking what business she had to intrude into their mysterious domain. Nellie covered her face with her hands to shut them out, but it was of no use, for they were there all the same. So on she wandered down the deserted aisles, half shrinking at the sound of her own footsteps as she trod upon the fallen leaves and dry twigs.

Darker and darker grew the wood, till even

the largest trees became indistinct, and losing their outlines, merged imperceptibly into the general and all-pervading obscurity. Anon, the glow-worm shone out with his pale-green light. from his home in the ferns and at the foot of the bushes: the bat whirled his erratic flight with a whizzing noise through the trees; and the ghostly owl at intervals gave forth his melan-Onward, ever onward wandered choly note. Nellie, scratched by the briars and scarcely able to keep her feet, crying pitifully, and calling on her mother. At last the moon, which up to now had been obscured by clouds, shone out with almost dazzling brilliancy. It pierced through the trees, and tipped every little tremulous leaf with silver light. By its aid, Nellie saw that the trees were nothing like so thick in this place; and they became less so as she proceeded. Onward, ever onward she wandered, until at length, in the distance, she perceived a large open space, surrounded by trees on every side. Panting, Nellie made her way towards the clearing; and, oh joy! yes, there in the centre of it, built in a hollow, stood a little log hut. A light streamed from one of the windows, and threw a cheery gleam for some little distance along the ground. With tottering steps, and a wildly-beating heart, Nellie pressed forward, and soon emerged from the shade of the trees. She had hardly done so, however, when catching one of her poor tired feet in a creeping plant, she staggered backwards, and with a faint halfstifled cry fell to the ground. Overcome by fear, hunger, and pain, poor Nellie fainted, just in sight of shelter. There she lay, in that opening in the old wood upon a mossy flowerspangled bank, with the tall, feathery ferns and grasses waving gently above and around her, and the glow-worms twinkling on every side. The silver moonlight pierced through the shadowy grasses, and rested upon the pale little face, and trembled on the rippling golden hair, until one might have thought it was Titania, the fairy queen, reposing after an elfin ball.

(To be continued.)

THE world is vast and we are small;
We are so weak and it so strong,
Onward it goes, nor cares at all
For us; our silence or our song,
Our fast-days or our festival.

We tremble as we feel it sway Beneath our feet, as on we fare, But like a ball which children play, God spins it through the far blue air. We are His own, why should we care?

### GOLDEN LILIES.





O you think I am going to tell you about flowers? Wait and see; the title will explain itself if you read on.

The life of a Chinese girl is totally different from that of her English sister. When a Chinaman is asked how many children he has in his family, he tells the number of his boys, but such worthless beings as his daughters are never counted. They are looked upon as useless burdens, and the proverb, "A daughter is like a fine young bamboo springing up just outside your garden fence," means that, though she may be fair and lovable, she does not belong to the family; but as soon as she is old enough to be betrothed, she goes off into the family of her future husband, and is rarely seen by her own relatives.

When a girl-baby is born, the parents receive sympathetic condolences rather than congratulations, and the baby is frequently named "Chien-ti" ("Lead along a brother"), or "Lait" ("Come younger brother"), expressing the idea that she may be soon succeeded by a babyboy. If she is the second or third in a family, she is called simply "Daughter No. 1 or 2," etc. Occasionally practical names are given, such as Pearl, Fragrance, Peace, or flowers selected, as Marcissus, Lily, and Rose.

The principal reason why sons are so much more valued is that they will always remain under their father's roof, and bring home young wives. A man with many sons becomes a person of great importance. Besides, a Chinaman believes he has three souls; at death one is buried with the body, another enters the unseen world, and the third 'dwells in a tablet set up in the house after he dies. He believes, also, that the soul travelling the unseen world requires food, clothing, and money, as well as if the man paper garments, and other valuables of paper are burned, and thus transmitted to the wandering soul, and only sons can render this service to their parents. No wonder that boys are highly prized and fondly loved, while girls are despised and considered useless.

Sometimes, when a girl is born, her father will call upon a fortune-teller to consult him as to his daughter's future. If predicted as likely to be unfortunate, the girl is given away to some nuns, who teach them to weave and embroider, and not unfrequently to read and write, so that their lot is less hard than that of many

Chinese girls in their own homes.

For if the daughter's fate will be that she may cause harm to her friends, and her brother may die, she is immediately sold to a woman-for a shilling, perhaps—who will bring her up as a future wife for her little son, and not unfrequently the poor little wife gets very harsh and cruel treatment from her future mother-in-law.

What does a Chinese girl look like? Many have bright, attractive faces, and all very dark eyes. In most parts the hair is drawn back and twisted into one heavy strand, which hangs down the back, and is tied with a scarlet cord. Sometimes two plaits are made and bunched up at either side of the head, decorated with flowers. When a girl is thirteen years old, her hair is twisted round curious wire frames of various shapes. some like butterflies' wings, others resembling a teapot handle. Enormous chignons are also worn, and Manchu girls have their hair tied in a large bow on the top of their heads. Rouge and white powder are used very plentifully for the cheeks. Changes of fashion do not trouble the Chinese, though there may be a slight difference in the dress of different provinces, as the more costly tunics and skirts have descended to many generations. Gorgeousness of colour is much admired. For instance, red silk trousers with a green tunic, and purple trousers with a pelisse of figured blue silk, trimmed with broad strips of satin embroidered with fairy landscapes, birds, or flowers.

But the most important part of a young girl's dress in China is her shoes. Tiny shoes, made

of coloured silk or satin, tastefully embroidered. with brightly-painted heels; and the feet have the poetical name bestowed on them of "Golden lilies," which, when we come to inquire into the matter, are nothing but masses of distorted or broken bones-a deformity produced by narrow cotton bandages about three yards long, and applied when the girl is six years old. Often in passing a Chinese home one hears the crying of a child enduring the torturing process of having fresh bandages put on while the blood is beginning to circulate in her poor, numbed feet, causing a greater agony than at first: but then. pride must suffer pain, and the girl will grow up the possessor of tiny feet, and will be much admired by her friends. For the first year the girls suffer constant discomfort, and can only move about by means of two stools, upon which they rest their knees, and move alternately by their hands. Three inches is the correct length of shoes in which ladies toddle and limp, supporting themselves on a child's shoulder or by means of a strong staff, and some wealthy ladies. whose feet are quite useless, are often carried on the backs of their large-footed attendants.

The origin of this hideous custom is doubtful. Some trace it to an ancient empress who bound her feet to hide a deformity; others say it was introduced to prevent women from going much from home. The example of an eminent lady is commended to the notice of Chinese girls, who "for twelve years never looked out of the doors

of her own house."

Girls of the upper classes seldom go out, but the poorer children live a freer life, and, when little more than babies, are sent to any piece of waste land to collect fuel for the family. They also have the care of the baby, tend the silkworms, and pick the balls during the cotton harvest. They also are taught to assist their mothers in spinning and weaving the cottoncloth required for family garments, and to cook their simple meals of rice, vegetables, and fish. The art of embroidering and lace-making supplies work to a large number of girls and women, Often the poorer girls are sold to wealthy ladies as slaves, and lucky are those who fall to kind mistresses, as sometimes they are subject to very merciless and cruel treatment.

As a rule, Chinese girls receive no education, though in some cases a daughter is allowed to share her brother's studies. It is considered unwise for a girl to grow up as clever as her future husband; yet in past ages there have been found bright stars among Chinese women, one of whom considered it desirable for girls to be educated, as did the Empress of Tai-Tsung. Another lady

spent much time in arranging pages from the classics for her niece. A mother trained her two sons most carefully, and read them stories of the noble patriots and statesmen of their own country. These sons grew up into wise, cleanhanded officials. In 1882 the mother of Viceroy Li-Hung-chang died, and a memoir of her was issued by her sons, who attributed the high honour and distinction they had attained to her wise training and unceasing care.

Among books for Chinese girls are "Counsels," "Instructions," "Admonitions for the Inner Apartments." They are charged to be truthful, unselfish, and loving, never to be too curious, to treat their servants with forbearance, and to show hospitality to strangers. Of course, "filial piety" is as much impressed on them as on boys, one story of which shall end up this description of a Chinese girl's life.

description of a Chinese girl's me.

More than fourteen centuries ago there lived a celebrated general, named Uha, who had one daughter, Moh-lau, a young lady well instructed in all womanly arts, as spinning, weaving, embroidering, etc. She had also been taught to use the bow and arrow, and was an accomplished horsewoman.

General Uha was a brave commander, and his name was a terror to the border tribes who ravaged the empire. He was now, however, advanced in years, and had humbly petitioned the Emperor for permission to retire from his post. But the army could ill afford to lose so noted a general, and the Emperor insisted that the aged and feeble soldier should, under pain of his heaviest displeasure, take up his position at the head of the troops. The imperial couriers delivered their message to the sick commander, and Moh-lau, sitting at her loom behind the curtains of the apartments of the women, heard the order also, and knew that it must be obeyed. She had no brother to take his father's place and lead the troops to victory. She was only a girl, but she rose to the occasion, and determined to do all that a son might have done. The decision was no sooner made than carried out. Hastily she encased her small feet in her father's military boots, then, seizing his weapons, with his plumed hat on her head, she sprang upon his noble warhorse and galloped away to put herself at the head of the army. Seeing the familiar arms and trappings of their beloved commander, the troops supposed the maiden to be some young officer who had been appointed at his request to lead them, and gladly followed to victory. For more than ten years Moh-lau's course was one of uninterrupted success. At last every enemy was subdued, and the land was at peace. Only then

did Moh-lau return to her old home, to find that her venerated father had passed away, and her other relatives were doubtful of her identity. At length they were convinced, and received her tumoured that his all-conquering commander was but a woman, sent for her to Court, and gave her hand in marriage to one of the high officers of state. When she died, a splendid monument was erected by imperial command to commemorate her filial piety and patriotism.— Child-life in Chinese Homes.

### THE ANT AND THE CATER-PILLAR.

As an ant, of his talents superiorly vain, Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain, A worm, in his progress remarkably slow, Cried—"Bless your good worship wherever you

I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt, and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile," his antship replied;
"Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how com-

I guide all my motions with freedom and ease, Run backward and forward, and turn when I

Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my
way."

The reptile, insulted, and vexed to the soul, Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole; But Nature, determined to end his distress, Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress. Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road (Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load).

The beau on a violet-bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away.
"Stop, friend," says the butterfly—"don't be

surprised,
I once was the reptile you spurned and despised;

But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

CUNNINGHAM.

### MAXY'S PARTY



AXY was to have a birthday party— "a real, truly party," she told her best friend, as they talked together through the garden fence.

"Just like a grown-up party. Dolly Mayo. There'll be cake and ice-cream and

flowers and everything." "Who'll you ask?'

"Oh, lots of boys and girls—you, of course; and it'll be just gl-lorious!" And Maxy ran away in high glee, while Dolly took an opposite direction with equal speed to tell the news.

The days came and went as they always do, whether we wish them to or not, and at last the birthday dawned. It was the loveliest morning, the very brightest of her life, Maxy thought, as she looked at her presents and thought of the pleasures in store for her.

"Oh, I do hope," she said to Dolly, as she and that little maiden, in company with Brosie Miller, watched the setting of the long table, "oh, I do hope that nothing will happen to spoil my

party!" "Something always does," said Brosie. "Somebody gets hurt, or some girl loses something and cries. What does a party 'mount to anyway?"

"Why, you have a good time! Mamma says it's worth something to have a good time."

"I say," persisted Bro, "that they don't do any good. Some of you girls are stuck-up because you wear nice clothes; and the rest don't like it, and they eat up enough to last a week. and everybody's tired out. I know how it is!"

"Well!" began Maxy, her bright face clouded a little. "If you don't like --- " But just here

mamma came to the rescue.

"Children," she said, pleasantly, "I think a party once in a while is a very good thing, if it is given in the right spirit. All you say might be true of one that was given just to make a display. But this is a different thing. It is simply to make my little girl and her friends happy. We will try to do that, and only that. If any little boy or girl is dressed plainly, we will treat them a little more kindly to make up for that; and the other children will be pretty sure to do as Maxy does. We will have no one slighted; and, if any feelings are hurt, we will do our best to heal them. We won't think about ourselves. We will try to make others happy. That's the way to have a good time. Maxy, bring me that basket of flowers."

Maxy's face had brightened before mamma's little speech was half done, and Brosie had no

more to say.

It would be hard to find a happier group of children than the one that gathered that afternoon in Mrs. Monroe's pleasant parlours. Every little face was running over with smiles; and Maxy was here, there, and everywhere, with a bright word and look for each one, helping her little friends to begin the afternoon in the right way. But the day was too fine to be spent in the house, and soon the whole laughing, chattering crowd was out on the lawn, forming a great

circle, and then the fun began.

As Mrs. Monroe stood looking on and thinking what a pretty picture it made—the little girls in their dainty dresses, the manly-looking boys in their brief but longed-for knickerbockers-she saw something that gave her pain and pleasure at once. Little Susie Lee stood next to a little girl whose mamma had evidently bestowed much time and attention upon her dress. It was a mass of embroidery and lace. From the crown of her frizzy head to the tips of her dainty slippers, she was conscious of being better dressed than any of her playmates. Timid little Sue had not chosen to stand there. Mrs. Monroe felt sure of that. It was only after much coaxing that she had joined the game at all. Poor little Sue! She knew her dress was plain and not new; but it was white as snow and beautifully ironed, and she had hoped her new slippers, that mamma had hardly dared to buy, might partly atone for it. She had not thought they would all be so different from the schoolmates she met every day. A tiny lump came in her throat. It grew and grew, until now, as she stood beside Allie Carroll and felt the unwilling touch of her fingers, and felt through her downcast eyelids the ill-concealed look of scorn bestowed on her plain raiment, it threatened to choke her. Mrs. Monroe saw it all, and longed to help her. Just at this moment Maxy saw too. Her bright eyes were just in time to catch the uplifting of Miss Allie's nose and the dropping of Susie's long eyelashes. In a moment she had left the place she was taking beside Dolly, and was standing between Allie and Susie, and with her sweetest smile was saying to Susie—

"Let me stand here by you. I've hardly seen

you to-day."

The uplifted nose came down in an instant, the lump in Sue's throat began to melt, and nobody else had seen at all. They were all chattering like a flock of blackbirds. The minutes slipped by so fast that they were all surprised when the summons came to form a lime and march to the dining-room.

"Your party is just lovely," whispered Dolly, as she stood beside Maxy, waiting to lead the

eager procession.

Just then a wail arose: "Oh, my chain!"

"I told you so," muttered Brosie, giving Maxy a punch. But she paid no heed to him, and was in the midst of the trouble at once.

"Allie has lost her chain!" was the cry that went up; and a chorus of voices answered, "Too bad"; "Don't cry"; "Never mind"; "We'll find it."

The little feet went flying everywhere. Little fingers searched among the roots of the grass, bright eyes peeped under every bush; but all to

no purpose

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Allie. "It wasn't mine. Mamma said I'd lose it. "Twas grandpa gave it to her when she was a little girl. She didn't want me to wear it. What shall I do?" And flinging her dignity to the winds, Miss Allie burst into tears.

It did seem now that the party would be spoiled, and Maxy was in deep distress, she felt so sorry for Allie. But some one touched her

softly.

"See, Maxy!" said a soft little voice; and there stood Susie Lee, holding up the lost chain. Such a chorus of exclamations and questions!

"It was hanging on this rosebush," said Susie, with shining eyes. She felt so very happy

"We all looked down you know

"We all looked down, you know," she added; and Mamma Monroe could not help thinking, "How many treasures we miss because we look down instead of up!" "You dear little thing!" cried Allie, embracing Sue fervently. No thought of the plain white dress now. Susie had rescued her from what was her deep trouble, and she looked like

an angel.

So the party was not spoiled; but everybody seemed happier than ever, and all went home saying, "I never had such a good time in roy life." As for Allie and Sue, you would have thought they had been bosom friends from babyhood. And that was not all. When Allie told her story at home, Mrs. Carroll suddenly remembered that Mrs. Lee was an old friend, and had been shamefully neglected. "I must call on her now," she said, "and thank her little girl for finding my precious chain."

She did call; and, as she had a kind heart under all her faults, she could not help feeling sad as she saw the changes in her old schoolmate, and felt how very different her life was now from what it once had been. True, she had known it all these years, but she had scarcely given it a thought. Now, it was brought home to her; and, as she sat talking with Mrs. Lee, she felt

ashamed of her long neglect.

"Oh, it is nothing!" said Susie's mother, when she spoke of the chain. "Some one else would

have found it."

"I don't know: it was nearly dark—the bush right against the fence. It might have hung there till morning, and been picked up by some one who would have kept it. It might have been gone for ever. I shall remember you, Sue."

How do you suppose she remembered her? Did she give her a new dress, a handsome chain, a gold ring? No, none of these things, though she thought of them all. It occurred to her that Maxy might know of something that Sue very much wanted, so she asked her.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do!" said Maxy, and then

stopped and grew red in the face.

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Carroll, with a smile.

"It might cost more than you meant; and it wouldn't be a present, either."

"Tell me, anyway," insisted the lady.

"Well, I know that Sue wants to take musiclessons. She cries because she can't."

"And Allie cries because she must," laughed Mrs. Carroll. "Thank you, Maxy. She shall have one term, anyway. But how thoughtless I am: she heart any piano".

am: she hasn't any piano."
"But we have," said Maxy. "Mamma will

let her practice here."

"Very well, I will see Mrs. Lee about it." It took some pleading to win Mrs. Lee's con-

sent, for pride rose up very strong. But, when

she saw how Susie's heart was set on it, she could not refuse. Susie's delight knew no

bounds.

"If I once begin, maybe there'll be some way to go on," she said to Maxy: "And it's all because of your party, and because you remembered what I wanted most."—Boston Sunday Budget.

### CONSEQUENCES OF THE COMMA.

In his court King Charles was standing on his head a golden crown

And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were jewels bright

Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and

splendid sight

Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair and ten feet long

Were their trains that flowed behind them borne by pages stout and strong

In a bower of fragrant roses the musicians now compete

Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale the fragrance sweet

See the queen how sad and tearful as the king cuts off her head

One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes she were dead.

### DANGER AND DISAPPOINTMENT.



A N African traveller, relating his adventures, describes the following thrilling incident:—"I was painfully pushing my way, over stone and through thorn, without a weapon, my gun-bearer

being away behind, when I saw a sight which made me strike an attitude that would have brought down thunders of applause on the boards of a transpontine theatre. A magnificent lion lay some fifteen yards ahead of me, enjoying a nap. I was weaponless. I looked around, only to see that I was alone. Crouching down, I began to retreat, carefully fixing his sleeping majesty with my eye. Getting some distance back, I soon met my men, and then my gestures, and evident excitement, must have made them think me mad. I seized a gun, and then, in an ecstasy of excited

anticipation, I proceeded to 'beard the lion in his den.' The moment was supreme: I was (as I vowed to myself) about to add the skin of the king of beasts as a fitting finale to my hunting trophies. In my imagination, I was already detailing a thrilling story to awestruck audiences at home, as I exhibited the spoils of the chase. I was delighted to notice, on my return to the point of first discovery, that the royal beast was still asleep, and then I submitted, with all the stoicism of an Indian, to the tortures of stalking in this horrid region. Thorns might penetrate my flesh, skin be knocked off my hands and knees; but they could not extort a sound, or divert my steadfast gaze from the lion. Foot by foot I crept on, with rising hopes and excitements, breathlessly absorbed in the adventure. I reduced my distance to thirty yards, then to twenty; yet the animal heeded The requirements of the chase, I me not. thought, were satisfied. I must fire now! and I did. There was a fearful roar (from the gun, not the lion), and an expression of pain as my knee subsided, with startling emphasis, on to the point of a big thorn. I looked to see my game spring high in mid-air, with a fearful death-roar. But no; it did not move. 'It must be struck stone dead!' I thought; but, to make sure, I fired again. No effect. Hurrah! a lion at last! I jumped up, and yelled to my men to come and see what I had done. They soon came along, shouting out in their excitement, while I turned and made for the carcase. I had not gone many yards before I received a blow (mentally.) 'Good gracious!' escaped from me, as the awful truth crossed my mind, that my friend might 'write me down an ass.' The lion was indeed stone dead. I had been firing at a rock! I did not wait to explain to my bewildered followers what had happened. I slunk away, and afterwards pretended that it was a little joke of mine to vary the monotony of the march.

"On the 8th September, having learnt that elephants had been heard trumpeting in the neighbourhood, I set off, with a small following of trusty men, to try my hand at that form of sport. Plunging into the forest, we commenced following an elephant pathway with the utmost circumspection, directing each other entirely by looks or signs, though to attract attention a low whistle was allowed. The sombre gloom, our stealthy, silent movements, the care with which we pushed aside the bushes, our painful sensitiveness to every sound and sight, the highly-strung state of our nerves, and the danger of the chase, were at once sources of intense excitement and of irresistible fascina-

tion. We moved about in this manner for quite half an hour, when we were electrified by a peculiar sound in our immediate neighbourhood. and we exchanged glances which required no thought-reader to tell that the word 'elephant' was in each one's thoughts. We at once redoubled our precautions, examined our guns, and put everything to rights for the trial that was before us. Then, on our hands and knees we crept along, peering into the gloom with gleaming eyes, and ever and anon halting to spot, if possible, the game. Again the strange sound broke on our ears, and it seemed quite close; but, strangely enough, we heard no signs of breaking branches or swish of bending bushes. Once more the perplexing cry was repeated, and it seemed within a few feet, but still unaccompanied with any other indication that the animal was near. We glared through every bush, we listened with new eagerness, but heard only the wild pulsations of our hearts. Suddenly there was a horrible snarl, which made our hearts jump into our mouths, and the next moment, no elephant, but a wretched leopard, bounded almost from under our noses. With an exclamation of disgust, though with a feeling of being relieved from an intolerable strain, we jumped to our feet, but too late to get another glimpse of the monster cat, which disappeared in the bushes.

"Feeling rather ashamed of ourselves at being thus taken in, we resumed our hunt. We had not gone far when we were all astonished and upset by a terrible crashing, as if a whole herd of elephants were bearing down upon us. My gallant men fled behind trees, or tried to climb them; while I, in the echoing forest, stood bewildered, hardly knowing in what direction to look for the terrible enemy. The next moment a great rhinoceros broke from the bushes close to us, and before I could fire, it disappeared again, blowing air through its nostrils with extraordinary snorts. We pushed on, but failed to set eyes upon a single elephant, and returned crestfallen to camp."—Through Masai Land,

DETERMINED beforehand, we gravely pretend To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend; Should he differ from us on any pretence We pity his want of both judgment and sense; But if he falls into and flatters our plan, Why, really, we think him a sensible man.



### THE LITTLE BLACKSMITH.



OU have all seen a blacksmith's forge, have you not, little people?

And I daresay, when you have come across one, you have many a time stopped to watch the smith and his men at work. I know I

can never pass a smithy without lingering in front of it for a few minutes, especially if it should happen to be towards the close of an autumn evening, when a thick grey mist is creeping over the roads and meadows, and trying to hide the trees and hedges from sight. Yes, on an evening such as this, the forge is a wonderful place! It is just like the scene in a fairy tale!

The bright flames from the huge fire dance and leap higher and higher at every puff of the great bellows, and the workmen seem like black giants as they move to and fro in the light and shadow. And what a glowing red the iron is when it brought from the heart of the fire and laid upon the anvil! Then the giants seize the hammers, raise their strong brawny arms, and the heavy blows fall upon the soft, hot metal.

"Ping-pang, ping-pang, ping-pang-pang!"
The merry sparks fly out, the bellows again begin to roar, while the flames spring up and dance with the giants' shadows to the music of the hammers!

About eighty years ago there stood in the town of Bologna, in Italy, a blacksmith's forge.

Had any one chanced to pass it, and look in on a certain bright summer's day, he would have noticed there, besides the tall, broad smith who was hard at work at the anvil, a young boy, who was evidently an apprentice, wearily blowing with the bellows.

The boy's heart was not in his work—one could see that at a single glance; for his large dark eyes had a sad, wistful expression, and continually strayed to the open doorway through which came the merry sounds of children at play, shouts of glad laughter, and the pattering of bare feet. The little blacksmith could also see a patch of blue sky, bright and cloudless as only Italian sky can be, when he raised his eyes to a small square opening just above his head. Now and again, too, he caught sight of the tiny branches of a wild rose-bush, which had climbed up the wall of the old smithy, and was swinging backwards and forwards in the warm summer air.

The hot, dark forge seemed to stifle the child, and large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead, and rolled down his little sunburnt face.

The master finished his job at the anvil, and strolled out of the forge for a few minutes to chat with a neighbour. Now that the sound of the heavy hammer had ceased, Giacomo (for such was the boy's name) could hear the shouts of the happy children more distinctly. A gay-coloured butterfly strayed in through the little window, fluttered about for a moment, and then flew out again into the sweet bright sunshine.

"Children, flowers, and butterflies! all but himself, were free and happy," thought the child, sadly; he was the only prisoner! One, two, three whole days he had passed at the forge, and he must go on like this all his life!

Just then a peasant woman passed along the road singing in a clear, loud voice as she went. Giacomo started at the sound, quivered as if with pain, then, uttering a stifled cry, he buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, if the past would come back again!" he cried. "If I were once more studying with Master Prinetti, how hard I would work at my scales! He should never have cause to complain of me again, and call me lazy and stubborn!"

And as Giacomo sat and wept with sorrow and regret, he thought of the old home in Pesaro where he had been born and had lived so happily. He remembered the sweet songs his mother used to sing and teach him, the quaint spinet he loved to play, and the airs his baby-fingers had picked out on the old instrument. Then came the thought of his parents' pride and delight in him, and of their one desire that their son, their Giacomo, should study and become a great musician.

Now, Giacomo disliked work and trouble. So he turned a deaf ear to good Master Prinetti's lectures and scoldings, and, instead of obeying him and practising diligently and carefully, he would steal away to his favourite nook under the trees, and lying down there, he would pass whole hours gazing up into the cool leafy branches, and dreaming of the beautiful songs and melodies of which his imagination was so full. Ah! that was a different kind of music altogether from the scales and wearisome exercises Master Prinetti wanted him to toil at!

So matters went on till one day when, the professor's scoldings having been more severe than usual, he stoutly refused to work any more with him, and then—ah, then came the sad, sad, consequences of his wiltulness! His father said he was good for nothing else, he should become a blacksmith, and three days ago he had been left with his new master!

"How's this, Giacomo? how's this? Hast been asleep? Look at the fire, lazy-bones!"

Giacomo started up, and there, in front of him, stood the angry smith, "Of what use art thou, I should like to know? No sooner do I turn my back than thou art asleep or dreaming! Thou wilt never so much as earn thy salt as a blacksmith!"

At this instant two figures darkened the doorway of the forge, and through his blinding tears Giacomo recognised his father and mother, who had arrived in time to hear his master's last words!

As the boy caught sight of his mother's sweet face and gentle smile, he longed to rush forward and throw his arms round her neck and sob out all his sorrow and repentance; but his father looked so stern, he dared not move nor speak.

"Here! Master Giuseppe, you have arrived at the right moment, and had better take your idle, good-for-nothing son back with you, for I shall never make a blacksmith of him!" cried the angry smith.

"Come, then, boy, you will have to be a musician, after all; for I don't know what else can be done with you!" exclaimed Master Giuseppe, with a grim smile.

With a cry of joy Giacomo sprang forward. A musician? Oh, how he would work! No one should ever have cause to say that he was lazy and good-for-nothing again! Master Prinetti's scales would be sweet music after the dreary ping-pang of the blacksmith's hammer, and he would study from morning to night if they wished.

Giacomo kept his word in a marvellous way. The trial had done him good—the wise father had taught his son a lesson which he never forgot. How perseveringly, how untringly he studied his beloved music after this, you may know if you read the life of Giacomo Rossini, the great musician; for the celebrated composer, who has charmed the whole world with his glorious melodies, was once upon a time none other than Master Prinetti's idle pupil and the blacksmith's idle apprentice!

M. S. A.

### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

EGYPT.

Who beside Joseph's brethren was driven to Egypt on account of famine?

Which other books of the Bible give a record of the early events which happened in Egypt?

Who conquered Pharaoh-Necho?

Which prophet was carried captive into Egypt? What injunction did Moses give as to receiving

Egyptians into the congregation?
When was Paul mistaken for an Egyptian?

# YOUNG DAYS.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS (See page 118).

### HOW NELLIE HASTINGS KEPT HOUSE.

BY ARTHUR H. GILBERT.

CHAPTER III.



HEN Aunt Sophy arrived at her sister's house, she was, as Nellie had anticipated, much surprised at finding no one at home to receive her. Failing to gain admittance, she seated herself in the little arbour at the end of the garden, and endeavoured t.o continue the book

which she had been reading in the railway-carriage. But in her position she found it difficult to concentrate her thoughts upon it; so after a short time she began to walk about the garden, giving an occasional glance up and down the little lane to see if any one were coming. Slowly the time passed away, until it was nearly eight o'clock; and Aunt Sophy was just about to take a walk down the lane, in the hope of meeting some one of whom she could make inquiries, when the gate was opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Hastings entered the garden. They were astonished at finding her in the garden alone; but when she explained that she had been unable to obtain admittance, and had been waiting nearly three hours, their anxiety knew no bounds. It was very unlikely (they argued) that Nellie could have fallen asleep, and especially at such a time, for she was such a very wakeful and lively little girl. However, they comforted themselves with the thought of its possibility as they entered the house. All the rooms, from the garret to the cellar, were searched, but Nellie, of course, was not to be found. As her hat was not in its accustomed place, they at once inferred that she had gone out-most likely to the house down the lane. Mr. Hastings was about to depart to call for her, when a violent knocking was heard at the front door, and upon opening it he discovered Albert and Annie—the latter crying—standing, heated and with a frightened look, on the door step. Fearing that some accident had happened, he did not at once introduce them to the presence of Mrs. Hastings, but led them into a side room.

"What has happened, Albert?" he asked, quickly. "Do you know anything about Nellie?"

"Oh—h! Mr. Hastings," faltered Albert; "I—I'm afraid she's lost."

"Lost! How? Where? Tell me quickly, there's a good boy."

Here Mrs. Hastings and her sister entered the room, and listened intently as Albert related how Nellie had accompanied them and their friends to the wood, intending to return before five o'clock. How they had played a great many games at hide-and-seek, until on going out for the last time to find Nellie, she was not to be discovered. How they had searched the wood, as faras they dared, but to no effect. Once indeed, he said, they fancied they heard her voice, calling their names, but although they listened intently, they did not hear it a second time. At last, in despair, they had abandoned the search, and returned in all haste to inform her parents.

Although by this time it was getting dusk, Mr. Hastings, after saying a few words of comfort to his wife, bade Albert accompany him, and sallied forth to obtain assistance for a thorough search through the wood. The broad harvest moon had arisen, however, ere he, accompanied by two or three farm-labourers, reached the spot from which Nellie in the first place had wandered. Mr. Hastings felt that the task was an almost hopeless one, but he could not be content to remain inactive. Having agreed to return to the starting-place when the search was over, they separated, each taking a different path through the wood. Albert, however, who had obtained permission to do so from his parents, accompanied Nellie's father.

It is not necessary that my readers should accompany the different parties in their search; suffice it to say that, an hour or two later, most of them had returned to their starting-place, without having seen anything of poor Nellie. Indeed, some of them, at one time or another, had been in danger of getting lost themselves, for none of them knew the wood very well, and the increasing shades of night effectually prevented them from prosecuting the search in anything like a methodical manner. Although most of them had walked a good deal, in reality they had penetrated but a short way into the wood, having gone over the same ground two or

three times. Mr. Hastings was the last to return, and his grief at finding that they had all been unsuccessful was inexpressible. Had it not been for the dissussions of the others, who represented to him the utter hopelessness of the proceeding, he would again have returned to the quest. Most of the men knew that there was a keeper's cabin in the wood; but in what direction it lay they seemed not to have the least idea. In truth few persons ever had occasion to visit this wood, for there were no paths through it leading to any place of importance, and, to a certain extent, it was private property, although not strictly preserved. The moon, which until now had been shining brilliantly. was obscured by dense clouds; so there was nothing for it but to return home. And this Mr. Hastings, after rewarding his assistants, proceeded with an aching heart to do, mentally resolving that he would, at break of day, seek the police authorities at the nearest town, and make arrangements for a search which should embrace every corner of the wood.

### CHAPTER IV.

Upon recovering consciousness, Nellie was surprised and frightened at finding herself in a strange room. And such a funny room! She had never before been in one like it. The walls and the roof looked like so many trees, as indeed they were, neatly and securely fitted together. There was a small dresser at one end of the room, with a few dishes and plates on it, and a bright array of pewter mugs. There were also two chairs and a table, roughly and strongly made, and quite in keeping with the general surroundings. All was clean, neat, and in order. When Nellie awoke, a faint gleam of daylight was just beginning to peep through the little diamond-paned window, which was rather thickly overgrown with climbing plants. She felt very faint, and on trying to move a cry of pain escaped her lips; and on glancing at her foot, she saw that her boot had been removed, and a narrow strip of white linen bound tightly round her ankle.

"Well, missy," said a kind woman's voice by her side, "and how do we find ourselves by this

time?"

Nellie started, and, on looking up, saw an elderly woman with a sweet motherly face standing by the bedside, who looked at her with an encouraging smile, and smoothed back the hair out of her eyes.

"Where am I, please?" asked Nellie, timidly.

"I want to go home."

"All in good time, missy, all in good time,"

answered the woman, "You can't go home—which I hope may not be far—yet. You must lie as still as you can, for you have sprained your ankle and can't walk. You're in the middle of the wood, you know. This is the keeper's cottage, and I'm the keeper's wife. But there, my dear, don't say another word until you have eaten this nice cake, and drunk this glass of new milk. There."

Nellie received the refreshment gratefully, for

she was much in need of it.

"How did I come here, please? I don't remember anything, except being lost in the wood," said Nellie, when she had drunk her

milk.

"You came here in a rather peculiar manner, my dear," answered the woman. "My husband, you must know, generally goes out to have a look round to see if all's right before he goes to bed; and last night what should he come across yonder, lying pale and cold among the ferns, but a little girl! He thought at first that she was But she wasn't. At any rate, that wasn't the place for a delicate little girl to be; so he took her in his arms and carried her in here. She was in a fainting condition, and we did all we could to restore her. We chafed her cold limbs and gave her a little brandy; and soon we were pleased to see her drop into a calm sleep. Before that, however, I bound up her poor ankle, which was badly sprained, and which she won't be able to use for some time to come. And now, since she is able to talk, perhaps she'll tell me how she came to be in this old wood at such an hour of the night."

Here Nellie related all that had happened dent, until she arrived at the part where she had stumbled and fallen down. Thenceforward she

remembered nothing.

Mrs. Smith (for that was the name of the keeper's wife) listened with much attention to Nellie's story, and when she had finished looked

very grave.

"You have not acted altogether rightly, my child," she said. "Where you made the mistake was in allowing yourself, in the first instance, to be tempted into going down the lane. If you had not done that, all the rest would have been averted. By your actions you have shown that you were not worthy of the trust reposed in you. Mind, I do not say this to make you unhappy, but to put you on your guard against anything like it happening in the future."

"I have been a very, very, very bad girl," sobbed Nellie; "and my papa and mamma will never forgive me. Never! I don't deserve they

should! Oh, when shall I see them again? Aunt Sophy, too! whatever will she think of

me!"

"Hush, hush, Nellie; there is no need to go on like that. Your papa and mamma will be so glad to see you, that they will never think of chiding. And I'm sure you have suffered in every way more than your thoughtlessness deserved. It's a mercy, for which we ought to thank God very much, that you are here alive, and—except your ankle—well."

"But," pleaded Nellie, "they will be in such trouble about me. I must go home at once—

indeed I must."

"Nay, nay, that's impossible, and besides, as yet unnecessary. They will be here soon, I hope."

"Be here!" cried Nellie, in surprise; "be here! Who? Not my papa and mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do they know where I am? Who can have

told them?"

"Listen," said Mrs. Smith, "and I'll tell you all about it. When we brought you in last night we tried to discover if there were any marks on your clothes whereby a clue might be gained as to your name, or where you came from. We found none. But I soon spied a book peeping from your pocket, and I looked at it. Inside were written your name and address—that is, supposing the book belonged to you. Did it?"

"I did have a book—a blue one—in my pocket," said Nellie; "and it was mine."

"Ah! Then it is all right," said Mrs. Smith, thankfully. "My husband," she explained, "started for your home long before daylight, entering into the anxiety of your parents, and ought to be back soon. No doubt your father and mother will return with him—"

"And perhaps Aunt Sophy."

"Perhaps Aunt Sophy; and then some mode of getting you back will be decided upon."

"I hope they will come," sighed Nellie; "though I'm afraid they'll be very, very angry with me for leaving the house. I have been very naughty, but I'll never disobey again. Never."

"I am sure you won't, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, kindly. "But do not worry yourself so much about it. Does your foot hurt you

uch ?"

"Only when I move it," answered Nellie.

Mrs. Smith shook her head in a manner which said, "I knew as much," and then proceeded in a gentle way to unwind the bandage, at the same time telling Nellie to cry out if she hurt her. When the bandage was all unwound, she steeped it in cold water, and after applying some cool green leaves to the injured ankle, once more bound the strip of linen tightly round it. This accomplished, she asked her little patient "was that more comfortable?"

"It's nice and cold," answered Nellie, "and takes the pain away. Thank you very much."

"Not at all, my child," rejoined good Mrs. Smith—"not at all. We poor folk who can't afford doctors—and couldn't get at them if we could—learn a good many things of this kind. We're obliged to—it's a matter of necessity. Why, Nellie, in this old wood even, hundreds of plants and flowers spring up and die away unnoticed, which, if properly applied, can cure as well as the best medicine ever made up by a chemist."

"Fancy!" cried Nellie, "and you understand them? How clever you must be, Mrs. Smith! But," she added, argumentatively, "all plants are not good, 'specially berries: at least, I've been

told so."

"As for being clever, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, "I fear I'm not that. But, as you say, some plants are very poisonous—though even they have their uses—and it requires some experience to distinguish and appreciate their different properties. But listen! I fancy I hear footsteps."

"Yes," assented Nellie; "so do I. Some one is coming. More than one;—two. Oh, do run, dear Mrs. Smith, and see if it's papa. Won't it

be dreadful?"

"Won't what be dreadful?" asked Mrs. Smith. But Nellie was too intent on listening to heed the question; so Mrs. Smith walked to the door and looked out in the expected direction.

"Yes," she said, presently, "here comes my husband, and—and—Yes; there is a gentle-

man with him."

"What sort of a gentleman?" cried Nellie, all

excitement.

"A tall, fair gentleman, in black clothes."
"That's he! Oh, yes, that's my papa. Does

he look cross, Mrs. Smith?"

"No, my dear; but he looks anxious. Why! and I declare if there are not two ladies with them! Mamma and Aunt Sophy, I suppose?"

"Yes! yes! Mamma and Aunt Sophy," echoed Nellie. "Oh, Mrs. Smith, whatever will they say? Please go and coax them not to be too cross. It would be so dreadful!"

"No need of that, I know. Here they are."
The next moment the cottage was all bustle and confusion, and Nellie afterwards could never tell exactly what passed during the ensuing ten

minutes. She, however, had a vague idea of her mother sitting down by the bedside, embracing her, and weeping tears of joy. Also of Aunt Sophykissing her and calling her a brave little girl. for bearing up so well when lost in the gloomy wood, which, Aunt Sophy declared, she could never have done herself, but must have died for very fright. Nellie kissed her father and mother again and again, and cried more bitterly when she found that they were not angry with her, than she would have done had their advent been accompanied by a good scolding. This, to some degree, she perhaps deserved; but, if her father thought so, his joy was too great at her recovery to allow of any such proceeding-then, at all events. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were in a great state of excitement, and, in their eagerness to make their guests at home, made them feel most decidedly and uncomfortably abroad. Nellie's father could hardly find words to express his gratitude to Mr. Smith for the way in which he had acted, and would have liked to reward him in some way or other. This, however, the latter would not hear of, saying that he had only done what any sensible man would do under the circumstances. But, for all this, he had undoubtedly saved Nellie's life; for had the poor little girl been left in the cold, damp wood all night, in a fainting condition, she could never have survived, or, at the best, her constitution must have received a shock which would have seriously affected her health ever after. When they had rested themselves awhile, and partaken of some light refreshment, Mr. Smith conducted them part of the way home.

"Whatever may happen in the future," said Aunt Sophy that evening, when Nellie was lying calmly asleep in her own little bed, and they standing watching her, "we shall not soon forget

how Nellie Hastings kept house."

CONCLUSION.



### THE FAIRIES' FROLIC.

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

"We've nothing more to paint, mamma! We've nothing more to paint!"
One bright September morning,
The fairies made complaint.
The woods are green, the rocks are grey,
The sky is fresh and blue,
We've nothing more to paint, mamma,
We've nothing more to do!"

The eyes of mother Nature
Were sad and full of dreams;
Mixed with her dusky tresses,
The silver lay in gleams,
Within a sunny hollow,
On soft and fragrant grass,
She sat, with idle fingers,
And watched the hours pass.

But when the little fairies
Came flocking to her feet,
She smiled in tender pity,
And said, in accents sweet:
"Why should I check you longer?
Soon come the frost and rime:
A few short hours are left us,
This is the fairies' time

"A few short hours of sunshine
Before the ice-king's breath
Will chill our leafy woodlands
To stern and silent death.
All spring you've done my bidding,
And, through the summer hours,
With rose and azure colours
Decked out my bridal flowers,

"I need you now no longer,
Your mother's work is done;
The summer's toil is over,
Go, frolic in the sun!
Dance, play, and take your pastime,
On meadow, grove, and hill:
This is the fairies' hour,
Go, revel as you will!"

Then, oh! the silver laughter,
And, oh! the twinkling feet;
They kissed their mother's tresses,
They kissed her eyelids sweet.
Then tripped a fairy measure,
The merry little crew,
And, spreading wings of azure,
Swift fled as morning dew.

"The world is all too solemn, The world is all too green: Let's paint it with such colours As never yet were seen, Now that mamma is napping!" The little fairies said.

"Let's paint the elm-trees yellow, And paint the maples red.

"And paint the oak dark crimson. Dye golden brown the brake, The moose a dusky purple, The woodbine scarlet make! The world is all too sombre, The world is all too green: Let's paint it in such colours As never yet were seen!"

And when, in crisp October, Their mother, in amaze, Aroused and gazed about her. The world was all ablaze-Gold, scarlet, russet, purple, Beneath the arching blue. This was the fairies' pastime, The roguish little crew!

### GEORGE STEPHENSON. BORN, 1781; DIED, 1848.

E can travel so easily and so fast now. it is so little trouble just to walk to the nearest railway-station and take a ticket for the place we want to reach, that it is almost impos-

sible to believe that only a little over fifty years ago there were no trains, and no one seemed to want them or to think about them, until George Stephenson showed what his wonderful locomotive engine would do.

George Stephenson, or "Geordie Steeve," as he was usually called, was the son of "Old Bob Steeve," of Wylam, near Newcastle, who had charge of the engine used for pumping up the

water out of the coal-pit, for which service he received the large sum of twelve shillings a week, on which he had to support a wife and six children.

It can easily be imagined that the children were expected to begin very early to earn their own living. Not one of them could read or write, for there was no school near, and no one had time to teach them, every one being employed at the colliery or on something connected with it.

From his earliest infancy, George had been familiar with "Puffing Billy," the big clumsy engine drawn by a horse that pulled the waggons of coal from the mouth of the pit to the vessels awaiting for them on the Tyne, and being a bright, intelligent lad, he soon began to watch and to think.

When he was eight years old, he obtained his first situation, to look after some cows, and for this he was paid twopence a day. It was not very hard work, for so long as he kept an eye on the cows he might play as much as he liked, and his favourite amusement was making little pits, and all sorts of funny little engines to pull up the corves (or baskets that held the coals). Then for a little while he became assistant to a ploughman, leading the horses that drew the plough, weeding, hoeing turnips, and making himself generally useful, but all the time his thoughts were running on wheels and pulleys, and he longed to begin work at the colliery.

At last the opportunity came, and he began as a "picker"—that is one who clears away the dross and stones from the rough coal; then as driver of the horse that pulled up the corves, and when he was fourteen he was made, to his great delight, assistant stoker to his father. He was very young for the post, and was so afraid that the overviewers would think so, that when any one came he would hide for fear of being seen. His work was to keep the engine clean, to see that the works were not plugged up, and if the water did not come up properly, to go down the shaft and see what was wrong with the machinery. He had a real affection for his engine, and employed most of his spare time in polishing it up and cleaning it, examining it, and trying to understand its mechanism. He now began to envy men who could read all about these things, and this made him feel he must learn to read and write; so he joined the nightschool for threepence a week, where he was laughed at by the younger boys and girls who knew so much more. But Geordie did not care one bit-all he wanted was to learn; but he did not get on because the teacher knew so little himself. Fortunately, a Scotchman soon opened a class quite near, which Geordie at once joined, and here, besides reading and writing, he learnt arithmetic, to which he took wonderfully.

He was always working at this new study, getting a lump of chalk and writing sums on the walls, or on the sides of the waggons, and would work them out while walking backwards and forwards, or while watching his engine.

When he was twenty, he was moved to Black Callerton to work the engine that pulled up the men and coals from the mine; and a year later to Ballast Hill, by which time he began to think he might take a wife. So he chose a bright, sensible young girl, who, during the short time she lived, made his home very happy, but who died two or three years after their marriage, leaving him with one son, Robert, afterwards as great an

engineer as his father.

Happiness did not make George idle; he was always thinking, examining, and trying to find out something new. He had heard something about "perpetual motion," but could not understand how it could work, and no one could help him; so he made a rough machine of wheels, and glass-tubing, and quicksilver, and for a time this turned, but all at once it stopped and would not go again. He was not discouraged— he would try again. But at this time his young wife died. For a time he seemed to lose all heart, and went to Scotland; whence getting tired of being away, he returned to find his father blinded by an accident, and unable to work. Things grew worse and worse with him, until he was all but penniless. But his well-known talent and industry brought him work at last, and he was made brakesman at West Moor, and soon all the old energy woke up once more, and he began altering and improving his engine.

At a pit called Killingworth High Pit was a large new and expensive engine that would not work, and the pit was getting more and more full of water. George, like the rest, went to see it, and at once saw that it was useless as it was then placed, and said so, but was laughed at, "as if any ignorant man could know anything about it," they said; so he went home and kept silent for a time. Then he thought it all over, worked it out, and told a friend he was sure he could put it right and clear the pit in a week. His friend repeated this to the overseer, who, tired of the whole thing, said he might try if he liked. So George at once set to work, and in five days the pit was clear, and he was made engine-man

at Killingworth.

All the engineers of the day were trying to find out some way of travelling by steam; one engine after another was tried, but all were failures, till at last George took the matter up, worked it out, and in 1814 brought out his first locomotive, "Blucher," which was used to draw coals to the banks of the Tyne. It was a rough, clumsy thing, but various alterations made it very useful, and a great improvement on any

previous engines.
Soon after the

Soon after there began to be much talk of a new road of communication between Stockton and Darlington. Should it be a canal or railway? After much heated discussion the latter was decided on; and now George grew excited, hoping for a chance of bringing his beloved locomotive before the public. So he went to the rich Quaker, Edward Pease, who had had so much to do with getting the Bill for the new railway passed, but who had only thought of using horse power to draw the train. After a long talk with George, however, he changed his mind, so far as to go to Killingworth and see for himself. Having seen, he was convinced, and through his influence George was appointed engineer to the new company, with a salary of £300 a year. While the line was being made, George built a large factory at Newcastle for making his locomotives, and at the last minute the directors ordered three to be ready for the opening day.

It was a great event, that opening day; every one that could come did so, all anxious to see the wonderful thing that was to draw the heavy waggons, instead of the horses that had been

previously used.

First came the engine, drawn by Stephenson himself, then six heavily-laden waggons, then a cart with the directors and shareholders, then six coal waggons filled with passengers, then six more filled with coals, and in front of all a man on horseback bearing a flag. At first it moved very steadily because of the incline, but whenthat was passed, Stephenson called to the man to get out of the way, turned on the steam, and away they flew at fifteen miles an hour. But in spite of its success, it was only used for drawing coals, and George's hopes were disappointed. But he would not be discouraged; he was convinced the time would come when the public would see the great advantage of the locomotive for travelling purposes, and he went on steadily and patiently studying, altering, improving.

About this time the people of Manchester and Liverpool, beginning to think that it would be a great convenience to have some better way of conveying goods from one town to the other, talked of making a tramway between the two. At last they applied to Stephenson, who proposed a railway. It was all very well to say "Have a railway," but the line must pass over a big bog called Chat Moss. "Quite impossible," said all the engineers; but Stephenson said he would do it, and what was more, would run a locomotive across it at the rate of twelve miles

an hour. Such

Such a storm of indignation as this raised annot be imagined. "No such thing should be allowed," the people said; "they would not have a railway," and men, women, and children alike took to throwing mud and stones, and even more dangerous weapons, at the surveyors.

George Stephenson had to go to London and explain his plans before a Committee of the House of Commons, where he met with much opposition and derision, was called "mad" and "ignorant," was told "he did not know how to carry out his plans." Then the residents came and complained that the smoke and fire would be intolerable, that coals would go up immensely in price, and all sorts of other objections; but in the end his suggestions were accepted, and he was made head engineer. It was an enormous undertaking. Well might men say, "No one in his senses would think of it," "No line could run over a deep, treacherous bog twelve miles square;" but, nothing daunted, George Stephenson and his brave band of workers went perseveringly on, taking levels, cutting drains, often running great risks of being buried in the soft, spongy mire, and, overcoming all obstacles, bearing cheerfully all hardships, they achieved a glorious success. Even now many would not believe. They thought it would all give way when the train was on it. and all who were foolish enough to venture would go to the bottom.

This great difficulty conquered, the line progressed rapidly: but it was almost finished before any decision was arrived at as to how the train should be drawn. Very few were in favour of the locomotive, but preferred the fixed engines, that -placed a mile and a half apart-were to draw the train by means of ropes; but, at the last moment, the directors offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive, to be publicly competed for at Liverpool, and to run not less than ten miles an hour. They were to be tried on a line about two miles long, and each engine was to go twenty times up and down. Three besides Stephenson's "Rocket" were entered for competition; betting ran high, and the "Rocket" was not by any means the favourite, and was examined most critically, and many predicted failure. It was the first tried and ran twelve miles in fifty-three minutes, rather less than half the time given. Then the others were brought out. One burst very soon, the second only went at six miles an hour, and the third had something wrong with its boiler; so Stephenson's "Rocket" alone stood the test, and bore off the prize of £500. A little later he drove his train, with 150 passengers, from Liverpool to Manchester, right over Chat Moss, in less than two hours.

Nor did he stop at this one line, but went on planning railways at home and abroad, making constant improvements, till he proved the truth of his assertion to Edward Pease, that "Railways would yet become a great highway for the king and all his subjects."

E. J. T.

## ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

FOUNDED ON FACT.



HE sun was shining all over the old yellow gable-ended house; the wide, low gate leading into its pretty grounds swung open carelessly in the spring breeze. The two giant poplars that stood gaunt

sentinels on either side of the posts quivered their scanty leaves right up against the blue May sky, and waved their ragged arms on high, and the particular woodpecker who lived in the oldest poplar and was always grimly supposed by me to be at least as ancient as the house itself—which was six hundred years, if it was a day!—tapped loudly and exultantly at the echoing bark. Bushes of golden gorse were flaming in the garden, brilliant tulips flaunted their gay heads to and fro, and great brown-eyed pansies nodded in the borders side by side with pink, pert daisies. It was a sort of jubilee day all round, and the birds were the trumpeters

I, Helen North, was busy upstairs in my own special sanctum, the tiny bedroom under the eaves always allotted to me when I came to stay with grandmamma, and which had such sweet views over hill and dale from its lattice windows. I was very busy. A white muslined tip-toeing figure, standing eagerly before the old-fashioned cheval-glass, pulling out folds, and adjusting hat ribbons and stray curls with the greatest anxiety, and wondering faintly whether some people might not think me rather a nice-looking young girl than otherwise. Then, the last touch given, away I flew to a larger room down a few steps lower than mine, and found Gran, to my satisfaction, just ready. She was a handsome, cheery old lady, with snow-white hair, and invariably well-dressed, as all old ladies ought to be. I admired her immensely to-day. She had on a plum-coloured silk and a rich Indian shawl, and my favourite bonnet, with a spray of lilac at the top.

"Oh, Gran, it's time we started, isn't it? You do look lovely," secretly hoping for some admiration in another quarter. But that was the worst of Gran, she never would praise, however much you might angle for it. She looked me carefully over now, and smiled into my expectant force.

"Yes, you'll do, child," was all she said; and taking my hand, we proceeded solemnly downstairs. "Don't expect too much, Helen," Gran went on. "It is very kind of Mrs. Evans to have asked you to this party, I must say that.

She is a silly woman in many ways, and is constantly taking herself and other people in, but she's good-natured. There's no denying she's good-natured. But this hero you think so much of, little Helen, this prince, as she chooses to call him (I believe he's no more a prince than you and I are), he will probably disappoint you. Your fancy runs wild so often, child. The safest rule for children, and grown-up people too, is to

expect nothing."

We were walking through the garden now, and I flitted off to gather a bunch of heart's-ease for Gran's dress and my own, thereby interrupting the lecture that dear Gran was just beginning. I never liked (who does?) to be told that things weren't going to turn out as I wished. Many a time they had not, alas! even in my short life; but I always hoped and longed and was confident precisely the same when the next temptation arose. And this afternoon, of all others, when we were bound for my first actual garden party, it did seem hard to hint at disappointment.

I must go back a few days and give you the

why and the wherefore of my story.

Into our quiet village of Stonesby there had come lately, as if from the clouds, like some beautiful and sudden meteor, an apparition in the shape of a gorgeous person from the fabled lands of the East. No one knew exactly where he hailed from, or what could have brought such splendour into our dull and retired midst; but the fact remained that an Eastern prince was spending a short time in our vicinity, and staying, in unheard-of pomp, at the best inn which the place afforded.

A very great man indeed he was, dressed magnificently, had a train of smart, olive-coloured servants, and seemed intent on making a dash

generally.

Everybody took him on trust, so to speak, and created no trouble whatever about his credentials. They couldn't be absolutely certain who he was, but he tried, most successfully, to explain all that himself; and in his pretty broken English used so many well-known names quite freely, and as those of his intimate friends, that no suspicions were suffered to exist on the subject. The head of the village was turned by such a glittering and novel visitor; and when I came down on my visit to Gran, and heard the wonderful news, I got quite excited, and thought of nothing all day long but the prince, and whether I should be likely to see him with my own awestruck eyes.

The vicar's wife called at our house the day but one after my arrival. I had been gardening in "Helen's Plot," where some of my happiest hours were annually spent, and weeds, I believe, were allowed to grow just before my coming, merely for the keen pleasure I derived in digging them up and tidying up all round. I grew tired at last of backache and stooping, and running suddenly into the drawing-room, found two ladies engaged in earnest conversation: my grandmother and Mrs. Evans. It was such a curiously pretty room; I have never seen such a quaint one anywhere since then. Panelled all round in pale pink and cream colour, and each panel was carved differently with a device or picture, generally from history or Scripture. These were a great delight to my childish imagination, as also the profusion of rare china, and one or two pictures that my great-great-greatgrandmother had handed down to posterity from her industrious needle.

Gran was sitting bolt upright, and rather scornful, I could see, in her own wool-worked, straight-backed chair against one of the panels. Mrs. Evans, a stout little lady, with bobbing curls of grey, was saying with some importance

as I entered-

"So, dear Mrs. Gardiner, I wish to give a really nice party in the prince's honour. I've invited all our best outlying families, and begged them to excuse the short notice, as the prince "—with what huge satisfaction she dwelt on that august word!—"only remains here a few days longer. My husband says we ought to show him all the attention we can. You know he actually did look in on us at church last Sunday morning, and so——"

"Yes, I saw him," put in Gran, severely, "and I wished that beadles were not extinct in

country parishes."
"My dear Mrs. Gardiner, why?"

"To teach the heathen better manners by turning him out"—still more severely. "What did he mean by 'looking in,' indeed? Staring and strutting about like that! I very nearly cried out, 'For shame!" But if I had he would not have understood."

"Oh, how I wish I had been there!"

Mrs. Evans turned, and tried to clear the frown on her brow.

"Oh, it's Helen. How are you, my dear? You shall come to the party, too, if you like. You seem able to appreciate principalities and powers, whom we are certainly told to reverence in the Bible. Wouldn't you like to see a real live Eastern effendi?"

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Gran, with asperity. She always would say what she thought. "What does the child know about effendis, my

good madam? I don't suppose he is a prince at all. Nothing more nor less than an impostor. most likely. However--"

"Let me go, dear, darling Gran!" I cried, ecstatically. "I should love to come, Mrs.

Evans!"

But her curls wagged ominously now: she was offended, and not without reason perhaps. "I shall be glad to see you," she said, pointedly, "but if Mrs. Gardiner doubts——" And she stopped, and looked as if she had suddenly frozen up.

I was in an agony. My fancy had conjured the most brilliant pageant that was ever seen. And a garden party-the first I had ever attended! I squeezed Gran's hand imploringly;

she smiled, in spite of herself.

"I hope you will let me come and prove my mistake," she said, graciously; and the vicar's wife was all sunshine directly, and told us that she had even asked Lady Price, and was pretty sure of her in this instance. She was so very particular generally whom she met, and so exclusive.

"And oh! I've even invited my brother, the civilian, over from Turnham for the day; because, you know, he has been in India, and will be able to interpret, and all that sort of thing. and speak to the prince in his own native language. Tom does not want to come at all. He says he's busy, and it's nonsense. But I've made him promise. And now we only want fine

weather. Mind you both come!"

And now at last the happy time was here, and we were on our way to the high festival. To one of the Arabian Nights modernised, and the hero who had walked straight out of them. Such was my fond, and not wholly untrue, dream. Gran and I went straight down the steep little hill that led from our house to a copse all emerald green, and white with wood anemones, just outside of which stood the solid stone vicarage and its spacious grounds. Bright colours were glancing about among the trees; a band of music was playing; gay laughter fell on the scented spring breeze. Mrs. Evans was suavity and hospitality itself-here, there, and everywhere at the same moment, as it seemed to me. I could see no other girl present as young as myself, and felt much honoured thereby, and all aglow with anticipation. But where was the prince?

"Do you like the music?" asked our effusive hostess, shaking hands heartily with Gran and me. "That band alone will cost me £5, Helen; but I don't care if only everything goes off well. Now come with me and have a peep at the prince;" and she led me round a turn in the lawn. which suddenly revealed the great man in all his

glory to my enlighted vision.

I gave a gasp of surprise and pleasure. He was all and more than I had expected. A perfectly dazzling figure, tall, and very broad, and really magnificently attired, with jewellery literally ablaze upon his snowy drapery, and diamond buttons flashing everywhere about him: a dark, intelligent face, and great black eyes.

Lady Price was in close attendance, doing the honours of the occasion much more than the hostess herself; but Mrs. Evans was only too gratified, and as for the vicar, who was the counterpart of his wife, his kind, honest face was

one illumination.

Gran moved rather loftily away, and began speaking to her friends. I saw the cynical look come back again into her keen blue eves. But as for me, I stood agape, and as near the splendid person as I could get. He didn't seem to say much in return for the questions and remarks that were showered down upon him-a profusion of low salaams and gracious smiles did quite as well as any pigeon English; and then what white teeth he had! The sunlight made his diamonds sparkle, as only diamonds can, like points of fire, till they made my wide-open eyes ache to gaze at them. No one ever worshipped more fervently at royalty's shrine than I did that memorable afternoon. Nothing and nobody could tempt me from his fascinating neighbourhood. A rude awakening was mine to be.

Just as Gran was telling me it was time for us to be going, there appeared a new actor on the scene. A tall gentleman, with a bronzed cheek and long grey beard, was advancing up the lawn, Mrs. Evans hanging on his arm. "My brother, the civilian," was certainly the opposite of his sister in appearance as well as a few other things perhaps. He was grumbling audibly at

his enforced attendance.

"Look here, Emily," we heard him say distinctly and gruffly, "I've only got two minutes to stay, and oughtn't to have come at all-I told you so. Where is your precious rara avis? Get me introduced, and then I'll be off. How are you, Mrs. Gardiner?" cordially to my grandmother, who was standing close by. "Where is our renowned guest?"

"There, Tom, there!" Mrs. Evans cried, excitedly; "and you will talk to him nicely, won't you? You may have met him in India before,

at some grand durbar very likely-"

She stopped abruptly. The great prince was standing a short distance from us, surrounded by a small crowd of courtier ladies and a halo of conscious glory. His swarthy face was full in our view, but, bent on listening to some fair speaker, he was oblivious of our presence for the moment.

Why did the civilian start and turn absolutely pale with surprise? then flush hotly and angrily? then stammer out, "Met that fellow anywhere? Aye, in my bungalow years ago, if you like! Hanged if that isn't my rascally servant, whom I dismissed for theft and downright roguery as ever a man was charged with! I could swear to that sear on his brazen forehead. I can't and won't meet him again!"

He turned on his heel. I really think if a thunderbolt had fallen straight out of the unclouded May sky at our feet, we could not have felt a worse shock of dismay and humiliation. Poor Mrs. Evans, I see her now as she looked in that dreadful moment of her fall, but I should never know how to describe it—never! She caught at her brother as he was striding wrathfully away—

"Tom!" she implored, feebly, "don't, I entreat of you, for pity's sake, don't say anything more. I mean to these people here. We must get the party over first. I can't make a scene

now, and undeceive them."

Tears actually came dropping out of her eyes as she spoke. Then Gran stepped forward. I had never seen her smile so kindly as she did then.

"Of course," she said, encouragingly, "there's no need to make a fuss about it. We have made a mistake, that's all. Nobody shall know anything until afterwards; and I'm sure we have all enjoyed your party exceedingly."

Gran was as generous as her word; the truth never leaked out through her. Nevertheless, I cried, but she laughed, though she tried hard to stifle it, both for my sake and that of the poor, baffled hostess. She did not read me one lecture on my foolishness that evening, as I sat pensively sewing a seam with her in the drawing-room; and for a long time I talked of other things, and nervously avoided the terrible subject of the afternoon. A visitor was announced just before bedtime. It was the rector's wife, to our intense astonishment. Her face was flushed, and she looked very uncomfortable; and when Gran shook hands cordially as if nothing out of the way had happened at all, the tears came into her eyes again.

"Dear Mrs. Gardiner," she said, hurriedly,
"Pve come to thank you for the kind way in
which you behaved just now, and to confess
that I was altogether—altogether in the wrong.
And you——"

"Nonsense," said Gran, cheerfully; "least said soonest mended, my dear madam. You

were no more mistaken than any one else. No harm need be done after all. But as for the man himself——"

"Oh, yes! and I wanted to tell you about that too. The prince "—Mrs. Evans used the exploded title quite mechanically, and never thought of taking it back—"the prince deserves to be shown up, my brother declares. I don't know, I'm sure, poor thing! Perhaps he didn't mean—I'd rather a great deal that nothing more had been said about it, and so would my husband. But Tom says (and he speaks very strongly indeed, I assure you), he says he will not have him taking in innocent people like this—at any rate, not here—and that it must and shall be put a stop to. I don't know what to do," she said, helplessly; "and Lady Price was inviting him to her great soirée next week! Oh dear, oh dear!"

She went on lamenting aimlessly for some time before she took her departure. But nothing could bring another sharp retort from Gran's lips. She knew better than to crow over a fallen enemy.

"Try to be a sensible woman for your part, ittle Helen, when you grow up," gran said to me, as I bade her good-night. "And begin by being a sensible child now. Don't think anything more of your bitter disappointment. It might have been worse, and you'll get over it."

How the truth came out I never exactly knew, but come out it certainly did, and that very speedily. I suppose the civilian must have fulfilled his threat, and paid the false monarch a visit, with a thundering scolding as an accompaniment. Any how, he disappeared, bag and baggage, servants and finery, before another day had passed over his unfortunate head, banished as if he had never been—burst suddenly like some radiant evanescent bubble, and ceased to be.

But if the storm of abuse that followed him could have reached and stung his cool audacity with its wrathful indignation and surprise, I think even the prince's imposture would have

been fitly punished.

Lady Price was the most enraged of all; because, as she asserted, she had been so shamefully deceived by her neighbours, specially Mrs. Evans, and the whole business was a wicked deception on the part of the Church. The Church, indeed! Gran, who always stood by people in misfortune, however much she might choose to rail at them in prosperity, maintained stoutly that no one person could possibly be to blame more than another in the matter.

"A pity, Helen, that neither she nor anybody else should have remembered my favourite old proverb, 'All that glitters is not gold!"

FLORENCE UPTON.



nificantly fierce. We are trespassers on his estate, where the hawthorn grows its berries and the hazel its nuts. He is going his rounds to see how the acorns are getting on upon the oak down by the gate. But, look, here comes a friendly visitor. Stand by and watch, and you will see some sport. Do the creatures think of us sitting underneath and looking at them? Not a bit of it. For all they care, there might not be another living thing in all Kent but they two. Was ever romp so wild, so furious, so frantic? How do they stick to the tree as they go whirling round and round the trunk after each other? If they happened to let go they would fly off into space. But they hold on, and the mad frolic continues, up and down, in and out, dodging, jumping over each other, scrambling, avoiding collisions by mirac-

ulous agility, each in his turn chasing the other, and with such a scratching of little claws upon the flaking bark as a dozen kittens rather than two squirrels might make. All of a sudden they stop-"time!"-and while one hangs ridiculously in a limp sort of way across a fork, with its tail blowing about in the wind, and its nose inquisitively pointed downwards, the other, sticking flat on to the trunk, and looking more like a squirrel-skin glued on to the tree than a live thing, looks upwards at its playmate. The latter gradually withdraws its head and creeps off, choosing a long branch that overhangs a nut-bush. It does it very cleverly, for all I should see of it as it goes is an occasional paw, if it were not for that long fluffy tail, which betrays its owner. The other is carefully watching. It is an old game evidently, and its tail gives impatient little quirks, its head twitches. Its playmate has reached the end of the bough and looks round. Its friend has its eye on it. So, souse! here goes, and the squirrel dives head first straight into the nut-bush with a mighty splash of leaves. The next instant it is on the ground and away down the grassy drive; but none too soon, for the other, jumping straight away off the trunk, lands on the turf within a yard of the runaway as it passes the pine tree. And the two go bouncing off, their tails straight out behind them, and looking redder than ever upon the green turf, bounce, bounce! and into the bracken and out of sight.

> "Soft is his shining auburn coat, As ermine, white his downy throat, Intelligent his mien: With feathery tail and ears alert, And little paws as hands expert, And eves so black and keen."

### YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under what circumstances did David flee to Gath?

Who was slain on Mount Gilboa?

Which of the disciples came from Bethsaida? Which parables were told by the Lake of Galilee?

Give the names of the principal places mentioned in St. Paul's journeys.

The competition ends this month. A list of those competitors who have obtained the stated amount of marks will appear in the December number.

## YOUNG DAYS.



THE MAID OF ORLEANS (See page 126).

### ALICE DEANE.

BY G. NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.



T was a bright, sunny day in the early spring, a day when even the quarters where the very poor live, in a large town, look cheerful, and the people think of the hedges budding in the country, and the flowers beginning to blow. In such a poor quarter of a large and busy town was a street which had known better days, and where the houses were larger and the street broader than many : but, as gentility had long deserted the neighbourhood, these houses were let out in separate rooms, and each house

was like a hive. In one a widow, with a mangle, lived in the cellar, a French polisher and his family had the two rooms on the ground-floor. and each apartment above had its separate lodger or lodgers. In one, which had recently been to let, a man called John Deane had come to live. He had a wife and a little girl of twelve years old, and had been a sailor, but a long illness had prevented him from working at his calling. Rheumatism had made him its prey and rendered him quite a cripple, and the little family had known much hardship until his health began to improve. and his wife had got some offices to keep clean, which is well-paid work. This had brought them to live in their present abode, both as nearer to the offices, and also in the hope that these houses, being better built originally than most of the cottages for the poor, might be drier and better for John's complaint. The result proved the wisdom of the change, for John grew stronger daily, and his hands became so much less stiff and crippled, that hopes were entertained of his being able to use them again in course of time. Meanwhile little Alice had to be a busy little woman. Her mother was obliged to do her work early in the morning, before the gentlemen came to their business in the offices, and Alice had to make the fire, boil the kettle, get her father his breakfast, wash his face, comb his hair, and make all the poor little room neat and clean before her mother returned to her meal and a little rest. After that Alice was sent out while her father was

dressed, and if there were no potatoes to peel, or errands to go at such times, she often sat with her sewing or knitting at the front door, and watched the people passing by. There she sat on the day when we first make her acquaintance, comfortably resting her back against the doorpost, knitting a new foot into one of her father's woollen stockings. Swinging on the railings by her side was a girl of her own age, the daughter of the French polisher. The two girls were a great contrast. Alice's frock was made of a threadbare brown stuff, with no trimming of any sort, and patched in many places with pieces of different shades, but her clean, though coarse, pinafore covered many deficiencies; her stockings, neatly fitting, were knitted in dark wool, and her hair was tidily brushed back and confined in a cheap net. Her companion, Amelia Lavinia Simpkins, had her hair very rough, tied up with a piece of dirty red ribbon. Her frock had been a pretty one when new-a bright purple, flounced and braided-but, being of a thin material, was crushed and tumbled, the braid worn, and a great piece of one flounce ripped out and hanging loose in a festoon. Her stockings were gay-striped ones, and a large hole in the heel of one of them was fully displayed by the shabby bronze kid slippers, down at heel. It was still more dis-played by Miss Amelia Lavinia's antics, as she twisted herself about, clinging to the railings with both hands behind her, and dancing up and

"Why won't you come and play at hopscotch, Ally? Do now," said she. "You look so oldfashioned knitting away there."

"I'd like to play," replied Alice, "but mother does not let me play till I've done my task of work."

"What are you doing that's so wise?" said Amelia, contemptuously.

"New-footing father's stocking," said Alice, rather shortly, for Amelia's tone vexed her.

"What's the good of slaving like that, all for nothing?" resumed the other. "Yesterday you were darning stockings, and the day before you were making new ones, and now you are newfooting them. I would not slave so for anything. My ma buys cheap ones, and then, when they're worn out, she buys more, and all that drudgery is saved."

"Mother says that is slovenly ways," said

"And a pretty lady yours is for a mother, too," taunted Amelia.

"Mother is not a lady, but she's a very respectable woman, and the best mother in the world!" cried Alice, indignantly.

"My ma is a lady!" said Amelia, tossing her untidy head. "My ma has a silk dress, and she's going to have another soon, and she has got gloves and a vele (Amelia meant a veil, but did not know how to pronounce the word). My da says, when ma is dressed up on Sundays, that she looks like any lady in the land, and so she does; and, what's more, we're going to have a party!"

"Of ladies?" asked Alice, rather slyly, for she knew Amelia's mother on week-days as well as Sundays, and thought of the difference in her

appearance then.

"Yes! a party of ladies, and gentlemen, too," boasted Amelia, all the more decidedly because Alice smiled. "My ma was a dressmaker before she was married, and she worked with Mrs. Sutherland, the grand dressmaker in High-street, and she always calls them her young ladies! There now! And there's the lady that keeps the grocer's shop coming, and a young lady that serves in the mantle-room in that large shop, and a young gentleman that's learning to be a photographer, and the lady and gentleman from the public-house at the corner! And ma's going to have fowls, and a pie, and tarts from the shop, and lots of beer !"

Alice had not much experience of the world. and was quite overawed by this account. She might have her own private doubts as to whether these people were what she called "real ladies and gentlemen," but she did not know how to put her thoughts into words, and, while she pondered, a sharp voice called out, "'Melia Laviny! 'Melia Laviny! what are you doing, dawdling about there, when I told you to go and fetch potatoes!" The rude voice and cross manner were all of a piece with the slap which Miss Amelia received, and she hurried away, crying, more from temper than because she was really hurt.

Alice sat on the doorstep for some time longer. her mind revolving many confused thoughts. She wished that her mother was a lady, and had a silk gown, and could have a party. How nice fowls must be! and tarts! She had never tasted either. Would not her father enjoy some roast fowl? If Amelia's mother had such grand clothes, what would all those other people wear? She must try and catch a glimpse of people going

to a party!

#### CHAPTER II.

In the evening, when her tea was over, Alice took her knitting down to the door again, hoping to see some of the grandeur; nor was she disappointed. The evenings were growing long, and it was still broad daylight outside the house,

though Mr. Simpkins had drawn down the blinds, and lighted candles, and a lamp.

There was a table in the corner of the back room, already spread with knives and forks, tumblers, etc.; a bright fire burned in the grate. Mrs. Simpkins was dressed in her smart green silk gown, and had pink ribbons on her head and round her neck, and a showy brooch to fasten the latter. Amelia Lavinia had a blue barège frock, made low, and her hair tied up with blue ribbon, and her little sister was like her, in pink. Soon the lady from the grocer's shop came, in a black silk gown, and quantities of smart artificial flowers in her cap; and the lady from the publichouse, in a crimson gown and yellow ribbons. The young lady from the mantle shop, however, pleased Alice best; she had a pink muslin dress, much beflounced, open at the throat, trimmed with lace, and wore a white artificial camellia in her hair and another in her bosom. She also had yellow gloves, and a round, pink paper fan, which shut up, and pulled into a little circular case, that made the handle of the fan when it was opened. This fan was opened and shut very often, and Alice thought that Amelia was right, after all—this was elegance; these must be ladies.

With her foolish little head full of the party and its grandeur, she went upstairs and found

her mother putting her father to bed.

"You must push on with new-footing father's stockings, Ally," said her mother. "Father wants them; the ones he is wearing must be done after next wash."

"I want you to see to those trousers, wife," said John; "they will be very nice for me if you could mend them up again. They are warmer

than these."

"I will, John," said his wife; "but I must wash up a couple of aprons to-night, to make myself tidy at Mrs. Lucas's to-morrow, for I am to have half-a-day's work there in the afternoon; her servant is to have a holiday. And Mrs. Simpkins has got folks to supper to-night, and I said that I would help to cook for her after you were in bed. It would be but neighbourly, and they have got a grand supper, so I thought, as they are good-natured people, they might give me a bit of something tasty afterwards for you."

"A bit of something tasty sounds tempting, surely," said John; "but take care of yourself, old woman, and don't save it all for me. I can't earn now to keep you, and cost you more than I like to think about, and don't you lose the chance of getting a good meal once in a way."

But Alice knew that every scrap given to her mother was sure to be saved for the invalid, in the anxious hope of restoring his strength.

"I'll wash the aprons, mother," said she, "and iron them right well too, if you will trust me, and go down now." And as her mother gladly consented, and went off, Alice poured out to her father the history of the party and the smart clothes, winding up with "I do so wish that I was a lady!"

"Don't do that," said her father; "there's no

surer way of coming to ruin."

"Ladies don't come to ruin always, father."

"No, my lass," said her father, "not real ladies, because God made them such; but girls like you that are born to work, when you set about wanting to be ladies are sure to come to ruin. Look at that Eliza Jones in the garret, that has all come of her wanting to be a fine lady and not working to get her bread honestly."

Alice was silent. She had seen Eliza Jones, poor creature, often enough, with her shabby flimsey finery, and her flaunting manner, and her painted face. She had seen her wildly excited by drink; she had once seen her, sobbing her heart out in lumiliation at some chance glumps

into her own degradation.

"But, father," resumed she, after some minutes, "Mrs. Simpkins is not like that, and she does not drudge as we do, and Amelia has pretty clothes to wear, and so have they all, and nice things to eat."

"That is not what makes a lady, child," replied her father. "She is not a real lady all through." "What does make a lady, then, father?" asked

Alice

"Well, I can't rightly tell you, only don't you get to wishing such ridiculous things again, or you will come to grief fast enough," said Deane,

Alice was silenced, but her perplexities were not resolved, nor her private longings lessened. What was a lady? Why should wishing to be one bring her to ruin?

Next morning, while John Deane was being dressed, and Alice was out of the room, he said:

"Wife, this place suits us in some ways, and it would not do to leave it again yet; but it don't seem to me but what Ally is picking up a lot of foolish notions from those people downstairs."

"And well may you say so, John," replied the wife. "It will be a wonder if that poor silly dawdle don't bring her husband to ruin. Such goingson as therewere last night—such ridiculous intery, such ways, such a lot of beer drunk as there was!"

"But about Ally," resumed her father. "She seems to have been picking up notions from them already, and I think they'll do her harm, and yet we can't keep her from them, living in

the same house, and them two girls being so near

of an age."

When Mrs. Deane heard all that her husband had to say on the subject, she thought as he did, and the result was that they agreed to look out for a service for her, so as to put her out of the way for the present.

"I shall miss her sorely," said Mrs. Deane; but it will be one less to keep, and she may

help us a little too."

After much careful inquiry, and many negotiations, Alice, just turned thirteen years of age, went to be a little nursemaid and general assistant to a Mrs. Leicester, wife of a clerk in a mer-

chant's office in the town.

"The place will do nicely," said Mrs. Deane, relating the history to her husband. "Mr. Leicester is not rich now, but may be made a partner soon; and Miss Leicester has come home from school, and will help with the children, so that Ally will chiefly do housework with the general servant, and help in getting the children dressed in the morning, and putting them to bed at night. It will be better for her than doing only one sort of work, and Mrs. Leicester is a real lady."

Alice heard this, and pondered. Her confused thoughts on the subject of ladyhood began again

to perplex her.

"Mother, what do you mean by a real lady?" asked she, after a time.

"What you can never be," returned her mother, shortly.

"Why not?" persisted Alice.

"I'll tell you why, child," said her father. "A lady is not born to work as you are. Ladies don't need to do anything useful from morning to night. They play on their pianos, and make pictures, and do woolwork, and all that, and never need to dirty their hands, nor wear shabby clothes, nor work to tire themselves. They have to be born ladies, and you are not; so put all those silly notions out of your head, once and for all. Be a respectable servant in the station that God has called you to, and let ladies mind their own affairs."

(To be continued.)

### JOAN OF ARC.



ETWEEN 400 and 500 years ago, Henry V., of England, taking advantage of the unsettled state of France, invaded that country with a large army.

After many splendid victories, he gained the battle of Agincourt, married the

daughter of the king, and was proclaimed heir to the French throne, after the death of the reigning

sovereign. Charles the Sixth.

But Henry died two months before Charles, and the question then arose, as to who should be king, Henry's son or Charles's, and a fresh war was commenced between the followers of the two young princes, which, as we shall see, ended by the crowning of Charles' son under the name of Charles the Seventh.

The heroine of this little history, Joan of Arc, was the daughter of a shepherd, and was born at Domremi on the banks of the Meuse, in 1412, and was ten years old at the death of Charles the

Sixth.

She began very early to go into the fields to mind her father's sheep, and the constant outdoor life made her grow up tall and strong, and taught her much of that fearlessness that afterwards characterised her. She could neither read nor write, her principal education being a religious one received from her mother.

She was of a thoughtful, dreamy nature, and very imaginative, and would listen to the noise of the wind rustling among the trees till she thought it was music, and at night would sit and gaze at the skies and fancy the stars were

guardian angels.

Though a great favourite with her companions, from her gentleness and good-nature, Joan would seldom join in their games, but would rather listen to her godmother, who would tell her stories about their native country, and the cruel wars, and the poor young Dauphin (as the eldest son of the French king was called) whose right to his father's crown was being disputed.

No doubt, too, she would often repeat the familiar prophecy that "France should be saved by a woman," and Joan sitting alone minding the sheep would think of all these things, and wish, as many another has done, that she could do something, and then would come the thought, weak at first but growing gradually stronger,

why should not she be that woman.

When she was about fourteen, Joan is said first to have heard the voices that bore such an important part in her after life. The story says, "Joan was running with some of her young friends, when suddenly, to the surprise of all, she statted off at a tremendous pace, and only paused at last to take breath when she heard a voice say to her, in a commanding tone, "Go back to your mother." Startled and bewildered, she returned at once, and on reaching the garden-gate the same voice, soft and gentle, now said, "Jeanne, child of God, be wise, be good, put your trust in God, for you must go into France (which was

the name given only to that part of the country which still belonged to the crown)."

Joan looked round, but could see nothing, and finding the church-door open went in and knelt before the altar, and so strong was the feeling that she was selected for a special mission. that she there and then solemnly renounced all earthly ties, and vowed to devote herself to the will of God. Then, again, the voice seemed to say, "I am Michael the Archangel, and am sent from the Lord to command you to go into France and help the Dauphin."

Soon after St. Michael appeared again, this time accompanied by two other angels, St. Katharine and St. Margaret, who, he said, would

be her guides and counsellors.

Three years passed away before Joan could go on her mission; her parents naturally objected; indeed, her father even said that he would rather drown her with his own hands. But she never forgot it for a moment, and continually heard the "voices" saying, "Go to France, go to France," till, unable to bear the restraint any longer, she obtained permission to visit her uncle, and persuaded him to take her to Governor Baudricourt, in the hope that he would send her to the Dauphin, but the governor only laughed, and bade her "return to her home." A second appeal was also refused, and now, terribly distressed, Joan spoke to the neighbours of her mission, and at last a gentleman named John De Metz, being satisfied of her sincerity, promised himself to take her to Charles, and Baudricourt, seeing he was determined, now gave his consent.

A horse was bought, and a suit of men's clothes provided, as more suitable for the purpose of her

journey

On arriving at Chinon, where the court was being held, Joan was taken into a room full of people, and a young nobleman was pointed out as the Dauphin, but, we are told, Joan passed him by and went straight up to Charles and said, "In the name of God, it is you and no other, gentle Dauphin. I am Joan the Maid, and am sent by God to regain for you the kingdom."

Though himself convinced of the honesty and purity of her intentions, Charles, seeing that the priests looked on Joan as a sorceress, ordered her to be sent to Poitiers, where the Parliament was sitting, to be examined. Long and trying was that examination; every particular of her past life was brought up and inquired into, and many sneering questions put as to her "mission" and "voices." On being asked to give some sign as to the former, she said, "I came not to Poitiers to give signs; take me to Orleans; I will there show you signs for what purpose I was sent." In

the end they acquitted her and sent her back to the Prince.

Joan was now given a suit of armour, a beautiful white horse, a banner of white silk, embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, and a sword, which she said would be found in the church at Fierbois; no one remembered to have seen one there, but a messenger was sent, who found it where she had said, and brought it back. After passing through and overcoming many dangers and difficulties, our heroine arrived with her army before the walls of Orleans, bearing provisions for the half-starved inhabitants, and so quickly had the fame of "the Maid" travelled, and so great was the awe of her wonderful mission, that they were allowed to enter unmolested.

For two or three days all was quiet, but one night Joan started up suddenly, exclaiming, "My voices call me! my people are in distress my arms! my horse!" and as soon as she was dressed rode off to find the English had attacked

one of the forts.

After a severe struggle Joan was victorious and the English were driven back. Other forts were afterwards attacked, but in each case partly by the bravery of her soldiers, partly by the fear that the sight of her always seemed to create among the English, Joan was successful. Once she was hit on the shoulder by an arrow, and fell into a ditch, but was quickly lifted out, and her self drew out the arrow from her wound, and, as soon as it was dressed, sprang on her horse and rode to the front, waving her banner; the sight of the dreaded sorceress, they believed killed, struck terror to the English soldiers, and they were easily driven from their last stronghold and Orleans was saved.

One part of our heroine's work was thus accomplished, but she had yet to get Charles crowned at Rheims and anointed with the sacred oil. This oil was said to have been brought from heaven by some angels to cure the bruises of St. Remy after a fall, and no king was considered

legitimately crowned without it.

Charles made so many objections to going, said the English had possession of so much of the territory they must pass through, and there would be so many dangers, that Joan exclaimed, "Noble Dauphin! come with me to Rheims to receive your crown; my power to serve you will not extend beyond a year; employ me, then, while you can."

At last Charles consented to start, and again "the Maid" overcame all difficulties; she said her "voices" kept repeating "Go to Rheims," "Go forward," and she never rested until Charles was safely within the city walls. At once they pro-

ceeded to the cathedral, and there, amidst the chanting of Te Deums, the blowing of trumpets, and the joyful acclamations of the people, the Dauphin was anointed and crowned King of France. Throughout the ceremony Joan stood by his side holding erect her banner, "and looking," as one writer tells us, "like the Angel of France presiding over the resuscitation of the kingdom she had saved."

Gladly now would Joan have retired into private life, but the King would not allow it; she and her family were ennobled and received the surname of Du Lis, with the Lily of France as their arms. One favour only Joan asked—that her native village might henceforth be exempt from taxes, and opposite the name of Domremi in the book of taxes might for years be read,

"Nothing, for the Maid's sake,"

After many more victories Joan was taken prisoner by the English, thrown into prison and treated most cruelly, being chained to a log of wood by day and to her bed by night.

After being in prison for seven or eight weeks she was taken to Rouen to be tried as a sorceress. She was questioned eagerly as to her "voices" and visions; all were excited, Joan alone remaining calm. On being asked if her "voices" had spoken since her imprisonment she replied, "Yes, they spoke to me three times yesterday and said, 'Reply boldly! be not afraid, God will aid you."

"Do you know, Joan, whether you are in the

grace of God?" one asked.

"If I am not, may He bring me into it, if I am, may He keep me in it," she said, reverently, and one of the archdeacons exclaimed involuntarily, "Joan, you have answered well."

On being told that if she would sign a paper saying that her visions and her voices were false, her life should be spared, she hesitated; but her judges said it was necessary "to sign at once or

be burnt."

"I would rather sign than be burnt," Joan replied sadly, and signed; but other charges were brought against her, and in the end they con-

demned her to be burnt as a sorceress.

The stake was raised very high so that all might see, and when Joan first caught sight of it she gave a fearful scream, but that was the only time her strength gave way. She was bound and the stake lighted, and from the midst of the flames came her voice clear and steady, "Yes, my voices were of God! all I have done, I have done by the command of God!" a little while and all was over. The Maid of Orleans was dead!

Then the tide of public opinion turned, and cries of "She was murdered!" "It was martyr-

dom!" were heard on all sides, but twenty-five years passed before the nation—convinced, then, of her innocence—did honour to her name, and erected a stone cross on the very spot where she had been burned.

"I can deliver France!
Yea, I must save the country! God is in me.
I speak not, think not, feel not of myself.
And whither He shall send me I must go;
And whatso He commands, that must I speak;
And whatso is His will that I must do;
And I must put away all fear of men,
Lest He in wrath confound me."

SOUTHEY'S "Joan of Arc." E. J. T.

### HARRY.

BY REV. W. H. SAVAGE.



T the gate of Silence A fair boy lay: He had fallen asleep On a toilsome way.

The way had been hard, But no trace of care Was on his brow, As he rested there.

Some blessed dream
Gave a tender grace
To the sleeping form
And the sweet boy-face.

Sweet as the pansies
He held in his hand,
He lay at the gate
Of the Silent Land.

Then, as I waited,
The mother came:
She kissed his lips,
And she sobbed his name.

Then, the father bent By the sleeper's side, And whispered, "Harry!" No voice replied.

Some strange enchantment, Holy and deep, Still held the boy In his beautiful sleep.

While they lifted him gently And bore him away; And I stood alone Where the sleeper lay. Then!—Was it a vision Came over my soul? I saw the gates Of Silence unroll.

I saw a figure
With aspect grand,
Leading the boy
Through a beautiful land.

I saw him gather
From every side
The friends who loved him
Before they died.

They gazed on the pansies
His white hand bore,
They spoke of the places
They knew of yore!

They asked him questions In loving wise, And paid with kisses His sweet replies;

They talked of the home From which he came, They spoke the father's, The mother's name.

Then spoke the boy, Amid silence deep: "Why did they cry When I fell asleep?

"Oh, it was blessed,—
The resting from pain.
Did they not know
I was happy again?

"I am sure that they saw it,— The smile on my face, And the light that came down From this beautiful place,

"I wish they could see us,— Dear Grandpa, don't you?— And know that the best They can hope for is true.

"Send some one to tell them! Send quickly, I pray! I fear they are weeping, While I am away."

I heard his soft pleading, In trance or awake; And I bring you the message, For Harry's dear sake.

## BOBBY BENSON'S BOUNCING BALL.

BY S. L. GIBBS,

Author of "Dicky Datchet's Discovery," etc.



NCEupon a time," and not so very long ago either, a little boy named Bobbv Benson lived in Black friars Buildings. He was an intelligent. manly little fèllow. brave.

and kind, but rather too fond of boasting of what "I can do," and was in the habit of making remarks of this kind:

"I have the very best slate and books in all the school;" or, "I beat all our fellows at cricket, and never miss a ball;" "I can swim further than any of them;" "Jack Jones can't come up to me at leap-frog;" "I'm top of my class;" "I can eat more cake than Bill Smith," etc.—indeed, some envious boy is said to have told his friends that he asked him this question once: "Bobby, did you ever eat the middle brick of the chimney?" and that Bobby replied quickly and loudly, "Oh, yes, we have some for breakfast every morning!"

This story might not be quite true, but it is certain that when his father bought him a largeindiarubber ball, which he tossed to and fro to the great danger of the furniture and pictures, Bobby became rather a nuisance by continually informing his mother, "I can throw this ball further than you can. My ball is better than any one clacks. Why, if I liked I could throw it over the moon!" So that at last Mrs. Benson lost patience, and cried out angrily, "Throw it, then, and throw vourself after it."

and throw yourself after it."

Bobby looked at his mother in surprise, and

Bobby looked at his mother in surprise, and gave the ball a vicious kick; it struck right against a picture. Aghast at this disaster, he

rushed up to see what mischief was done. To his amazement he found it had gone clean through the picture, and was sticking in the wall. He reached up his hand to take it out, but suddenly found the ball was drawing him through the hole, and presently he felt himself on the other side with the ball holding him fast.

"What was the matter with it f" It kept bouncing and leaping and twisting; and, try as hard as he would, Bobby could not let go, but was forced to bounce and leap and twist with it. Then it changed its movements, and went up and up, still, however, circling round and round, till

the boy felt sick and giddy.

After a little while his brain grew steadier; he wentured to open his eyes and look round him. He was just passing over a tall column with a cage, and some golden flames at the top. Could it be the Monument? Before, he could be sure he was over St. Paul's Cathedral, and he tried to take hold of the great gold cross, but he passed too quickly. He thought how little the busy people in the streets looked—still on and on he went, till he reached the park, where the ball swiftly descended, until it rested on the ground by the edge of the water.

Bobby saw himself reflected in the stream, and was shocked to find himself no bigger than a blue-bottle fly! He felt his arms and legs; they were all right, firm and sound; he could see very plainly, and his hearing—that was all correct, for just then a big, rough boy came along with his little brother. "Hallo, Alfy," he said, "here's a fine ball! let's have a lark." He gave the ball

a gentle push with his foot.

Bobby only had time to push his leg into the air-hole to steady himself, when they were off again, over the green fields, farms, rivers, and hills of the real country. As the boy became accustomed to his rapid progress, he felt less afraid, and really grew quite proud of his novel steed. "I am clever," he said. "I tisn't every-body who travels like this, I can tell you," glancing with pitying eyes at the busy way-farers below, and continued: "It's my ball, and I can make it go wherever I like. I can—"

Here he felt a pain like a pin-prick in his arm, and by his side stood a little figure about as big as himself, but grey-haired and white-bearded, who seemed very cross, for he frowned deeply, and held in his hand a sharp thin sword, which he had just run into Bobby, and which he was going to push in again, but the boy started back in alarm, drawing his leg out of the air-hole, and would have been over in another moment had not the little creature seized him quickly and saved him, crying. "What did you say?"

"Nothing, sir—only—at least—it's my ball, sir, and I said I could make it go."

"Can you? What else can you do?" said the

little man, quietly.

"Oh, everything," replied Bobby, proudly; "I am awfully clever; I can do anything I try to do."

"I should like to see some of the grand things you can do. Could you make a steam-engine?"

"I should think I could, indeed!" said the boy, indignantly.

"Very well, come and make one now."

The ball had been travelling all this time, and now alighted in a busy place, which was, though Bobby did not know it, a smelting works.

"Start at once," said the figure. "This is the

first step."

Workmen, very oddly dressed, with iron masks, iron gloves, and iron plates on their arms and legs, were drawing the white-hot masses of metal out of the furnaces, dragging them along iron pathways to the sledge-hammer, where they were to be beaten into shape.

"Take your share in the work."

Bobby was thunderstruck. "Please, sir," he stammered——

"My name is Deeds-not-words," said his com-

panion, sternly.

"Well, Mr. Deeds-not-words," said Bobby, in

dismay, "I can't do that; I'm too little."

In a moment Bobby was a big man, standing in front of an open furnace door, dressed like the other "drawers," and with the great tongs in his hands to drag the metal out. He pushed in this instrument, but did not grasp the fiery ball; he only fell on his face, half scorched, amid the laughter of all the other workmen.

Bobby was a tiny figure again on the moving ball. His companion gave him a sharp poke with his sword, which, without being dangerous, was sufficiently unpleasant for him to dread.

"You managed nicely, didn't you?"

"That was not anything," answered Bobby, crossly. "That's labourer's work! I mean I could put an engine together; at all events I could make a model—a baby one, I'm sure."

"All right, here you are, then."

"Here," was a workshop, with many benches in it. On one a working drawing was set up a little boiler, partly made, with all the remaining pieces, lay by its side.

"There is your copy, finish it," said the little creature, perching himself on the edge of the

bench, prepared to be interested.

Bobby (now a fine-grown, manly fellow) sat at the bench. He turned the drawing this way and that, and at last upside down. He picked up first one little part, then another, and tried to put them together—no use; he had not the very smallest chance of succeeding nor the slightest idea how to begin.

"You are a perfect idiot!" said Mr. Deeds-not-words, kicking his little legs about in disgust.
"What are you do? Nothing I should say."

"What can you do? Nothing, I should say."
"Oh yes, I can; if only I had the chance, you'd

soon see!"

"All right. I'm open to conviction. You shall have your chance. What can you do next?"

Bobby thought steadfastly for some minutes. Now that he was called on to decide, he found a difficulty in choosing any one thing he could really do; but glancing out of the window gave him an idea. A quiet, clear river flowed by with several small boats moored on its bank. "I have it!" cried Bobby, "I could row one of those boats, I know!"

"Have you ever tried?

"No, but I'm sure I can."

"Can you swim?"

"Oh dear, yes, I should think so!"

"Very well; I'll take our conveyance as far as those trees yonder, and when you get there, I'll take you up."

"Only that little way! Why, it's not 200

yards!

"No matter; you will find it far enough."

Bobby looked up to see if he were laughing at him. No, his face was quite serious.

The boy, with many secret misgivings, proceeded slowly on his way to the boats. How was he to get in? and how was he to get the oars out?

On reaching the river's edge, he found a big boat on the bank, with the sculls laying in it. Stepping in, he sat down, and tried to push the boat out as he had often seen his father do, but without any effect; he might as well have tried to move an elephant. He pushed and strained and struggled, much to the amusement of a little girl with her finger in her mouth, who stood watching him.

"O you great silly!" she cried at length,

"don't you see it is tied to that post?"

Bobby saw the rope very plainly now; but how to untie it? He crept along as gingerly as a cat walks among the broken bottles on a garden wall, and seized the rope. The boat swayed fearfully, he thought, but he slipped the rope off, and resumed his seat. The little girl gave the boat a gentle push, and the small vessel glided into the stream, Bobby holding fast to the sides, and the child laughing heartily at the young man who was so clumsy. This was bad enough,

but worse was to come. How to get the oars out he did not know; he had seen it done, but that was all. More by good luck than deserving, he managed to get them over the sides in a fashion, and began to row. To row, did we say? Well, as he held one scull in the usual way, and the other as we do to "back water," his progress was certainly peculiar, for a delightful "wobbling" was the result. And the trees, which he had previously thought to be so near, now seemed to be a long way off. Hot with mortification and anxiety, he worked with all his might, till, at last, an extra effort tilted him out of the boat into the water. As he tumbled in, flinging out his arms and legs in dismay, he heard a voice say-just before he sank to the bottom-"You're safe, my boy; remember you can swim!"

How devoutly he wished that this were true! He went down with his mouth wide open, got a mouthful of water, came up, sank again, came up to the top, and would have remained among the weeds in the bed of the river, but that he was clutched tightly by his hair by Mr. Deeds-notwords, and landed, gasping for breath, on the brink of the river, while his rescuer gazed at him

with a look of disgust.

"You'd better go home to your mother," he said, contemptuously; "I'm about tired of you! If I had known what a story-teller you are, I would never have taken you for a trip. Now, you can go home again as soon as ever you like."

"A story-teller!" Bobby was indignant. Whatever were his faults, he scorned telling

stories, as he told his companion, hotly.

"O yes, I daresay! and you expect me to believe you. What do you call it but telling stories? You said you could make an engine, and you can't. You said you could row, and you can't. You said you could swim, and you can't. I daresay your cricket, and leap-frog, and learning are all stories too. I'm ashamed of you, and don't want to have anything more to do with you. 'Deeds not words' is my motto."

Bobby felt dreadfully sorry and ashamed. He had never looked at his boasting in this light, but still he felt the little man was right. What should he do? The boy's sorrowful face

made the angry speaker partly relent.

"Look here," he said, "do you want to be different?"

"Oh yes, sir, indeed I do," said Bobby,

earnestly.

"Well, then, I'll see what I can do for you. When you get home keep your tongue quiet about the things you say you can do until you

can really do them; and learn how to do the things you think you can do now. Then in a year's time I'll call again, and see if you're fit to be a friend of Deeds-not-words."

A sudden rush through the air, and Bobby stood in his mother's room with the ball in his hand. The picture was not broken, and the boy was alone. He looked everywhere for his friend, but could not find him; and up till now,

he has never seen him again.

At the end of the year Bobby could play cricket well, swim very fairly, and do many other things which before he had only boasted about; but though he waited anxiously for a visit, the little creature never came, and the boy could only hope that no accident had happened to his late companion. However, in grateful remembrance of his old friend, when, some years afterwards, Bobby Benson had learned how to make engines, and employed many men to help him, all the goods they sent out were stamped with the figure of a little man holding a tiny sword, under which was printed

"DEEDS-NOT-WORDS."

### SILENT FORCES.

Workmen in the quarries sometimes find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and then, with great sledge-hammers, drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet, once in a while, they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledges prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock.

But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden wedges of a very hard fibre are selected. Now you begin to shake your heads and think, "Well, if iron wedges will not do, how is it possible for wooden wedges to be used successfully?" Just wait, until we explain. The sharp, well-made wooden wedges are first put into water. They are then inserted in the grooves tightly while wet, and water is kept in the grooves, and no sledge is needed to drive They would break under the severe them. blows of the ponderous hammer. But the workmen just let the wet wedges alone. They will do what the driven iron failed to do. How The damp wood swells. The particles must have room to enlarge. And the granite heart of the rock cannot withstand the silent influence. In a little while the solid rock parts from top to bottom, and the workmen's will is accomplished.

It is so, often, in other things. What noise and visible effort fail to do, some quiet power, when applied, will surely achieve. Teachers may remember this fact in mechanics, and manage some very stubborn natures by the application of some silent forces. The iron and the sledge-hammers often fail. But tears, prayers, and a patient example never fail.

ALEXANDER CLARK,

### AMID THE WILD SEA WAVES.





HE sun had shed his golden glory over sea and sky; then, gathering all his splendour into one great ball of fire, seemed to splash into the waves, and left the gentle

moon to beam upon the waters, to bless them

with her silver purity.

"Oh, you lovely waves! you beautiful wild sawaves! how dearly llove you!" exclaimed a little mermaid, as she sailed out of her sandy home beneath the ocean and found herself free —free to sport about and play, free to do whatever came nearest to her. Yet she was a little sorry. It had been hard to say good-bye to the good Queen for so long a time, and to part from her lovely sisters; hard even to leave the dear, ungainly crabs, the tiny shells, and the bright fish who swam so merrily above her head, and were the birds of the ocean. All this was hard, but it had been the Queen's wish, for little Pearl was now old enough to leave the sandy home and to go out into the sea to do what she could.

"Whenever you see anything sad and lonely, try to cheer it; whenever you find any one who is hurt, try to heal them, whether they be man or beast, fish or bird. Go bravely, my little Pearl, and face the dangers to which you have been hitherto a stranger, and come back to me stronger in mind, but with all your childish purity still fresh in your heart."

These had been the Queen's last words, and as the little mermaid floated on the crystal waves, and saw the wide expanse of sea and sky stretching out on every side, she said, with a little

sigh:

"Whenever I am in difficulty or danger, I will remember the dear Queen's advice, and I

will try to be worthy of her love."

And, oh! how lovely it was to be borne gently onwards by the rolling tide—on and on, ever onwards, with that wondrous moon and those sparkling stars shining on her, seeming to speak

of peace and rest.

Pearl hoped that every one was as happy as she. In her bright days of childhood the Queen had told her stories of the busy world, with its men and women and children. She had told her of their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears; and though Pearl could not quite understand, she wished in her heart that there were no sorrow and no pain, and that all people and little children should be as happy as the evening stars. "But sorrow and pain bring out love and sympathy more purely," the Queen had said, "and draw the people and the children ever upwards, ever nearer to that highest love from which their being springs."

Of all these things Pearl dreamed and wondered as she floated through the sea. Perhaps she might be allowed to help some one in distress; and hardly had she felt this longing, when she saw something tossing on the waves before her. It was certainly no fish nor a seagull. What could it be? She sailed up to it, and saw that it was a little child, whose golden curls were dripping with water, and whose thin face

looked very pale and sad.

"Poor little one!" said Pearl, gently, as she put her arms round the child and raised it above the water; but it did not answer. "Could it dead?" thought Pearl, sadly. "It has no tail, and therefore, perhaps, it could not swim."

The child was heavy, but Pearl floated along with it in her arms until she reached a stern rock, which stood right out in the middle of the sea, and in a comfortable nook she put the child, dried its wet face with her own long golden hair, and rubbed its poor little hands until, to her great joy, the little one at last sleepily opened its blue eyes and said:

"Where am I?"

"You are safe, my darling," answered Pearl, "and I will stay near you, though I am in the

water, for I dare not come farther on to the land."

"You have saved me," said the child, dreamily.
"You kind mermaid, I love you," and it stroked

Pearl's face with its tiny hand.

All through the long night Pearl nursed the child and comforted it when it cried for its father; but her chief anxiety was about food. The little one repeatedly asked for food, and Pearl knew not what to give it, for mermaids live without eating and drinking.

The next morning, as Pearl was wondering what would be the best thing to do, she saw a stately ship sailing through the waves; but the

child jumped up with a cry of joy.

"Oh, dear mermaid!" she exclaimed, "that is father's ship. And now I shall get back to him—to my dear, dear father. I was washed overboard yesterday by a big wave, and I should have died if it had not been for you."

Pearl tried to forget her sadness in parting

from the child, and she only said :

"Come with me, little one;" and once more bearing it in her arms, she sailed towards the

ship.

The proud captain was pacing the deck in great sorrow, for had he not lost his only little child—his little motherless daughter?—when suddenly, with a cry of joy, he saw the little figure floating towards them. A boat was quickly lowered, the captain took his lost child in his arms, and Pearl was left alone.

Slowly and sadly she floated away, unseen, unknown, and alone, for even the father only laughed kindly when the child told how it had

been saved by a mermaid.

Thesea was still ascalm as a blue lake, but Pearl knew by the clouds that this could not last long, and she felt that a storm was coming. So she determined to keep near the good ship and watch it well, and at night, when the moon shone, she swam by its side and wondered how it went with the little one, and whether it ever thought again of the poor little mermaid.

And soon the storm approached nearer and nearer. The sky became very black, the wind howled. Very soon the rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning flashed. The good ship heaved and tossed amid the waves until every soul on board quaked with fear, and the captain alone remained brave and firm, whispering words of courage and hope to the fainting

hearts on board.

Meanwhile the little one lay in her tiny berth. She longed to be with her father, but he had told her to remain below. She tried not to be afraid, for she knew that God would help them, and that even if they must all perish in the storm, He would be with them still and guide them

safely to a better land.

Little Pearl knew nothing of the great love of the Heavenly Father, but as she tossed about on the stormy waves, she, too, thought with deep love of her good Queen, and felt somehow, though she knew not why, that the little one would be safe.

Just then a great flash of lightning struck through the ship. All on board was in confusion, until the captain's voice was heard above

the storm.

"Lower the boats!" he cried.

Pearl trembled as she saw all enter the boats and row away save the captain. But where, oh, where was the little one? It was in vain that they had tried to persuade her to leave the ship.

"No, no; I will stay with father to the end," she cried; and she flung her arms about his neck, and the strong man felt that it would be worse

than cruel to send her away.

With a cry of pain, Pearl dashed towards the ship. Oh, that they would look at her! Oh, that she might save them still! The ship gave one last gasp, then she plunged beneath the waves, and the father and child seemed to sink down with her.

Trembling with fear, Pearl watched them till at last they rose and floated on the waves. Then

Pearl breathed again.

"Oh, father, follow her—follow her!" cried the little one. "It is the kind mermaid."

He hardly understood, but with one arm round the child he swam along, unconsciously following Pearl, till at last they reached the old rock.

He never knew that Pearl had saved them; he never knew, even when they were rescued by a passing ship and taken safely home to England.

And Pearl floated back to her home beneath the sea, and was welcomed with happiness and

love by the good Queen, who said:

"Let the memory of this journey dwell in your heart for ever, my little Pearl. Let the thoughts of the little one whom you have helped inspire the brightest moments of your coming life."

And often when the sun vanished in the sea, and the moon rose peacefully in the blue sky, little Pearl would float happily upon the silvery waters, dreaming of the little one who slept, and loved, and learned far away in England, and who never forgot the little mermaid who had saved her life amid the wild sea waves. F. L. B.

Nor love thy life,
Nor hate; but whilst thou livest,
Live well.

MILTON.

# YOUNG DAYS.



CHRISTMAS COMES! (See page 144).

### ALICE DEANE.

BY G. NORWAY.

### CHAPTER III.

ALICE went to her place next evening, hoping that she would now find out what a real lady is, and why she never could be one, for her father's account had not attogether satisfied her.

When admitted into the house, she and her mother, who accompanied her, were taken down into the kitchen. On the way they passed an open parlour door, and Alice glanced in. There, at a large desk, covered with papers, sat a gentleman, with a bald head, whom she concluded to be Mr. Leicester. He was sealing a letter, which he added to a pile of similar ones lying by his side.

"There!" said he, wearily; "there is my seventh letter since tea. Now, Harry, I have time to help you with that algebra."

And a boy of fourteen moved towards him

with a lesson book in his hand.

On the other side of the fire sat Mrs. Leicsster, and a pretty fair-haired girl of eighteen; they had a large basket of clean stockings and socks between them, and were hard at work darning. Six or eight pairs, neatly folded up, were evidently just finished. Both looked tried, and the young lady was yawning, and trying to conceal the fact by putting up a hand covered with the stocking she was repairing.

It was only a passing glance which took in all this, but Alice thought that if Miss Leicester was a real lady, this did not look much as if ladies and gentlemen never worked hard enough

to tire themselves.

That Mrs. Leicester was a real lady she could not doubt in a few minutes more, when she entered the kitchen with a quiet step, and spoke a few words to both Alice and Mrs. Deane in a

soft, kindly, gentle voice,

"This is the little woman who is come to help us," said she, with a hand on Alice's shoulder. "I will take good care of her, Mrs. Deaue, and I hope she will be happy among us. Mary, get Mrs. Deane some supper, and make her com-

fortable before she goes home."

There was little in the words to make Alice so sure that this was what she called "a real lady," and she looked at the dress which her mistress wore. It was a much-worn, rather shabby, black alpaca, not very fashionably made; a white cap of some soft material, with the brown hair plainly banded beneath it; a little white lace at the throat and wrists; and Alice noticed that the hands, shaded by this lace, though white,

were those that had done much needlework. She was more puzzled about ladies than ever, nor did

the next few days clear her ideas.

All this family worked. By six o'clock everybody was stirring. Miss Leicester, and the second girl, Amy, helped her to wash and dress the three little children; they came to do this before they themselves were quite dressed, wearing dressing-gowns, and returning to their own room afterwards to put on their dresses. Alice thus saw that these girls wore, out of sight, clothes as daintily neat, all through, as those which were seen by every one. They never came into the nursery with holes in their stockings, shoes down at heel, strings or buttons off their garments, or deficiencies concealed by pins. This was not managed without hard labour. The big basket was always full of work; Mrs. Loicester and her eldest daughter were never idle. Their dresses and mantles and bonnets were often shabby, and always very plain; they seldom worked about these, though they also took their turn at times. The chief of their labour was bestowed upon the under-garments, which nobody out of the household ever saw. Hours every day were spent over making, mending, patching, darning, and new fitting these clothes.

One day Alice saw Miss Leicester lay down some things which she had been new trimming. She looked very tired, and rose from her seat as

if she were quite stiff with sitting.

"Why do you take so much trouble over the children's underclothes, Miss Mabel?" asked Alice, "Nobody ever sees them."

Miss Leicester laughed.

"Why, Alice," said she, "ladies must be nice and neat, for their own comfort. Ladies cannot go about like whited sepulchres, smart outside

and rags and tatters within."

The second girl, Amy, went to a day-school. She was there by nine o'clock every morning, and did not return till half-past four. When she came home she brought with her lessons to learn, and music to practise, and maps to draw, which kept her fully occupied till nine o'clock, so that she scarcely ever had any play. The two boys did the same. Even their half-holidays were nearly all taken up with Latin, Greek, and such difficult-looking sums that Alice wondered how they could understand them. Mr. Leicester helped them when he was at home in the evening and had no business letters to write, but he was often kept late at the office, and did not reach home till after Alice was in bed an the nursery quict. Mrs. Leicester assisted in the housework and cooked every dish that was

daintier than usual, and often helped to starch and iron the collars and fine muslins. Miss Leicester and her sister made the beds, and the former taught the three little children, and frequently took them to walk.

One day the two young gentlemen had an unexpected holiday at their school, and Miss Leicester took them and the three little ones a

pleasant country excursion.

"Are you not going too, Miss Amy?" asked Alice, seeing her take up her German grammar,

though it was a half-holiday.

"No," said Amy, sighing; "there is an examination soon at our school, and if I don't work as hard as possible I shall not take a good place in it."

"It is a great shame," said Alice, "to make you learn so many lessons. You never have any plea-

sure."

"It can't be helped," replied Amy. "Papa is not rich, you know, and has great difficulty in giving me a lady's education, and it would be a worse shame if I did not do my best to learn."

"Do all ladies know so much, miss?" asked

Alice.

"Not all," replied her young mistress; "but all high-bred ones in these days must have wellcultivated minds."

Mrs. Leicester was very particular about the

young people's behaviour.

"Is that the way for a young lady to sit?"
"My dear, a little lady does not eat so." "My love, you never see a lady bounce into a room noisily, nor does she come in talking. She might, perhaps, if she did so, interrupt what was being said or done by the people within. Open a door gently, come in quietly; and then, if no one else is speaking, say what you want to say."

Such rebukes were often heard.

### CHAPTER IV.

When Christmas arrived, invitations to several young parties came to the younger members of the Leicester family. The little girls had white muslin frocks cut down for them from some which their elder sisters had outgrown. These were washed and ironed for them whenever they were in the least soiled, and coloured ribbons were bought for tying their hair; but they wore no other ornaments, nor were they ever allowed to wear out a half-soiled ribbon on ordinary days.

"Dirty finery is so unladylike," said their

mother.

to be of superior quality to the rest. It was to be

a large children's ball at the house of the gentleman with whom Mr. Leicester had hitherto been a clerk, but whose partner he was to be with the New Year. The invitation was a general one to the young people, but Mrs. Leicester declined it for the little ones, and only Miss Leicester, Amy, and Harry, the eldest boy, were to go.

"You know, my dears," said Mrs. Leicester to the elder girls, "what the little ones have to wear would hardly do for a party of this sort, and it would be absurd to buy for them things which they would not be likely to wear again til they were outgrown. You two must have new dresses, but you will go out occasionally now."

Alice watched eagerly for the new dresses to come home, wondering what they could be to be fit for this grand party. She knew that Mr. Vavasour was a very rich man, and lived in a fashionable and handsome house, with footmen and two carriages. A children's ball there must need very smart clothes.

The dresses arrived, plain white tarlatane ones, frilled with their own material, plain white satin boots, and white gloves. Not a flower nor a ribbon, nor an ornament else. They were laid upon the beds in the nursery, for the young ladies were to dress by the nursery fire after tea.

There they came to look at them.

"Oh, Mab!" cried Amy, "I do wish that mamma had afforded us flowers to loop the skirts. They have such lovely ball dress sets at Francis's shop. Long wreaths of wild roses, with inted leaves, with sprays to match for the hair and bodice. One of forget-me-nots and large

daisies was perfectly enchanting."

"I did wish for them too, Amy," replied her sister, "or, at any rate, for real flowers for our hair. I did think that pink camellias would not have cost so very much, but mamma is right. It is better to wear only just what we can really afford to spoil and replace, and then we shall not be in danger of having that careful anxiety about our clothes which is so very unladylike. If we made our dresses for to-night run up in price, with a few shillings here, and a few shillings there, mamma would not like to give us new ones if we had these torn. But it did occur to me that there are plenty of pretty ivy-leaves out in the back garden, and you have such clever fingers, could we not arrange some upon wire so as to make sprays for our hair?"

"A capital idea!" cried Amy. "I will run out

and pick some at once."

"Artificial flowers cost very little, miss," remarked Alice. "I have seen beautiful ones in a shop near mother's, all colours, at sixpence each." Miss Leicester laughed merrily. "Thanks very much for the suggestion, Alice," said she; "but I am afraid that those would hardly do. Ladies could not wear cheap finery. It is much better to have none."

The ivy-leaf suggestion was, however, carried out, and very nice the two girls looked when they showed themselves, ready dressed, to their father

and mother before starting.

"Well, wifey," said Mr. Leicester, as he returned from seeing them into their cab, "Vavasour will hardly have two more ladylike-looking

girls at his house to-night."

Next morning the common sitting-room was being cleaned, and Mrs. Leicester and the young ladies sat with their work by the nursery fire the while, and thus Alice, whose avocations kept her in the same room for some time, heard an account of the ball.

"I am very glad, mamma," said Miss Leicester,
"that you did not let the little ones go. Such
dresses as some of the little things wore there—
regularly miniature ball dresses, with such lace
and jewellery, and bouquets, made up with lace
paper. And they were introduced to each other
like grown-up people, and took wine together!"

"But the ladies!" cried Amy. "There were quite as many grown-up ladies and gentlemen as children—and oh! how grand they were."

"Mrs. Vavasour's sister, the beautiful Lady Hetherington, was there, mamma, and two of her daughters. She wore ruby velvet, with lace lappets, and a white ostrich feather on her head, and the most lovely cameos. Her daughters were in white silk and pearls, both alike, most elegant girls to look at, but I did not think any

of them very ladylike."

"No, indeed, mamma. Only think—they took up their eyeglasses and stared at Mabel, and then said, in her hearing, 'A very pretty sort of young girl,' in such an affected tone! And when we were going in to supper, there stood Lady Hetherington in the doorway, with a party of gentlemen, and she never stirred to let us pass till one of the gentlemen said something, and she was saying, 'Oh! have you seen the children feed? Oh, it is such fun! They are eating so; do watch them feeding!' As if the poor little children were wild animals. I was determined that she should not have such fun with watching me feed, so I would not go into the supper-room at all, though I was hungry."

"Yes, mamma, and there was a person there not dressed in good taste. She had a blue dress and pink roses, and her ladyship took up her glass and stared, and then said, 'Native taste? How do you endure life among these savages? Can you

not introduce me to a cannibal or two as well?' Yes, mamma, and then," Amy was eagerly proceeding, when her mother remarked—

"My dear, we should not prove ourselves to be the better ladies by picking holes in our neighbours. I agree with you that Lady Hetherington is too full of herself to be very ladylike in the best sense of the term; but I do not think it nice to go to a person's house, accept their hospitality, and then find fault with his guests. Suppose you tell me only of what you can praise, unless, indeed, the faults affect yourselves."

The eager flow of the girls' talk was checked by this, and Amy, looking towards Alice, re-

marked laughingly-

"Alice's face is full of questions, mamma.

She is wondering to hear you scold us."

"No, ma'am," said Alice, colouring scarlet; "no, indeed. I was only wondering what being a lady is. I thought Lady Hetherington such a

grand lady."

"I do not wonder at your being puzzled, Alice," said her mistress: "but I will try to explain what we mean. What we mean by a lady is a gentle woman, whose mind is too much occupied by superior thoughts to allow her to be fussy or anxious about her dress or outward circumstances. Of course it is easier for a woman who has had a good education and learnt many things to be so occupied, and it is also easier for a person who has a certain amount of money not to be harassed about dress and common worldly matters; but I have seen a poor, barefooted Irishwoman, in whose mud hovel I once took shelter from the rain, with manners that would have befitted a duchess. Her mind was too full of kindly hospitality to myself and my companions, fearing lest we should be wet, and wishes for us to sit out of the draught, for her to think of the deficiencies of her cottage, and I was not surprised to hear my companion say, when our visit was over, 'What a perfect lady that woman is!' But then there is something more. The true lady is always thoughtful of other people in little things. She would not allow any disorder or dirt in her house and dress; it would not only be repulsive to herself, but likely to disgust others. She would not have rude or ungainly habits, for the same reason, and would be always careful not to hurt other people's feelings by remarks which could in any way give pain. If a woman attends to these rules, it makes but little matter whether she lives in a palace or a cottage, or is dressed in velvet or cotton print. Remember who said, 'By their fruits shall ye know them.'"

CONCLUSION.

# CHATS ABOUT INSECTS. "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."





N winter-time, when everything without is white with snow; when Kirg Frost reigns supreme and covers all the ponds and streams with a thick layer of ice; when the wind

howls and bends the gaunt arms of the giant oak beneath his blast; when all nature seems dead, save the few half-starved sparrows which hop about the doorstep, waiting for the crumbs; then, as we sit by the warm fireside, the cheery note of the "cricket on the hearth" is heard, showing that he, at all events, is alive and merry, and can sing in his own way, regardless of the cruel frost—so fatal to many of his fellow-insects.

The song of the cricket, which we call a chirp, is produced in a very remarkable way, not, as in the case of birds, by the vocal organs of the throat, but simply by rubbing the edges of his horny upper-wings against one another. It is the male only who chirps, and the noise is thought to be a signal to his mate.

The Spanish peasants value the musical talents of the cricket so highly, that they sometimes

hang it in little cages by the fireside.

I was once told an interesting story of a caged cricket. It was this. A peasant, when leaving his native country to seek his fortune in a fardistant land, took with him as a solace his tame cricket. For days they sailed on and on, until one dark night the cricket, which had been quiet all the voyage, began to sing very joyously. The shrill voice awoke the slumbering watchman, who, to his dismay, found they were fast nearing the land, and in five minutes more would have been dashed upon the reefs. The instinct of the cricket told it that its weary voyage was almost over, and through it the ship was saved.

In the summer-time the house-cricket (Acheta

domestica) leaves his snug retreat by the freside and makes his way to the fields, where he dwells in some crack or cranny in the ground, and sings as merrily as ever. Here, too, will be found his country cousin, the field-cricket (Acheta campestris), who resides in burrows he excavates in the earth, and from which he only comes at sunset. He is, however, very combative, and if a thin twig be pushed into his burrow, he will at once seize upon it, and may then be easily withdrawn.

Another instance of the combative disposition of these crickets is given by the Rev. Gilbert White, who endeavoured to steck an old wall with some of them, but when one had been placed in a hole of the wall, and another was introduced, the first arrival set upon the new-

comer and tried to destroy him.

A still more curious and interesting creature is the mole cricket (Gryllotalpa vulgaris), whose front pair of legs are broadened and flattened into eigging instruments, very much like the forepaws of the mole, and used for a similar purpose, for with them the cricket soops out a long and winding burrow, throwing the earth on each side of its course as it advances. At the end of this burrow the female cricket excavates a chamber about the size and shape of an egg, and when she has smoothened and polished it, she lays in it about a hundred tiny eggs. The cleverest part of it is that she takes care to make her chamber near the surface of the ground, so that the sun's heat may warm and hatch her eggs.

G. H. STORER.

#### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THERE'S a subtle air of mystery about the house to-day;
There are whisperings and hidings, but not in

merry play;

There's a sound of shutting boxes; there's a noise of scampering feet;

Then the children come with sober steps, with faces grave and sweet.

There are breakings-up of savings-banks, odd pennies from papa;

There are earnest consultations with aunty and mamma:

There are calls for scraps of satin, skeins of zephyr, shreds of floss;

There are searchings in thick folios for autumn leaves and moss,

The artists, too, are busy painting horseshees, tiles, and shells;

I hear half-whispered comments: "Those lovely lily-bells!" "What colour is a jessamine?" "I want a lighter blue."

"I think I'd put a darker shade in that if I were vou."

What quiets all the busy tongues? They hardly dare reply

To the simplest of questions, but hesitate and

To be strictly non-committal. "Hush-sh-sh! be careful, now, don't tell!"

There are smiles and words half-spoken, but they keep their secrets well.

Lo! the mystery's unravelled, for upon the Christmas-tree.

By the light of coloured tapers, fair and beautiful to see.

Books and statues, toys and vases, but the dearest gifts of all

Are the work of tiny fingers, planned and made by children small.

See! cushions, book-marks, pen wipers, of every size and sort :

And what if grandma's footstool has a leg a trifle

It is covered with gav patchwork of a very crazy

And the rick-rack's very crooked,-well! they tell me love is blind.

Here are lovely, glowing pictures; can it be the leaves and fern

That we gathered in the autumn to such gems of art could turn? Those "coloured outlines" might not do for the

French Academy, But they hold the place of honour upon our

Christmas-tree

No diamonds ever shone so bright as mother's eyes to-night,

And no gifts with money purchased could give such rare delight:

Though the stitches are uneven and the blunders not a few,

We only see the perfect work our darlings tried to do. - Christian Register.

CHRISTMAS is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion. CHARLES DICKENS.

Tis the season for kindling the fires of hospitality in the hall, the generous flame of charity in the heart. WASHINGTON IRVING.

## THE HARLEQUIN'S STORY.

BY M. S. ALLISON.





was Boxing Night, and cold and blustering enough out of doors, although warm and snug in the Widow Prim's small kitchen, where the fire burnt cheerily, and the logs seemed to be hissing a

glad carol as the flames curled and danced over

them on the old-fashioned hearth.

It was a cosy little kitchen, I can assure you, especially when the wooden shutter was closed as at present, and you were able to forget the dreary outer world. It is true that the wind screamed every now and then in sharp, shrill gusts, but as good Molly Prim had been wise enough to stop up all the cracks in the door and window, no inquisitive draught could creep in and make you shiver and start by rudely blowing on your back or shoulder. Even the smoke declined to be interfered with, and went slowly and steadily up the wide, black chimney in soft, fleecy clouds, although the mischievous wind did his best to force it back into the room in great puffs, for he would have greatly enjoyed the fun of knowing that it brought tears into the eyes of the Widow Prim, little Sonsie, and old Grandfather Triplet. But, finding his efforts of no use, the wind gave up teasing the smoke, and amused himself with whistling as loudly as he could, "Over the hills and far away,"

The little kitchen I am speaking of was as neat and as clean as two pins. The pots and pans over the mantelpiece were rubbed so bright that you might have seen your face in them; while as for the old oak cupboard, with a shelf above, which served as a dresser for the plates and dishes, it shone so brilliantly that the fire used it as a looking-glass, and seemed to enjoy nothing better than seeing itself reflected on it. Indeed, had it not been for Grandfather Triplet, I am afraid that the little flames would have grown quite vain; but, luckily for them, Grandfather Triplet kept them employed in warming his poor thin legs whenever he had the chance, and on these occasions he always placed his wide armchair just in front of their looking-glass. Well, well, although the little flames did not like it. I am sure it was good for them, for no one knows how vain and idle they might not have become if they had had nothing to do but to look at themselves dancing over the shining dresser,

As I said before, it was Boxing Night, and the Widow Prim, little Sonsie, and Grandfather

Triplet were sitting round the fire.

The Widow Prim was on one side of the hearth knitting away at a long grey stocking. She always was busy about something or other. Her face, her eyes, and her hair shone as brightly as her pots and pans. She was dressed in her best black stuff gown, but had carefully tied a big apron over it. All the widow's aprons were made with two large, deep pockets. In one of these pockets she kept her knitting, and whenever she sat down for a moment, or went to the door to speak to a friend or neighbour, out came the knitting, and click, click, click went the needles, almost as fast as good Molly Prim's tongue. Had you peeped into the other pocket, you would have discovered a blue checked duster. Now, the Widow Prim had a habit of switching this duster over the dresser, the table, or the chairs every time she chanced to pass them; so, you see, it was no wonder that the little motes of dust which played in the sunbeams were heard to complain that they could never stop to rest for a minute in Molly Prim's kitchen.

On a low wooden stool in front of the fire sat Sonsie Prim, the widow's only child. Such a clean, proper little girl she was! Why, her holland pinafore had scarcely a crease in it, although she had worn it all day long. Grandfather Triplet often laughed and said of Sonsie that "the lass was Prim by name and prim by nature, and, when a baby, had never been known to turn so much as her head in her cradle for fear of rumpling the pillow-case." But as I never saw her at that time, I can't say whether this was true or not. Her straight, brown hair, which was cropped close to her little round head, was far too well-behaved to curl or look fluffy. Her eyes were grave and grey, and her face wes just as plump and fresh as a little country girl's face

ought to be.

Sonsie's little stool was placed close to Grandfather Triplet's wide armchair. He was the dearest-looking little old man you can imagine. His eyes glittered like two periwinkle shells just picked out of the sea, and as for his cheeks, they were as rosy and shrivelled as two winter apples. He was dressed in a very droll fashion, for he wore a gaudy checked coat, which glistened so brightly, and was of so many colours, that it made you think of a kaleidoscope each time you looked at it. His thin little legs were buttoned into very tight gaiters, for you must know that Grandfather Triplet was proud of his legs, and would sometimes remark to intimate friends that "though they might be thin now, and just a trifle bowed, it was all the fault of the rheumatics. The shape of them was good still, and they had been famous legs in their day."

"Mother," suddenly remarked Sonsie, who had been gazing at the old man with her sober eyes, "I do believe that Joseph's coat you told me about on Sunday must have been like grand-

dad's best one here."

Grandfather Triplet took his pipe from his mouth and said with a chuckle, as he looked at

his coat of many colours:

"Like Joseph's coat, is it, Sonsie, my lass? Well, I don't know about that, although, maybe, it's caused many folks to go into the pit. I keep it for high days and holidays and bonfire nights, because it's a bit of the old uniform I wore when I was young and spry."

"Didn't you always have bent legs and rheumatics, granddad?" asked the child, wonder-

ingly.

Bent legs and rheumatics—hearken to that, Molly!" laughed the grandfather. "Ah, child, perhaps you can't believe it, but the old granddad danced and bounded about once upon a time as light as a bit of thistledown."

"Oh, granddad, how did you do it? Can't you

never do it again, just to show me?"

"Never again, Sonsie lass, never again. Old days that are gone don't return. And to think, Molly, that this is Boxing Night we all used to look forward to!"

The widow sighed as she nodded and went on

knitting.

"What is Boxing Night, granddad? Won't you tell me? I like to be told things—that's how we learn."

"Yes, tell her, father," said the Widow Prim.
"She's six years old now, remember, and can
understandit all. Besides, she's heard about the
pantomime many a time, and saw a small one in
the town last year."

Grandfather Triplet knocked the ashes out of his clay pipe, laid it carefully on the ledge of the chimney-piece, and then, leaning back in his arm-

chair, he began his story.

"When I was a little chap, Sonsie, I didn't live in the country, like a certain little girl I know. Not I, indeed! I lived in the City of London, in a narrow, stuffy court, and when we youngsters turned out to play, it was to have tip-catch or leap-frog in our court, or to scramble for marbles in the gutter. We had no black-berrying nor nutting, and no cowslip balls, I promise you. We'd never heard a cackoo, nor knew how a lark could sing. I was a little chap for my age—thin as a herring, but spry and nimble as a cat. My great chum was a boy about my own age, who was a sprite at one of the theatres, and used to teach me some of his tricks and pranks.

'Father was a cobbler, and though we were poor, we managed to rub along pretty well, till one unlucky day, when he cut his hand so badly that he couldn't do another stitch of work. Then things went from bad to worse. Father was quite down-hearted, and mother got so pale and

sad I couldn't bear to look at her.

"One day a grand idea struck me, so off I went to my friend Joe, and asked him if he didn't think I could get something to do at his theatre.

"'Spruce yourself up a bit, Tim,' said he, 'and then come along with me to-morrow morning. They are choosing the imps and sprites for the pantomimes now, and I reckon you'll do first-rate for one, especially if you show off your flying somersit.'"

"And did you go, granddad?"

"I went, Sonsie, sure as a trivet; and, what was more. I was one of the lucky boys chosen. At first the manager thought me too weaklylooking, but Joe spoke up for me like a Briton, and said it was all through want of victuals, and that I could leap and skip first-rate. And when I showed the gentlemen my flying somersit, they laughed and said, 'We'll take you, and give you five shillings a week to begin with.' And from that day I belonged to the theatre, Sonsie. I was sharp and clever, and people soon got to know and look out for 'Finy Tim Triplet,' the sprite in red spangled tights. As time went by, I got on so well that at last I was made a harlequin. How proud I was, to be sure, the first night I performed! Look here, little one, the fronts of this very coat I prize so are patched up out of the first suit I wore as harlequin. And now you know why I always put it on on Boxing Nights and such-like grand occasions, and set such store on it. It's old associations, child,

make me do it.

"Mother came to the theatre, of course, that Boxing Night to see my first appearance (father had died two years back). How amazed she was to see her Tim, in his mask and gay suit, dancing with the pretty columbine! and how she stared when I struck the butcher's shop with my wonderful wand and turned it into a clotheshorse! It makes me young again, child, only to think of it all. Why, mother would laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks at the odd tricks I went through at home to cheer her up, bless her old heart! No. Sonsie, granddad's poor legs weren't always bent with rheumatics," said the little old man, drawing himself up in his chair. "I reckon there are many folks now who remember Triplet, the famous harlequin, who danced so finely. Well, well, it's past and done with now. The rheumatism crept on little by little, and left me the stiff, useless old man I am. But I had the happiness of seeing mother well cared for to the end, and enjoyed many happy days myself, thank God, with my good little wife, the Queen of the Fairies, whom I had known and loved ever since we first met on the stage as children."

"Stop a bit, father," cried the Widow Prin, dropping her work in her eagerness to speak; "you're not telling it all fair. Why did you get the *rheumatics?* Sonsie must hear how good and unselfish her granddad has always been."

"Tuts, tuts, Molly!"

"I'll not tuts, father. I'll finish the story of Triplet the harlequin myself," persisted the Widow Prim. "One night, when the performance was over, the Queen of the Fairies was hastening out of the theatre as quickly as she could, when the harlequin stopped her.

"' Why, Molly,' he said, 'what are you off in such a hurry for? And where's your thick shawl?

It's a bitter cold night.'

"Mother was so ill to-day, that I want to get home as sharp as I can. I put my thick shawl over her bed to keep her warm. My jacket's enough for me. I shall run all the way, and not feel the cold."

"You may run as sharp as you like, Molly, but I go with you. And, first of all, you'll put on my cloak. Now don't waste the time in pretending you won't. Here, let me put it round you. I'll look in for a moment and see if there's anything I can do for you.'

"Molly, the Fairy Queen, was my mother, Sonsie, and your grandmother, and many's the time she's told me of that night-how the wind blew and the rain poured, till the poor harlequin was wet through by the time her home was reached, although they ran so fast. They found her poor mother very ill, so off went grandfather for the doctor, and did all he could to help them. He never remembered how tired, and wet, and cold he was-not he! He was too busy thinking of others' troubles. But he was laid up after that with rheumatics, and could never really dance so nimble again. The cruel pain came back again and again, till at last he had to give up the stage altogether. But he had made so many friends by his kindness and care for others, that the manager headed a subscription for him, and quite a handsome sum of money was handed over to him. Before this time he had married his old friend Molly, and I was born. Mother kept to the pantomimes as long as she could, and did work for a young lady between whiles. At last, when this lady married Sir John Morland, and came to live at the Park vonder, she offered grandfather and grandmother the little lodge, and there they lived till mother died and I married your father, Sonsie, who was head gardener at the Park, and then we came to live here, where we've lived ever since, for my lady would not hear of our leaving when your poor father died. But now, Sonsie, I reckon it's bedtime. Say good-night to granddad, and tell him what you've learnt from his story."

The Widow Prim rolled up her knitting and put it into her pocket, and then fetched the

candle to put Sonsie to bed.

The child stood silent for a moment, resting her little round head against Grandfather Triplet's bright-coloured coat. Then, as he patted her rosy cheek, and placed his hand under her chin to raise her face and kiss her, she said slowly and solemnly, in her old-fashioned way:

"Good-night, granddad dear. I think I shall try and learn from your story to do all I can to help others without stopping to be afraid of rheu-

matics."

"Ah, ha, ha!" laughed the old man, as he relighted his pipe, "that's plucky, at any rate. And what I say, little lass, is: may you one day be able to look back gratefully upon as happy a life as that of

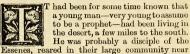
TIM TRIPLET, THE HARLEQUIN."

Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

### EASTERN PICTURES.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



T had been for some time known that a young man-very young to assume to be a prophet—had been living in the desert, a few miles to the south. He was probably a disciple of the

the Dead Sea, and not very far from hence. The anchorites of that sect and district did not usually betake themselves to the hard life of the wilderness till their frames were strong to bear hunger, heat, and cold. But this new preacher had hardly a beard upon his chin; and his young face made him so little like the popular conception of a Hebrew prophet that his claims were much discussed, and many went out to endeavour to meet him; and under the trees here, at eventide, they reported what they had seen and heard. What they had heard most about was repentance—a theme so old that men had become careless of it, and now needed a new awakening. Every Hebrew child knew, from his infancy upwards, that the Messiah would not come till the nation had repented of its prevalent vices and of every infidelity to Jehovah; and yet, though there was much expectation of the Messiah appearing before long, these words about repentance passed over the popular ear without rousing the nation's soul; and it needed the appearance of one crying in the desert to make them apprehend that the axe must be laid to the root of every wickedness among them. The doctrine preached was that of the Essenes: that a man who had two coats and food enough should give to him that had none; that the tax-gatherers should be moderate, and exact no perquisites; and that the soldiers should cherish peace among their neighbours and contentment in themselves. The practice with which the prophet sanctified the resolutions of the penitent was also eminently Essene. It was common among all the Jews to baptise, proceeding upon the words of their prophets: "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes"; "then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you"; in literal obedience to such teaching, all the Jewish sects practised baptism, but none with such care and observance as the Essenes. The precepts and the practice were not new, but given out now by a devout young prophet worthy of the wild olden time, and at a season when every Hebrew mother looked upon her infant son as possibly the

Messiah, there was abundant reason why the talk at eventide should be of this John. In the course of ten years the curiosity and interest must have somewhat subsided, but yet must, on the whole, have been the chief topic of the time. Many households and a multitude of individuals had, no doubt, reformed themselves, and were waiting, in the spirit of truth and the practice of purity, for the coming of a greater than that prophet. With these the interest would be fully kept alive. All the opulent citizens of the distant towns, passing this way to Jerusalem at the time of the feasts, would stop to learn how they might find the new prophet, and would return grave, because he had told them to give of their wealth to those who had none. tax-gatherers, encountering him in their rounds. would depart rebuked, and hear the whisper among the people that the days for paying tribute would soon be over, when the Messiah should have driven out the Romans and established His own kingdom upon Zion. And Herod's soldiers must have passed this way going to and from Fort Macharus on the Dead Sea; and the exhortations to them would become known, and would be gratefully remembered by the rural inhabitants, whom soldiers are wont to oppress. And the prophet himself would be seen at times, even in this fertile and peopled district. The cultivator, going out early to watch his field, in dread of the locust swarm, now that the south wind was strong, finding his fears too just, would see the prophet lighting his fire of greenwood to bring down the locusts and save the neighbouring crops. And at noonday, when the bees are all abroad, and man seeks the shade, the wayfarer, resting in the woods, would see the anchorite busy withdrawing the honevcomb from the bole of an old sycamore; and the two would draw near and take their noontide meal together, and converse of Him who should come; and then, before night, how far would every word be known that the prophet had said! Again, he must pass by this way to some of the stations on the Jordan, where he was wont to baptise, and, though he had been occasionally seen for ten years, none could carelessly let him pass by.

At last, among the many who were allowed carelessly to pass by, among the peasants and artisans who inquired at this place where John was at that time baptising, came One, in appearance and lowliness like the rest, purposing to be baptised like them, and, in fact, for some time afterwards, a disciple of the prophet. The development of the development of the prophet when the safter, that they had spoken with One greater

than the anchorite of the desert; and when they heard that another had risen up whose disciples were baptising more converts than John, they would endeavour to remember what dignified personage, with His train, had here inquired the way, and let fall words of promise of His coming power and kingdom; and they would differ about which was He; and some would go forth to see Him, and recognise Him; and when they saw Him, some would recall that countenance and voice; and most would go back when they found it was only a carpenter of Nazareth, asking how One so lowly, and so little prepared for war and conquest, should drive out the Romans and restore the kingdom to Israel; how it was possible for a teacher of the nonresistant doctrines of the Essenes, for a poor inhabitant of the rural province of Galilee, to sit on a throne on Zion; and then ensued those domestic dissensions, born of parental prejudice conflicting with youthful enthusiasm, which made the parent deliver over the child to destruction, and the child forsake the parent, and exhibited the truth that this Messenger of Peace had at first brought not peace but a sword.



### LUCY.

OW nice it would be," thought Lucy, "if I lived in a palace, and had a fairy god-mother! There was once a princess whose cruel step-mother put her in a room where there was a great heap 'These, of feathers. said she, 'are the feathers of a hundred different birds, and you must pick them all out by night, and have each kind by itself in a hundred different heaps, or I'll kill you.' So the poor princess cried and cried,"

"Lucy," cried Joe, "you're away off in the clouds. You're not studying at all."

"I will in a minute," cried Lucy, emphatically; and then she went on—

"So the poor princess cried, and cried, till at

R

last her fairy god-mother came, and waved her wand three times, and every little blue and red feather flow into its place in a minute. Now," thought Lucy, "if a fairy could only come and wave over this lesson, and make every figure fly just where it ought, and make all the sense of it run into my brain, how splendid it would be! Then, when I recited, the teacher would say, 'You have done admirably, Miss Lucy; go to the head of the class;' and——"

Ding-dong, ding-dong. "Why, that can't be the school-bell," cried Lucy, jumping up hastily. "It is, though," said Joe, "and your wits have been on a goose chase almost three quarters of an

hour. I took your arithmetic away ten minutes ago, and you never knew it at all."

Lucy rose with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and held out her hand for the book. All the way to school she studied, with the help of her good-natured brother, but all in vain. The time was too short, and at the close of her recitation, instead of her hearing any praises, she caught a very sad look upon her teacher's face, and she was sent to her place at the foot of the class.

But all these mortifications and privations seemed to have very little effect upon Lucy. That very night, as she sat with a little piece of sewing her mother had given her, the needle fell from her fingers, and her eyes again fixed upon

vacancy

"What are you after now, Lucy?" cried Joe.
"Well, I'm thinking; what if I had three pair
of hands, and while one pair did the hemming,
another could sew on these strings, and another
could stitch down that seam, and we'd have it all

done in no time at all."

"Well, I never heard the like of that!"

"Revalaimed Joe. "It seems to me I'd learn to use one pair of hands before fretting for more. Now I believe I'll dream a little too. Suppose people came into the world with the ends of their arms all smooth, without any hands at all; and suppose every time they were very good, or accomplished anygreat thing, a finger would grow out. I suspect they'd be pretty thankful if they ever got ten of them. I wonder how many you'd have by this time! I know you'd dream you had two or three hundred, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you hadn't the first joint of a forefinger."

Lucy coloured, and bit her lip, but had not a word to say. Nevertheless, her brother's teasings did have this good effect, that in the course of time she learned to fix her attention more on what she was doing, and soon heard her teacher say what she had once imagined when up in the

clouds.

## YOUNG DAYS' COMPETITION. PRIZE LIST, 1886.

| or those Candidates who ha | ve gai | ned 48 | 80 mai |
|----------------------------|--------|--------|--------|
| 1. Margaret Cochrane       |        |        | 496    |
| 2. Joseph Roberts          |        |        | 496    |
| 3. Ethel Ferrier           |        |        | 495    |
| 4. Helen Bartram           |        |        | 490    |
| 5. Marion Andrews          |        |        | 488    |
| 6. Lucy Gill               |        | ,      | 488    |
| 7. Dora Maxwell            |        |        | 486    |
| 8. Beatrice Brabner        |        |        | 484    |
| C                          | T      |        |        |

Cards of Merit.

For those Candidates who have gained 450 marks.

| 1. Emma Constable  | <br> | 478 |
|--------------------|------|-----|
| 2. Jane Stewart    | <br> | 477 |
| 3. Eden Carlisle   | <br> | 474 |
| 4. Fanny Carlisle  | <br> | 474 |
| 5. Robert Carlisle | <br> | 474 |
| 6. Mary Stewart    | <br> | 471 |
| 7. David Cuming    | <br> | 465 |
| 8, William Rowan   | <br> | 461 |
| 9. Hugh Weir       | <br> | 458 |
|                    | <br> |     |

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR COUSINS,—You now see the result of your work for this year, and I feel very glad to place one candidate who has worked industriously for three years at the head of the list, with another who has competed equally well duning two. I regret very much that one cousin has been unable, through severe illness, to finish the competitions, which has prevented his name from standing high in the prize list.

The Cards of Merit have been gained by new and old candidates, and I am especially pleased to see among the latter some who, although not successful, have diligently persevered through

three years' competition.

I have considered it as well that there should be no "Cousin May's Page" next year, and think it advisable to lay aside these Questions and Answers for a time.

Perhaps at some future period new exercises may be given, and the correspondence begin

again with reawakened vigour.

Meanwhile, let me tell you, that it has given me great pleasure to have this correspondence, and that it has been gratifying to receive so many letters from parents and friends concerning it, as well as your own kind messages, which have often accompanied your answers.

I hope you will enjoy a pleasant Christmas Holiday, and that the New Year will bring you

much happiness.

Believe me, Your loving friend,

COUSIN MAY.

# CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS AND CHRISTMAS PUZZLES.

Christmas comes! He comes! He comes! Ushered with a rain of plums. Hollies in the windows greet him, Schools come driving past to meet him, Gifts precede him, hills proclaim him, Every mouth delights to hail him; Wet and cold, and wind and dark, Make him but the warmer mark. And yet he comes not one embodied: Universal's the blithe godhead,

And in every festal house
Presence hath ubiquitous.
Curtains, those snug room enfolders,
Hang upon his million shoulders;
And he has a million eyes
Of fire, and eats a million pies,
And is very merry and wise,
Very wise and very merry,
And loves a kiss beneath the berry.

LEIGH HUNT.

#### CHARADES.

т

My first is useful to you and me,
Without it we ought never to be;
'Tis called a sign of civilization,
And rarely known in a barbarous nation.
'Twas unknown in our own dear island home,
Until sent to as from distant Rome.

Beneath the heavens my second lies; O'er it the long-legged heron flies. The coot in its borders builds her nest, The lily floats upon its breast. We often hear my second said When actions hang upon a thread.

In the fair valley of my glorious whole The nightingale in song pours forth her soal. Sweet roses shed their fragrance all around, And every lovely flower and fruit is found. Some my whole doth yet its name bestow On texture rare where blended colours glow.

#### TT.

You must do my second to have my first, And also to have some tea, And after we must have a second, That you may read to me. And then you may take away my second, And leave us in the whole; Oh, then is the time for fun and rhyme, Or Willie's stories droll.

#### III.

A FRIEND of mine sailed over the sea,
"Twas her first to go to my whole;
Second, she makes a good little wife,
A happy little soul.
By first she found a husband good,
A charming home as well,
And everything her heart can wish
As second to you I tell.

My whole was the scene of a dreadful story, Of which the details are sad and gory.

#### 1V.

MISCHIEF again! I'm sure I heard my first; I think of naughty boys you are the worst. An armchair broken, now your father's stick; I wish of mischief I could make you sick! You'll next me down to poverty, I fear. Remember, Christmas holidays are here, And if you still go third, as you have done, I shall deprive you of some Christmas fun. No whole to watch, with half afraid delight, Closing the pleasures of a Christmas night.

#### V

My first is a carriage, my second a carriage, my whole is a carriage.

### VI.

My first is a man, my second is a man, my whole is a bird.

#### ENIGMA.

I was torn from my home in the sunny south And thrust into many a gaping mouth; From out those mouths with anguish torn, And cast aside with careless scorn. They built a vessel both long and wide, And fastened me to it on either side. Each of the crew tied me round his waist Before they launched the vessel in haste. They sewed me tight in leather strong, Threw me about or kicked me along. Ladies with me adorned their bowers, And shaded me with ferns and flowers. They trod on me, when winter was here, And put me into a barrel of beer. The story, then, of my life to crown, They gave my name to a famous town.

Answers in January number.







